



AND T. POWERS



CHARLES ROBERTS

# WERNER'S READINGS & RECITATIONS

No. Graduation  
55 Day



EDGAR S. WERNER  
NEW YORK

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# Werner's Readings and Recitations No. 55

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## Graduation Day

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NEW YORK

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# Graduation Day

Werner's Readings and Recitations No. 55

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ALL THE MATERIAL CONTAINED IN THIS BOOK HAS MOST SUCCESSFULLY STOOD THE TEST OF SCHOOLS, COLLEGES, HIGH SCHOOLS, PUBLIC SCHOOLS, AND OTHER INSTITUTIONS.

GRADUATION DAY [*Werner's Readings and Recitations No. 55*] IS PART OF COMMENCEMENT WEEK [*Werner's Readings and Recitations No. 54*] BUT, OWING TO THE VAST AMOUNT OF MATERIAL, HAD TO BE ISSUED AS A SEPARATE BOOK. THE TWO BOOKS, IN COMBINATION, GIVE ALL THE NECESSARY MATERIAL FOR A SUCCESSFUL COMMENCEMENT WEEK. MUCH OF THE MATERIAL GIVEN IS SUITED TO ANY OCCASION.

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## Flag of Our Union.

George H. Morris.

A song for our banner? The watchword recall  
Which gave the Republic her station:  
“United we stand—divided we fall!”

It made and preserves us a nation!  
The union of lakes—the union of lands—  
The union of States none can sever—  
The union of hearts, the union of hands—  
And the flag of our Union forever!

# Werner's Readings and Recitations No. 55

## Graduation Day

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### INTRODUCTION

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#### HINTS FOR GRADUATION OR COMMENCEMENT DAY.

Mrs. Burton Kingsland.

"Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet,  
Scatter the blossoms under her feet."

TENNYSON'S words of welcome to Alexandra, when she came as bride to England, are just what we want to express when we see young girl graduates stepping forth eagerly, yet half-timidly, to take their places in the big world, for which a course of training for years has prepared them. It is a great event, when, on graduation day, in presence of friends of the whole school or college, they are awarded diplomas, certificates of merit, prizes, or whatever honors their fidelity entitles them to receive. A girl would not be a girl if she did not think of what she should wear. The dress should be simple, and white, emblematic of purity, and of the unknown future, the blank page on which is to be written her life's history. Hair should be arranged as usual; bunch of flowers in belt, perhaps a touch of color in sash and hair-ribbon, etc.

Girls of graduating class sit on platform, on either side, facing principal and teachers of school. Bouquets, sent by friends of graduates, are placed in lines like footlights along edge of platform. Rest of school sit in front seats on floor of room. Piano is placed in center against platform. Exercises begin with chorus sung by entire school. Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" is appropriate, to be followed by an address on a live topic by man or woman whose character gives weight to what is said. After the address a song by a quartet from graduating class, whole school joining in chorus. Remarks from principal who

awards diplomas, honor-pins, certificates of merit, after which guests and pupils mingle socially, for congratulations and good-wishes, and adjourn to another room for refreshments.

Country school graduation day exercises may be held in school-room decorated with plants, real or artificial, class-flower predominating. Girl graduates may wear same kind of flowers in hair and belt. A two-piano duet may introduce program; then a humorous recitation; string quartet, followed by pupil who reads class history, in which she pretends to report what takes place ten years later, weaving into her "history" peculiarities, characteristics, ambitions, fads, etc., of members of the class. For instance, one girl may be said to have secured husband through a matrimonial agency, while the speaker refers to herself as "one of those uncanonized saints called 'old maids,' and sometimes mis-named 'unappropriated blessings,' since experience teaches that everybody appropriates them in interest of their affairs, an old maid supposedly having no affairs of her own." Then may come a chorus, award of prizes and honors, address by head of school, and crowning with laurel most popular member of class.

Suitable exercise may be an entertainment, given by Juniors to Seniors, in form of tableaux, illustrating titles of books, to be guessed by audience. Cards and pencils are distributed among audience who write their answers and names. These cards are collected, person having most correct answers receiving a prize, which may be a box of bonbons in shape of a book.

Fortune-telling may give much amusement. One method is to use a wheel, say three feet in diameter, cut from pasteboard, covered with paper roses, small roses on spokes, large roses on tire and bunch of roses at hub, wheel arranged to revolve on pivot. Gilded arrow is fastened on one spoke. Cards, with fortunes, characters, etc., written on them, are placed on table. Wheel is laid on round table, and is turned; wheel stopping, arrow points to card which tells fortune of some particular person. Quotations from poets are rich in suggestion on love and marriage. Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" is helpful. "She hath a pair of chaps" has Shakespeare's authority for one, and another may read, "Her tongue will not obey her heart." The rule is that each inquirer must read his or her fate aloud for entertainment of all the company.

Enjoyable is lawn dance, by moonlight; trees, piazzas, etc., decorated with colored lanterns; girls appearing in costumes, as, for example, Maid Marian, Flora, Ceres, Arcadian shepherdesses, Phillis, sweetheart of Corydon, dress of court ladies of Marie Antoinette, masquerading as peasants at Trianon. Gipsy fortune-teller would be a welcome and fantastic feature of the affair.



## PART I.

### Dramatic or Prize Speaking Selections for Prize Contests or for Graduation Day

---

#### TWO DIPLOMAS

---

“**L**OOK, mother, here it is at last! Listen: ‘The principal of the normal school hereby declares that Miss Mary Beaumont is fitted and prepared to receive a position as teacher in the primary grades of any school to which she may be called.’ Oh, do put away your work for a minute, and look at what I have studied so hard to get.”

“Yes, little daughter, I see, and I am very happy and very proud of you—but these last dozen stocks must be finished and delivered to-night. I must hurry.”

“Ah! but it won’t be long now before you can drop this constant sewing. As soon as I get my position as teacher, you will no longer need to slave at this ungrateful work.”

“Yes, I can no longer see as I used to, and my fingers are growing stiff. But, Mary, you must not call my work ungrateful.”

“Why, what interest can you possibly take in it?” asked the young girl, unconsciously disdainful in her surprise.

“A person soon begins to love the work that she does day after day,” replied her mother with patient smile. “My pretty stocks and collars bring back so many memories! First, when I was still a timid beginner in the store, your father used to court me on my way to and from the store with my work. Ah, those were happy days! Then came our housekeeping, with its joy and sorrow; for soon after you came to make us still happier than before, my dear, good husband died. What would have become of us then, if it had not been for my needle? It flew swiftly through the cloth in spite of the tears that blinded me. It has educated you, Mary, dear. I wish you could have seen what a dear little girl you were!”

“Mother,” interrupted Mary, interested only in the present, “I

mean to have my diploma framed. You'll hang it in a good place, won't you?"

"Certainly, dear. A diploma is a thing to be very proud of. I shall have one, too, before long."

"What!"

"Oh, not a teacher's diploma. I do not mean that. Mine will be simply my certificate of thirty years' work in the store."

"Oh, yes," carelessly. "I have heard of that. I think it is really a stupid sort of thing to do. The owners give them to their old workers as a kind of receipt for the work they have done. But what could it possibly mean to you?"

"It would be a great moral satisfaction."

"Well, I should be ashamed of it myself."

"Ashamed? Oh, Mary, why?"

"It would not stand for any intellectual superiority. It would be merely a sign of good conduct. Anyway, mother, I hope you'll have the good sense not to exhibit it."

Mrs. Beaumont's hands trembled as she bent over the work in her lap. She understood now that her daughter was ashamed of her. Mary's words came back to her, the young girl's invariable reply to the questions of her schoolmates: "My mother? Oh, she doesn't do anything. Because," as she later explained to her mother, "there is no use in telling the whole world of our private affairs."

"What is the matter, mamma?" asked Mary, astonished at her sudden silence.

"Nothing. I just pricked myself, that is all."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Have you not some friend or relative who can come and stay with you?" asked the doctor as he wrote out several prescriptions.

"No, sir, but I am able to take care of my mother myself."

"You are very young, Miss Mary, to be alone at such a time."

"Oh, sir, you—you do not mean that—that mother is worse?"

"Her condition is very grave," replied the doctor, with a kind

smile. "Serious, but not desperate. People recover from worse things than congestion of the lungs."

"Oh! doctor, when I think that it has been for me that she has made herself ill! I begged her to rest, but she would work late, late into the night, that my clothes might be in perfect order before I went away to take my position as school-teacher—the position that I hoped would make her life so much easier. For she is tired out, is she not?"

"It is certain that your mother has reached the end of her strength, that she has even deprived herself of necessary rest and relaxation for too many years, and this will, of course, render it more difficult for her to get well."

"Oh! my mother," moaned Mary, hiding her scarlet cheeks in her hands. "It was for me that she deprived herself! For me!"

Day and night the young girl watched tirelessly at her mother's bedside, trying to read some sign of encouragement in the doctor's sober face. Mrs. Beaumont's weak voice rang in her ears:

"Mary—I must get up—there is work that I must finish!"

"Rest quietly, little mother, it is all done, I assure you."

But the weak, delirious voice would continue: "You must take it to the store. Ask for the lady in charge of the working department. You can pretend that you are doing it for a sick neighbor. I know it is hard for you, a teacher with a diploma, to have a mother like me—only a poor working-woman. I never thought of it before, but I saw it well the day you brought your diploma home. I think my heart broke that day."

"Mother, mother," implored Mary, "be merciful, do not speak so——"

The sick woman smiled gently, her thoughts turning now to the diploma of her thirty years' work.

"Thirty years," she whispered. "I was young then. I am an old woman now! She asked me what my diploma would stand for; it isn't much, only my whole life. Oh! I should have liked to have had it—three months more—but now, I cannot do it!"

Once more she would beg for her work, and it was with diffi-

culty that Mary kept her in the bed. At other moments she believed that she was back in the years of her daughter's babyhood and the pale lips framed forgotten lullabies and the childish words that a mother's heart treasures. At last Mary understood clearly what the devoted heart would never have confessed—the long nights divided between the work to be completed and the cradle where the child, sick with a child's ailments, lay tossing and fretting, the daily, unheeded privations by which the mother robbed herself of strength and vitality that she might give it to her daughter. The young girl understood now why her mother seemed so prematurely old, why her shoulders were bent and her rosy cheeks faded. But she must stifle her sobs lest she disturb her mother. Just then some one knocked at the door. Mary ran to open it. A woman stepped in, saying, with real concern in her voice:

"I am in charge of the workers' department of the store and I wanted to inquire for Mrs. Beaumont."

"Alas! madam, my mother is very ill."

"I am truly sorry to hear it. Mr. Gray, the owner of the store, desirous of bestowing a well-deserved compensation for her work, asked me to bring it to her, but now, now——"

"Oh, madam, my mother has asked for it so often in her delirium, perhaps the sight of it would quiet her. Would you come in very quietly, please?"

The visitor entered noiselessly, and without a word laid the diploma on the sick woman's bed. Mrs. Beaumont did not appear to see it.

"My diploma," she repeated, in a voice that was scarcely audible. "I should never have shown it—because of Mary—but I should have been so glad—to have had it!"

Fortunately the visitor did not understand the meaning of her words, but Mary blushed scarlet. A moment later, as the young girl turned once more to her mother's bedside, it seemed to her sorrowful fancy that the diploma lay like an epitaph on the white bed! Three weeks later, Mrs. Beaumont, very feeble, very pale, left her room for the first time. The doctor had at last given his

consent. She had been near, very near, to the gates of death; but, thanks to her daughter's devoted care, she would live many years. Mary, too, was no longer the same girl she was before her mother's illness. In her turn now she watched the long night change into day, each hour more thankful that she could thus repay some part of her childhood's debt. A new expression shone in her white face as she helped her mother to dress and presently drew the thin arm under her own.

"Come, mamma, I have a surprise for you."

With slow steps Mrs. Beaumont achieved the long journey from her room to the little parlor. The bright autumn sunlight filled the cozy sitting-room, shining like a smile of welcome on all the familiar objects.

"Well, dearie, your surprise?"

"Look."

"Your teacher's diploma—framed! Indeed, I am proud to see that!"

"Yes, I had forgotten; but this is what I wanted you to see, mother."

And Mary pointed to the place of honor above the mantel, where a second diploma hung, this one much more beautifully framed than the other. Trembling with delight, Mrs. Beaumont read in a voice filled with happiness:

"This diploma of honor has been presented to Mrs. Mary Beaumont for her thirty years' consecutive good work in our store.

THOMAS GRAY."

"Oh, Mary——"

It was all she could say as she turned, her face radiant, to her daughter.

"You see, I am so proud of it, mother dearest!" replied Mary, stooping to kiss the hands that had worked so hard for her.

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A little learning is a dangerous thing;  
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.  
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,  
And drinking largely sobers us again.—*Alexander Pope.*



VESTAL VIRGIN.

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“**C** HESSIE,” as his fond family called him, spoke with a lisp, and parted his yellow hair in the middle. He was just about to enter college. Barnes, or “Barnsie,” was a reformed middle-weight champion. He had been converted after his fifth successful engagement in the ring, and had found himself austere-ly petted ever since by a wealthy uncle. Barnsie was anxious to commence theological prize-fight with the hosts of sin, but his difficulties were no feather-weights. He would even now dream during the night that he was once more in the praise-environed precincts of the ring. He had once risen in his strength and robe-de-nuit, rushed about the room, and demolished a plaster cast of the Rev. John Knox. He had also tenderer dreams; he had fallen in love with Mrs. Wylkynse’s only daughter Gladys. Not an accomplished wooer, he continually put delicate little attentions, such as one would give a girl, upon the young man, Chessie. Mrs. Wylkynse had an idea that this thoroughly objectionable young person was trying to court both her daughter and her son, and was jealous of him in each case. A few days before Chessie’s departure for his exams, Barnsie called and was told by Gladys that Fitzherbert Netherwood, a Sophomore at the college, and a rival of Barnsie’s, had assured her the Freshman were sometimes almost murdered by the upperclass men.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was evening, when a brakeman telescoped his head and neck into the coach where Chessie sat alone, and yelled “Maryville!”

A polite man, with “University” smiling from a small badge on the lapel of his coat, stepped up to Chessie, asked him if he was a student just arrived, took him to a cab, whose driver had the same badge on his hat, and left him. Presently, a learned looking gentleman with white beard entered, and the vehicle moved away. “Are you about to become a student?” he inquired, genially.

“Yeth, thir, that ith the understanding.”

"I am the Secretary, and we will go directly to the President's house, where you can have your examination in a little while, and be all ready for work in the morning. The ordeal is not hard, and you will feel better with it over."

After a half hour's drive they came to a large, imposing building. Chessie was led into a little reception-room. Presently, a smiling gentleman entered, and grasped him by the hand. Several clerical-looking persons circled around the room. Chessie made them a profound bow.

"Now, my young friend," said the President, "kindly attach your autograph to this paper."

Chessie did so.

"Mr. Wylkynse, it will be necessary that I ask you a few plain questions and that you answer them frankly."

"Thertainly, thir, protheed."

"Mr. Wylkynse, were you ever in love?"

"No, thir."

"What!" shouted the whole company of professors in chorus, rising to their feet. "At this age, and in this age, and never wildly, deeply and irrevocably in love. Away with him!"

"Do not be over-hard with the young man," interposed the President. "Do you consent, Mr. Wylkynse, to do your utmost in correcting this unique mistake?"

"Thertainly, thir, if it is nethethary in order to conform with the rulth. I will do my betht, thir—my very betht."

"Professor of Mental and Moral Science, record his answer. He will do his best. Be seated, my fellow-instructors. I will now propound to you another question. Are you a roisterer?"

"A what—thtsrer?"

"A roisterer, sir,—roister? Tell me, and tell me truly."

"I do not exthactly underthand what that ith. But I am willing, thir, to try, thir."

"What!" shouted the professors in chorus, rising as one man. "He has never roistered? Away with him!"

"Fellow-instructors, by your impetuosity you may spoil a prom-

ising career upon its threshold. He is willing to roister, if he only knew the details of the process. Professor of Bibliology, record the answer. Mr. Wylkynse, are you familiar with that beautiful line in the "Psalm of Life," "Learn to labor and to wait."

"I have heard it, thir."

"You will now, my dear young friend, have an opportunity of demonstrating its teachings. Professor of Gastronomy, bring the toga."

The toga was brought. It resembled a modern waiter's apron. Chessie's coat was taken off, and the toga placed upon him. He was then conducted into an adjoining room, where there was a table covered with every delicacy.

"Bring hither the soup," observed the President. Poor Chessie labored and waited for the matter of three-quarters of an hour. At last the banquet was over, and he was conducted back to the President's room.

"I will now proceed with the examination. Mr. Wylkynse, can you dance?"

"I think I have been danthing quite conthantly during the pathth theveral minuteth, thir!"

"Good boy!" shouted one of the professors.

"I think that is true, Mr. Wylkynse," rejoined the President; "but there is another department of physical education which we never allow our students to dispense with. Professor of Athletics, stand forth!"

"If you pleathe, thir, would you be conthent to have the retht of the examination pothponed till to-morrow?"

The request was finally granted.

"We have one more new student this evening," remarked a professor. "One of the boys brought him while we were at dinner. I think he is green enough to be good eating. He wishes to be examined immediately."

"Good!" shouted the Faculty in chorus. "Bring him right in."

Chessie gave a start; he knew him. But the would-be student shook his head slightly and declined recognition.

"Let us examine him as to his physical structure, the first thing we do," proposed the Professor of Athletics. "You have no objection, have you?" he inquired, politely, handing him the boxing-gloves.

"Oh, certainly not, if you wish," and the new student put on the gloves very readily. Chessie was dumb with surprise.

"A physical foundation is the basis of all true education, my young friend," remarked the President. "Time!"

It was certainly "Time," and the Professor of Athletics began in a minute or two to wonder if it wasn't somewhere near eternity. The new student threw up his blow as if it were one of the play strokes of a kitten, and then gave him a return one on the right side of the head; then one on the left; immediately afterwards one on the nose; then two somewhere among the ribs; and concluded with an honest straightforward punch in the stomach that sent him speechless and windless against the wall.

"Enough! Enough!" shouted the President.

"No, not half enough. I ain't one-third examined yet! Do you want to cheat me out o' my examination? Say, you gray-haired soul, do you?" and he deserted the Professor of Athletics and gave the President a blow that displaced a wig and a set of white whiskers both at once, and doubled him over his chair, displaying Fitzherbert Netherwood's flushed face.

"Oh, come on and examine me!" shouted Barnsie. "Let the Professor of Rhetoric waltz to me."

"Run him down, boys, and hold him!" shouted the strongest of the group.

"Oh, are you all goin' to examine me at once, professors? Bare-handed, too? Hurray!" and then he commenced on them. He piled the first five he could reach on the floor, neatly across each other; he then engaged in a grand professor-hunt all over the room. Some of them tried the door; it was locked, and the key in the new student's pocket. The panic-stricken young men

rushed into the supper-room; he followed, pursued them around the demolished banquet. Neckties, gravy, collars, cuffs, soup, wigs, Worcestershire sauce, false hair, and students were all mingled together in a large and unclassified museum. At last the students found a blessed window and sprang from it, one by one, the candidate giving each a hearty kick as he went out.

When the last one had disappeared, Barnsie came back. "It's the first decent scrap, Chessie, that I've had since I was converted," he muttered, as the other flew into his arms. "Poor, dear Chessie! Did they startle you?"

"Thtartle me?" replied the Virgin; "it wath a conthant and bewilderin' theries of dithathters."

"Well, Chessie," chuckled Barnsie, "disasters got pretty middlin' thick along the last of it, but none of the concluding series came your way. Here's a little catastrophe, now, that we'll nip in the bud."

He was reading the paper that Chessie had signed. It was an order for the banquet that had just been devoured by the self-constituted Faculty. After they had destroyed it, Chessie asked, "How did you happen to come to my rethcue, Barnsie?"

"I chanced to hear that you were goin' to have a racket. I arrived on a later train. I met a student and asked him where any one went to get examined. He took me right to the place, and I sustained an examination they won't be likely to forget for one while—eh, Chessie?"

Three days afterwards, while still at the college looking after Chessie, Barnes received a stylish letter: "You gave it to them well, especially to Fitzherbert Netherwood. I have read Chessie's account of your glorious fight in his behalf to mamma, and she has visibly softened in regard to you. She says, 'I am inclined to think there is something good in that young man, after all.'"

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Catch, then, O catch the transient hour;

Improve each moment as it flies;

Life's a short summer—man a flower—

He dies—alas! how soon he dies!—*Samuel Johnson*



## HER GRADUATION.

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VIRGINIA NILES LEEDS.

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CHARACTERS: GLADYS, a girl.  
GROVER, a dog.

WELL, old man, here we are, out of school at last, and we know it all, don't we? Shake hands, sir, for it's the happiest moment of our lives. They may talk about school-days being our happiest days but don't you believe it.

Only think, my dear Grover, of never having to look into another book as long as you live. Could anything be more simply enchanting? And of not having to obey any one or observe rules. Great, isn't it? The poor old sages—were there seven of them? I forget. And were they Greek or Roman? I am a bit hazy about that, too. They thought they knew a heap, but they were not a circumstance to the girl who is graduated from one of the fashionable schools of to-day. You observe that I say "is graduated." That is correct, sir, and I hope you will never make the mistake of saying anything else. Gladys knows, for Gladys "is graduated" to-day.

There was Themistocles drinking his shamrock—it was Themistocles, wasn't it, who drank shamrock rather than give up the pass of Thermopylæ? I thought so. The ancients set great store by him, and thought he knew just everything on earth, but I rather think we could give him cards and spades to-day, couldn't we? Any girl who has been at Miss Princeley's for ten years is 'way ahead of the poor old ancients. Let me see, who were the other sages? Oh, I remember—the Colossus of Rhodes, Rameses II., Issus, Arbela. Oh, I tell you, Grover, my boy, education is a great thing, but now that we've finished school we'll forget it as soon as we can and proceed to the real business of life—which is having a good time.

My grandmamma says she is glad I came out so well in my

French, that I shall need it in society. Of course, I came out well. I can conjugate French verbs with my eyes shut. Especially the verb *aimer*. I rather think, do you know, that that verb is going to be useful by and by. Have you any idea what graduation means, you poor little pop-eyed, pug-nosed thing? No? I thought not. Well, I will tell you.

It means the most heavenly white frock, all trimmed with lace—real lace, of course, or you wouldn't be properly graduated; and long, long gloves. Then your hair is beautifully dressed. Your mamma and grandmamma want it done low, because you won't be eighteen for another month, but you insist upon it high because when you are graduated you are as good as "out," and naturally you win the day, for you are graduated once only in a lifetime. White satin slippers and white open-work stockings and flowers! If every boy of your acquaintance doesn't come to time and send flowers, you'll never speak to him again, so there! This is what graduation means, and there isn't a happier time in your whole life or a lovelier frock, except perhaps the wedding-day, when you get a few more presents and can have "Mrs." on your cards and wear white brocade instead of Paris muslin. But naturally Commencement Day leads direct to the wedding-day, so you won't have so awfully long to wait. One year ought to do the business.

Yes, sir, this is the whole of graduation, and you have it in a nutshell. Isn't it funny that there is always one girl in every class who thinks more about her studies than her frocks? Lucy Lent is that girl in our class, and I truly pity her. She has always had perfect marks in everything, from deportment to metaphysics. What's the use of it all? Not a boy has ever walked home with her, and I bet she won't have a flower to-day! She doesn't know how to make fudge and seems actually to prefer algebra to dancing! She's valedictorian of the class, and I just know she will address us all as "my beloved classmates," and speak as if we were going to die to-morrow. That kind of a girl is naturally a dreadful blight on a class, and I must beg you, Grover, never to

be that kind of a girl. Promise me, won't you, never to be that kind of a girl? I dare say Lucy does know a heap, and is fully equipped to face a stern, bleak world, but she will never be popular, and what's the use of knowing anything; if you're not popular? Just to skim through somehow and to understand the science of having a good time, that's been my rule, and I am willing to wager no girl ever had more fun than I. Grandpa is so tiresome! The idea of his asking me what a rhomboid is. Do you know what a rhomboid is? Does anybody know what a rhomboid is? But grandpa says that thousands of dollars have been spent on my education, and that I have been to the most widely-advertised school in the country, and he delights in asking me awful questions about isosceles triangles—sounds like a curse, doesn't it? and the laws of the Medes and Persians. At the breakfast-table he asked me how many Punic wars there were, and I said two. He thought to floor me by saying, "Name them." But I named them all right, and that was one time when grandpa found that the thousands spent on my education had not been wasted. I said "First and Second."

Mamma is nervous about my mythology. She says a girl isn't able to face the battles of life without a knowledge of heathen mythology. But I tell her not to worry; that she can just take me abroad for a year, and in the galleries of Europe I can get acquainted with the gods and goddesses so that I shall recognize them when I meet them again in private houses.

Now, let's see, what have I learned at school in the ten years I have been attending? I can make better fudge than any other girl in the class, and have read more—that is, novels—than any one else in the whole school. I don't suppose my music would set the river afire exactly, but I can play ragtime as well as anybody; and, besides, nobody needs to play these days; you can have a pianola and get as much music as you want out of a perforated roll of yellow paper. I have my diploma for German—and, by the way, it's the dearest diploma you ever saw, all tied up in white satin ribbon to match my frock—but, Grover, if I found myself

in Germany, with nobody by who spoke English, and I wanted anything, from a bun to a needle, I couldn't possibly ask for it to save my life. It's not one of the polite languages, and nobody but musicians and your nursery governess ever speak it. But if I can't talk German, I can play basket-ball with the best of them, and have mastered every point of the Rugby game of football, to say nothing of baseball and cricket. My diploma says I am proficient in drawing, and that means that I could take my place with Michael Angelo and those other old duffers who went in for that sort of thing. But I don't want to take my place with them. It would be a perfect nuisance to sit up in a gingham apron on a high stool all day with dirty crayons. I wouldn't mind making a few pen-and-ink sketches of lovely, big, broad-shouldered men and stylish girls, like Mr. Christy, but anything beyond that I shouldn't care for in the least.

It's so tiresome of grandpa to ask me who Phidias was. Of course, I know he was the man who built the pyramids, or sat in his chair on the beach and told the waves to go back—I don't exactly remember which. Ancient history isn't my forte anyway. The things all happened so long ago that no one is alive who remembers, and I don't see how any one can be expected to know. One thing I never can get clear in my mind is, whether it was Henry the Eighth who had seven wives or Henry the Seventh who had eight. But anyway, whichever it was, he had entirely too many, and I don't see what he wanted them for. One is usually enough to take care of.

But I do love psychology. I think it just the cutest study in the world, and if anybody begins talking it, I'm right at home. It's such a lovely jumble of words, none of them meaning anything. I wonder, Grover, if they talk psychology in society. I asked grandpa, and he said gastronomy was much more in its line. I don't remember having studied gastronomy at school, but I must have, as I studied everything on the list. It was probably in the primary department.

Naturally, when your diploma tells you you know everything

you do know it, and whatever your grandpapa and mamma may say it is down in black and white that you are finished and perfect in all the different branches. Parents and grandparents have such a curious way of thinking they know more than you do!

I wonder what Uncle George meant when he said I would now unlearn everything, and proceed to get some real understanding? Knowledge is power. Shakespeare or Jeremy Taylor—or was it Martin Luther?—said that, and it is quite true, but you never realize it fully until your graduation day. There are just two things, however, that stand out above and beyond everything else. One is that my frock is going to be the darlingest of the entire graduation class and is sure to be a winner, and the other is that I'm going to throw all my school-books out of the window to-morrow. And—oh, yes, one thing more—that you're just the tootsiest, wootsiest little bow-wow in all the world!

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### HONORS OF THE CLASS.

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JEAN K. BAIRD.

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“ ‘FRIENDS, Romans, Countrymen’—O bother, that doesn't sound well, Hal. Is this better? ‘Friends, Romans, Countrymen, I come to bury Cæsar’ ” [*sentence ended with boyish laugh*].

“Carl, you seem to consider Cæsar's burial a circus. Get more feeling into that, Carl. This way: ‘I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.’ ”

Carl stood straight. “ ‘The evil that men do lives after them.’ ” He seemed to have caught the inspiration now. His eyes flashed, his voice was clear. Suddenly a bell rang. The would-be orator sprang from his stump, and the critic got up from the grass. “I'm not going back,” said Carl. “We have no class this morning. There's a fellow down there I must see. It isn't the money I care for, Hal. When it comes to a couple of hundred a year, that's nothing to mother. It's the honor of the affair. It's a good bit



of satisfaction to know you can do something well. Mother would be delighted if I'd be first. You know that there are only she and I. She hasn't a plan that doesn't concern me. It's on her account I wish to take the scholarship. She wouldn't think whether it meant five cents or five millions. It would be the honor. That's why I'm working so hard. It's for her sake. There's only one fellow I'm afraid of. That's Ralph Munson. He's a worker, and he's good at an oration. He lives in the little cottage corner of the square. He hasn't been at school for a week. I'm going there now for a library book."

Carl reached the one-story cottage. A small porch ran before the house; the door was standing ajar; Carl could see through the small hall into the room beyond. He rapidly concluded that the Munsons were very poor, and had not always been so. The draperies were of handsome material, but patched and darned. The rug on the hall had been an expensive Turkish weave. Voices reached him, and unconsciously he listened.

"I do not think it wise for you to study now, dear; you might ruin your eyes forever. Be content to rest a few days."

"I can rest after Commencement, mother. I have not started my oration yet, and it's less than three weeks until Commencement. I must get that scholarship if I——"

"Hush, hush, dear. Do not count so much on it. Remember how many other boys are working, and that one boy in particular——"

"Carl? He's the only one I'm afraid of. He's fine! He does better before an audience than alone. But he will go through college if he doesn't get the scholarship. It means only 'honor' to him, while to us it means everything. It seems wrong to me to be going to school while you go about nursing. I want to be educated, but I don't feel like sacrificing my mother for my ambition. If I get the scholarship, I shall go on and finish; if I don't, I shall give up and go to work. I won't have you struggle for me."

Carl suddenly remembered that he was listening, and rang the

bell. The room into which he was ushered was shabbier than the hall. Ralph lay on the couch, a screen shading his eyes.

"Why, Munson, how's this? We didn't know you were sick!"

"I'm not. My eyes are weak; cold has settled in them, just at the wrong time, too."

"Oh, you'll get through on your class record if you're too sick to take the examinations."

"It isn't the exams I'm worrying about. I don't know my oration yet; if my eyes don't get better soon, I shall have to give that up. Mother started reading it to me, but she's away all day; she is companion to an old lady who is ill. They wanted her to stay there, but she wouldn't leave me. It's lonely enough with her gone, when a fellow can't study or read."

Carl got the book he came for. "I must go," he said slowly. "If you're alone, Munson, and don't mind, I may come down this evening."

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On Commencement Day the rostrum was filled with eager, flushed faces, while below the chapel was a scene of bright gowns, roses, and fluttering fans. The orations proceeded as usual. Carl's name was last, and Ralph's just before. As the boy before him finished Ralph's face relaxed, and he glanced down to where his mother sat. With a manly confidence he stepped forward and began his oration on "Ambition: We need a loftier ideal to nerve us for heroic lives." As he proceeded his voice grew steady. "When the stately monuments of mightiest conquerors shall have become shapeless and forgotten ruins, the humble graves of earth's Howards and Frys will still be freshened by the tears of fondly admiring millions, and the proudest epitaph will be the simple entreaty, 'Write me as one who loved his fellow-men.'" Applause rang through the chapel. Ralph had far excelled the rest. College and college joys floated before him. He saw how bright his success had made his mother. But—how he dreaded Carl! for from the first Carl was master of the situation. He talked as eas-

ily as though conversing with the boys. Yet his nice conception of each idea and his rendition were worthy of an Antony. Ralph's face grew pale. The scholarship was slipping from him.

"O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts, and men have lost their judgment. Bear with me; my heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar, and I must pause till it come back to me."

Tears sprang to Carl's eyes, for he saw before him the delicate, sad face of Ralph's mother. The resolution he had made hours before came back to him: "Write me as one who loved his fellow-men." So, in that part of the oration which he knew best, Carl stopped, hesitated, corrected himself, and went on. But the one blunder was sufficient—the scholarship was Ralph's. As the chairman arose to give the decision, a slender woman came forward. "Pardon my interrupting, gentleman,—I feel that your decision is in favor of my son." The judge bowed assent. "I must explain to you that from a point of honor the last contestant claims it. For two weeks Carl has read Ralph's oration aloud during the evenings, that Ralph might learn it. I have heard Carl give his oration without a fault, and I know that Carl's one fault this evening was premeditated. He understood what the scholarship meant to my son, and placed himself second. The awarding of the scholarship rests with you, but I believe this explanation is due."

The judge arose to speak, but his voice was drowned with applause.

"Write me as one who loved his fellow-men." Ralph was awarded the longed-for prize, but, like the hero of the old story, Carl's name led all the rest.

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Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,  
Onward through life he goes;  
Each morning sees some task begun,  
Each evening sees its close;  
Something attempted, something done,  
Has earned a night's repose.

—Henry W. Longfellow.

## WHY CLASS A GAVE THANKS.

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LUCY COPINGER.

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CONNECTED with the Teachers' Institute was a sort of post-graduate club, small in its numbers but snobbish. This club was the inner circle of teacherdom. It was known as the Society of Scholastic Sociology, which title was perverted by envious outsiders into the Sour Spinster Social. Miss Lucy, teacher of Class A, had been among these scoffers until the time came when she herself was invited to aspire to its membership. The requirements for admission were few but rigorous. The candidate wrote a thesis upon some problem of school-life, and was then visited in her school by a committee of three, who listened to the working out of the problem. Miss Lucy scorned the humbler phases of her work, and took for her subject "A Teacher's Influence upon the Moral Tone of Her Class." A week before Thanksgiving she received notice that the committee would visit her.

Miss Lucy, clothed in foolish confidence and her very best shirt-waist, stood before Class A, and the dread committee, made up of two men—principal and supervisor—and a visiting teacher—a thin, spectacled spinster. Miss Lucy had taken for her sub-topic "Why We Give Thanks."

"Children," she said, "I want to talk to you about a holiday we are going to have soon. Who knows what it is? Herman?"

"Holler Eve."

"Oh, no, Herman, not Hallow Eve. It is Thanksgiving. And now who can tell me what Thanksgiving means? What do we do then, Sophie?"

"Miz Luzy, efery year we haf a party mit beer, and my father gits drunk, and my mother says he ain't nothing but a guzzler, and my father says, 'Go to the devil!'"

"Yes, Sophie, dear—but——"

"And, Miz Luzy, my sister's got a beau, but my mother says he ain't nothing but a kissing-bug."

Miss Lucy looked apprehensively at the committee. The principal was shamelessly amused, but the supervisor, a correct gentleman, looked pained, and the blush of outraged modesty was rising upon the cheek of the visiting teacher.

"That will do, Sophie. Children, some of you can surely tell me what Thanksgiving means. Anna, what do we do then?"

"Nothun."

"Oh, yes, Anna, surely you can think of something you do on Thanksgiving."

"Nothun."

At this moment an inspiration seized Bum O'Reilly. His Irish tact had told him that some especial answer was desired by Miss Lucy. He remembered that she had always shown an interest in the additions to his family.

"We got a baby last Thanksgivun," he volunteered, "but we ain't goin' to git none this year."

Miss Lucy hastily interrupted.

"Yes, yes, James; but what is it you and all of us should do every day, but more than ever on Thanksgiving Day?"

"You should clean your teeth and wash yourself all over," said Josef Bureschy.

"We give thanks," said correct Marie Schaefer, the only member of Class A who ever knew anything.

Miss Lucy took fresh heart.

"Yes, we give thanks, that is what we should do on Thanksgiving Day. And now who can be very smart and tell me to whom we give thanks?"

Bum answered this promptly.

"The blessed Virgin Mary and all the holy saints."

"Miz Luzy, it ain't so!" indignantly cried Sophie. "Don't you believe him. I go to the Luthurum Sunday School, and there ain't nobody but God and Martin Luthurum, and my mother says Bum O'Reilly worships idols."

"It's the blessed Virgin Mary, I'm tellin' ye, and I'll bust yer face if ye don't shut up!" cried Bum.



"James, that will do. I am surprised at your language. Now who can tell me why we give thanks? Who can think of something nice that he is thankful for?"

Frederick William's face brightened.

"Well, Frederick, what are you thankful for?"

"The gizzard."

It was then that Miss Lucy gave up the fight. The visiting teacher came forward.

"Let me speak to the little ones," she said condescendingly.

Miss Lucy sat down meekly. She looked at the supervisor, and was surprised to see him wink at her.

The visiting teacher, bespectacled, scant of hair, sour-visaged, stood before Class A. In reproof to the frivolous fluffiness of Miss Lucy's lingeries, she wore a basque buttoned tightly down the front; it came down in a point in the back. Miss Lucy wondered if this costume was the required uniform of "scholastic sociology." The visiting teacher's manner was openly hilarious. "Lift them up!" was her creed. "Carry them along with you on the wave of your vitality."

"Little boys and girls," she began, "open your little eyes, open your little ears, open your little hearts, and listen and look just as hard!" As she spoke, she illustrated her remarks upon the child in the front seat, who happened to be Frederick William; it was a painful shock to this most dignified of Miss Lucy's scholars to have his eyebrows pulled up, his ears tweaked, to be gently poked in the stomach, and, as a climax, to receive a rap on the head. His eyes filled with tears, and he looked beseechingly at Miss Lucy. Miss Lucy's attention was engaged elsewhere. A loudly whispered conversation was being carried on between Sophie Bauerschmidt and Anna Karenina. The visiting teacher caught sight of Anna's extended tongue. "Little girl! little girl!" she said reproachfully. "Why, little girl!"

Sophie sniggered, but Anna glowered threateningly.

"Id ain'd my fauld," she said. "She says him's"—pointing accusingly at the supervisor—"her father, and you're her mother,

und you ain'd. Onct I seen Miz Luzy's mother, und she ain'd so old ad all."

After school the principal came to Miss Lucy.

"You didn't pass," he said. "You made a good try, and the supervisor and I would have let you in, but I don't think the—er—maternal idea exactly appealed to our distinguished colleague."

"Oh, well," said Miss Lucy, "I guess it's for the best. I never could have dressed the part anyhow. I'd have to pickle my face, and put my clothes all on backward."

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### CULTURE IN SIX WEEKS.

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MARY ANN came from the west, and the object of her visit was to perfect herself in piano, singing, dancing, elocution, Delsarte, English literature, French, German, Italian, palmistry, etc. Mary Ann's arrival was preceded by concisely worded warnings addressed to prominent exponents of the arts named.

"Respected Sir: I shall arrive in your city on or before the 15th inst., to remain six weeks, during which time I desire to take a complete course in ———. I shall pay cash (in advance), and shall expect the best quality of instruction obtainable.

Respectfully yours,

"MARY ANN PERKINS."

The copy of the above which was addressed to the professor of Delsarte awaited, unopened, his return from Europe. At the moment he tore open the envelope Mary Ann was coming up in the elevator.

"Oh, these Americans, these Americans!" he said.

"Well, what have these Americans done now?" inquired Miss Whitney, his assistant.

"Why, they are always insisting on a complete course of something in six weeks. Over in Europe now——"

At that moment Mary Ann entered the office.

"Are you Prof. Samuel Johnson?" she asked. "Well, I am Mary Ann Perkins. You received my letter, I presume?"

Mr. Johnson said that he had just finished reading Miss Perkins's letter.

"Then you know what I require," said Mary Ann, drawing off her gloves. "We will begin at once, if you please. It is now ten o'clock. At eleven I have an engagement with my French teacher, at one I am expected by my piano instructor, from three to four I shall be employed with my vocal master, and from that time until six I shall be dancing, reciting, and reading Chaucer. My evenings will be devoted to a course of lectures on the literature of the Elizabethan period. So I will call at ten precisely every day. Kindly conduct me to the teacher of Delsarte?"

"Miss Whitney," said Mr. Johnson, "you will please take charge of Miss Perkins."

Miss Whitney saw before her a bright-looking girl. Her posture was abnormally erect. One of her shoulders was higher than the other, and both were thrown back till every effect of grace was destroyed. Mary Ann also toed in a little and carried her hands with palms forward.

"And so," said her teacher, "you desire a complete course of Delsarte in six weeks. If you were persevering you might get it in six years."

"Well," replied Mary Ann, "you can surely teach a person something in six weeks?"

"Oh, yes; you can learn to keep your shoulders on a level."

"That's what I am here for."

"And to stand erect and yet allow each portion of the body to remain in its natural position."

"That is exactly what I most wish to learn," said Mary Ann, earnestly.

"And you might improve some in the manner in which you use your hands."

"I am satisfied," said Mary Ann. "Let us begin at once."

\* \* \* \* \*

Mary Ann had determined to take her elocution of Prof. Josephus.

"Yes," said the Professor, "I received your letter. You had better go home."

"I shall go home in six weeks," replied Mary Ann, "and not before. No doubt, I can find someone else who——"

"Why, girl," interrupted the professor, "you can't learn to say 'HO!' in six weeks. Let me hear you try it now—'Ho!'"

"Ho!" said Mary Ann.

"Why, you can't learn in six weeks how to distinguish between your larynx and your epiglottis."

"But surely," persisted Mary Ann, "one can learn how to recite something simple and touching in six weeks."

"Oh, yes, you can learn how to recite 'Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night,' and perhaps one or two other selections."

"Then," answered Mary Ann, "we will begin at once, if you please."

\* \* \* \* \*

Mary Ann was only too well aware that there was something not entirely graceful about her walk, and she had naturally concluded that a competent master of dancing was the proper person to supply the deficiency. M. Benari, to whom she applied, was amazed.

"Vat!" he exclaimed, "you t'ink you learn ze—vat you call?—ze poetry of motion—ze dance—in seex veeks! Mais, non, nevair."

"But you can surely teach me something in six weeks?"

"Zat is vairy true. In seex veeks you may learn von leetle pas seul—not more."

"Well, then," said Mary Ann, "let us begin at once."

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But Prof. Meissonier, the French master to whom Mary Ann applied, would not be placated.

"Seex veeks!" he said. "It is ze most parfait nonsense. You learn in seex veeks not more zan ze first chaptaire of ze gram-maire."

"I don't care so much about the grammar," said Mary Ann.

"What I want is some easy conversational lessons that will enable me to——"

"Ah, yes; I comprehend. Ah, yes, you want ze easy conversation. Vell, you go and find one teachair of ze Meisterschaft System and you learn ze French language—oh, you learn him splendid in seex weeks!"

So Mary Ann took up the Meisterschaft System, in which she made such rapid progress that after six lessons she could "polly voo" quite fluently.

When, at the end of the six weeks, she returned to her home, her improved appearance was the talk of the town. Her position as belle was no longer disputed by the eldest Jones girl. Her piano playing, her singing, her elocution, her palmistry, her knowledge of defunct poets, and her drawing provoked general admiration. It was her Meisterschaft French, however, that astonished the natives. At the table it no longer was "Please pass the cheese," but "Donny maw lee fromage, see voo play." Never again did she ejaculate, "How beautiful!" but "Say too see kong pew vwar de plew bow." All her "good evenings" were "bong swors," and all her "good days" "bong jours." It all went in her rustic home. Mary Ann had scores of admirers, and the next year the rustics left town by hundreds for a six weeks' course in the city that had so reincarnated Mary Ann.

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## DEEPWATER DEBATE.

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MAY McHENRY.

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DEEPWATER boasted not only the best speller in the valley but the champion debating-club. The champion speakers were the three Barton boys—Daniel, Cyrus and Silas,—and Cadwallader Evans, the school-teacher. The fame of these rustic orators filled the land; so one eventful day there came an invitation for the Deepwater Debating-Club to meet in discussion members of the Flowerville Lyceum. The Deepwater Club jumped at the



challenge. The Flowerville Lyceum was a social and literary association counting among its members some of the most cultured young people in the county-seat. The Big Four suspected that the challenge had been sent in a spirit of levity. It was a chance to prove their mettle. An expectant circle at Gilly's store awaited Daniel Barton, returned from a meeting with the Lyceum Committee.

"It's all settled," Daniel announced. "The debate will be in two weeks, to be held at the Deepwater schoolhouse, followed by a supper at Boyd's hotel. If the sleighing holds out, the youth and beauty of Flowerville will come up in two large sleds, each drawn by four prancing horses."

"Who are they going to put up against us, Dan'l?" his brothers demanded.

"To begin with, there is the young Baptist preacher, the Reverend S. M. Smith."

"I know him," Cyrus exclaimed; "a pretty speaker, but too flowery for a debater. He will be quoting poetry when he ought to be making points."

"Lawyer Bleasley——"

"He knows more than he can tell."

"Frank G. Potter——"

"Um-n. Windy Potter! Who is the other one?"

"Sternger, Al Sternger."

Daniel mentioned the last name constrainedly. The schoolteacher rubbed his hands with enthusiasm.

"There is, indeed, an eloquent speaker, an opponent worthy of our highest efforts."

"Don't you want to know the question we are to discuss?" Daniel chuckled. "'Tis a great question, 'War and Intemperance: Resolved, That war has brought more suffering upon the human race than the intemperate use of intoxicating drinks.'"

The Deepwater debaters had been brought up on "War and Intemperance;" it had been the pap of their oratorical infancy, and meat and drink as they developed.

"Mr. William Herrington chose the subject. He is president of their lyceum. He said it was their desire to select a subject that was likely to have been under previous consideration by us. As the challenged party, we had the choice of sides, so I took the affirmative."

"Well, for my part, I'm glad it is goin' to be about something we're all used to and can understand," the storekeeper broke in.

"I like to hear something I know. It's like listening to a band play. You try to think it's pretty while they're tootin' out trilly-oo-la-las, but you don't have any quivers inside until they strike up 'Way Down upon the Suwanee River.'"

For two weeks Deepwater tingled in expectancy. When the eventful night arrived, the school-house was crowded to the utmost, with visitors from Flowerville occupying front seats. Daniel happened to be at the door when the young lawyer, Al Sternger, entered with a pretty young woman. Daniel's greeting was markedly stiff, and he turned a grim face upon his cousin, Delilah.

"Why, Daniel! You do not look as though you expected to win," Delilah exclaimed. "I do hope you are going to do your best."

"What is the use of pretending, Delilah?" Daniel growled. "We all know where your sympathies are."

Delilah's cheeks were pinker than usual as she followed her escort to a seat. She made no reply when Mr. Sternger complacently remarked that her relative seemed to be a victim of the green-eyed monster. The Deepwater Club was to select one judge, the debaters from Flowerville were to bring with them a second, and the two thus provided were to agree upon a third who was to be chairman. Daniel exclaimed in surprise when Hank Edgar, who was Deepwater's judge, told him their choice of chairman was Mr. Ed Bogart, an ex-schoolmaster, equally noted for learning and brilliant lack of veracity.

"He's all right; he'll preside with eggclau. I have him fixed," Hank asserted. "He's owed me a big store-bill for years, and I shut down on him. Yesterday he boned me about opening an

account again. I switched him off onto the debate, and told him 'twas my opinion he'd make an ornate judge. That took him. I told him 'twas a matter of local pride to want our own side to win, and that I myself was anxious you boys should get the verdict to the extent of being willing to give a due-bill for ten dollars in the cause of justice. That fixed him."

"Oh, righteous judge!" laughed Daniel. "Look here, Hank, if we are licked, that would not do."

"That's all right, Dannie. You go ahead and do your best. Whatever you win, I'll see that you get it; that's my business."

The speakers from Flowerville were really anxious to let their Deepwater friends down easily, and their first speaker spent nearly all of his time in saying so.

"Better be preparing for their own obsequies, instead of gathering flowers for our fellows' graves. They don't seem to know what they are up against," an outside critic observed audibly, through a broken window-glass, and was called to order.

By the time the first speaker for the affirmative had ripped his courteous friend of the negative up the back, by the time he had sketched in war such lurid colors as made Sherman seem tame and inadequate, by that time the over-confident Flowerville crowd began to have a faint conception of what they were up against. The Deepwater debaters had worked hard. They were ready to flaunt all the blood-dyed pages of history from the siege of Troy to Bull Run. They flaunted them; they touched upon the ethical, the national, the commercial perniciousness of armed strife, and expressed lofty sentiments worthy of a peace congress. It is not to be denied that their opponents spoke well on the side of intemperance. Yet, somehow, the polished rhetoric failed to impress the audience, as did the familiar famous passage in which Cyrus Barton demonstrated mathematically on the blackboard that the human blood shed in battle, if collected, would submerge the narrow valley of the Deepwater from hilltop to hilltop.

"Conceive of that, ladies and gentlemen," he said. "Think of the vast, vernal cup of these hills filled with such a draught for the

devil as that. Then, remember that this sea of blood represents at least fourteen millions of slain men, and that for every slain man there came a moan from the lips of some woman. Ah, those moans of women! My friends, they unite in a mighty wail of human agony that shakes the stars and thunders at the throne of God, crying out against war!"

However it might be with the judges, it was evident that the audience was for war. Al Sternger, who had the closing speech for the negative, felt that something must be done. The brilliant young member of the bar stepped outside and regarded the stars while he tipped a silver-mounted flask. Then he went in and made a fluent, fiery speech on intemperance, and he told a story. He described a drunkard's home—the fireless room, the starving children, the heart-broken mother, the terror of the shuffling footsteps on the stair. He made them feel the hunger and the shame, and the heart-break, until half the people in the room were openly wiping away tears. Deepwater partisans looked blank. Even Cyrus and Silas Barton looked interrogatively at Daniel, who was to follow Mr. Sternger, closing the debate.

Daniel was reading something that had been passed to him from the other side of the room. Calmly, almost monotonously, he began his summing up. His friends fidgeted. Was he not going to do something?

"And now, Mr. Chairman," he said, "I approach the extraordinary speech of the gentleman who preceded me." He eulogized that speech; he told how proud he was to live in a county that could produce so eloquent a speaker. "If we push aside the flowery language to get at the gist of the matter, however, we find no real argument. That story cannot be accepted, because of the unreliability of its source. One of the chief questions with regard to all evidence is the source. The speaker did not give his story as from his own experience, nor did he tell where he got it. Had I been in his place, I, too, should have been ashamed to tell where I got it. Mr. President, we, of the affirmative, quoted from such lofty authorities as Hume, Gibbon, Josephus, yea, even Holy Writ.

Behold the scholarly volume from which the other side quoted." He drew a small, crumpled paper book from his pocket. "This weighty authority is known to all who have been threatened by gout, spleen, measles, mumps, or spinal meningitis, as well as to those who would consult the signs of the zodiac and the phases of the moon. Yes, it is an almanac—a Vinegar Bitters advertisement almanac, and it is last year's almanac at that!"

The debate ended in a roar of laughter. After a lengthy session, the judges returned and the chairman announced that the decision was two to one in favor of the affirmative.

Hank Edgar alone looked glum.

"If it hadn't been for that old Ananias and Sapphira of an Ed Bogart, we'd a given you the decision unanimous," he told Daniel.

"The Flowerville judge was with me from the start."

"I thought you had Ed fixed."

"So I had and so had Sternger—at a leetle higher figger."

Daniel Barton's sister had accompanied him to the school-house, but when they came to start for the supper at the tavern she murmured: "You will not care, will you, Dan?" and whirled away in the sleigh of a young farmer from up the creek.

"Don't take it to heart, Dannie," he was advised. "Put on a bold front and steal some other fellow's girl."

A sudden, reckless impulse prompted Daniel to turn to his cousin. "Are you ready, Delilah?" he asked, just as though she had not stopped riding in his sleigh two years before. Greatly to his surprise, and greatly to the surprise of onlookers, and of the young lawyer in the next sleigh, Delilah permitted Daniel to swing her in under his buffalo robe.

"Have you and Sternger quarreled?" Daniel demanded.

"No. However, I think it quite likely that we shall, don't you?"

"How did you come to know about that story?" he asked.

Delilah laughed. "When you saw that almanac, Daniel, were you not just a little bit ashamed of the remark you made to me as I went in?"



"Yes. I am always ashamed when I say such things to you. I wish you would explain."

Delilah laughed again. "Mr. Sternger came to our house early this evening, and while we were waiting, he picked up the almanac and read that story aloud. In a flash it struck me that he intended to use it in the debate. As we went out I slipped the almanac into my muff. You know the rest."

"Deli, you are a brick and a patriot! But you have not explained why you are here with me."

Delilah dropped her head. "It was your fault, Daniel. You challenged me. Besides it was the first thing you had asked me since—in a long time, and I had made up my mind long ago to—to do the first thing you asked."

"Why are you driving so very slowly? Nearly every one has passed us. What will they think?"

"That I am proposing to you for the fourth time, no doubt."

"But you are not!"

"No; I swore I would not, didn't I? Look here, Deli——!"

They had reached the cross-roads. Just ahead, blazing with lights was the tavern. To the right, a level road stretched out into the silent night.

"Daniel, where——?"

"To Paradise!" Daniel answered, as he kissed her.

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Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,  
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her  
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws  
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.  
Hail, bounteous May, that doth inspire  
Mirth and youth and warm desire.  
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,  
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing,  
Thus we salute thee with our early song,  
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

—John Milton.

## WOMEN AND THE SALOON.

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SAMUEL DICKIE.

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**O** PEN wide the doors and admit that glorious company of women, a million strong, who come from every quarter of the globe. See them press eagerly to the front, singing as they come. A bow of white ribbon is on every breast. This is the splendid army, the hopeful host, the swordless warriors of a winning battle, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. How shall we divide these? I want to be fair. I mean to be generous, but I cannot put a stain on the brow of one member of this galaxy of mothers and sisters and wives and sweethearts. No, Mr. Mayor, not one of this company in all the earth will stand with your saloonkeepers and bartenders and gamblers, not one of this elect host will contribute a word or an ounce of influence to save the saloon from the hell to which it ought to go. They will use their best endeavor to save the saloonkeeper and his victim, but for the saloon they carry the black flag that means no quarter, and they will yet walk at the funeral of the Godless thing.

Here comes another company of women, ten thousand, twenty thousand, fifty thousand, a hundred thousand of them,—the poor, unfortunate and unhappy victims of man's inhumanity to woman. God forbid that I should speak of them in other than the tone of sympathy and the accent of sorrow, for they present the most pitiful sight on which the eye can rest. But how will this miserable and motley company divide? Will they all go yonder? No, a few with streaming eyes and heaving bosoms and trembling limbs will throw themselves into the arms of the white ribbon women and beg for another chance, and get the help they seek. The great majority, some gladly, some heedlessly, some reluctantly, will range themselves on the other side and stand for vice because, God pity them, because they think they must.

Wipe out the saloon, and the social evil becomes an easier problem. Liquor inflames and arouses the evil propensities of those who are the patrons of the horrid trade.

## WHO OWNED THE SPOONS?

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FIDELIA FOUNTAIN.

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WHEN Mrs. Elisa Fountain was a young woman she taught in a country school until she had saved money enough to indulge her great desire for a set of silver spoons. She was married soon after to the young man of her choice. Six years passed by, years of hard work and economy by both, happy years, though no children had come to bless their union, when by a sudden illness her husband was taken away. The day after the funeral the grieved wife was surprised by the entrance into her home of the two brothers of her husband, bringing with them the village lawyer. They told her they had come to set a value upon their brother's property, in order that she might know what part of it was hers. She held her peace as they set down the worth of each article of furniture in her little home, until they finally came to the box of spoons.

Then she spoke, "These are mine. I bought them with my own money before I was married."

"Yes, ma'am," said the lawyer, "but you know, ma'am, that after a lady is married, everything belongs in law to her husband."

So all the little property was divided, the brothers taking half, and she took the spoons with her share, at the price that had been set upon them. But it obliged her to give up the home and she, with her few effects, went into rented rooms and began life anew. Occasionally teaching a school, and always sewing if possible, she supported herself very comfortably for about three years. Then a life-long friend of her husband offered her his hand in marriage. She liked him well and she thought with pleasure of again being mistress of a home. So they were married.

In a few years the husband's health declined, and for many months she gave him most tender and unceasing care. She had a few times spoken to him about making a will, but, as it seemed an unpleasant subject, she ceased to mention it. Finally the end

came. There came to attend the funeral his nearest relative, a nephew from New England, whom she had never seen before. In a day or two he brought two men to the cottage to appraise the property, and again was there a price set upon the well-preserved spoons. On the evening of that day, as she was preparing supper, the nephew entered the kitchen and said, "Aunt Liza, I am disposed to be very easy with you; the worth of all of Uncle's property has been carefully estimated, and I will allow you to include in your half of it any article of furniture you may choose." And again she paid the price of her first darling purchase of silverware.

But there was not enough left after the half was taken for her to keep the house and lot, so they went into the hands of strangers; and, with her cat, Aunt Liza again went into cozy but hired rooms. She was a pattern of thrift and tidiness, as a smart widower of the neighborhood was well aware, and in less than a year he made a call upon the comely matron. He was wise enough to make his first visit short, but lingered a moment in the door, and suggested that in the near future they become better acquainted.

She answered, "I am living here very comfortably, and I think, Mr. Johnson, that it will not be worth while for you to call." Closing the door hastily, she turned to her cat:

"No, Tommy," she said, "I have bought those spoons three times, and I don't intend to risk them any more."

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## STOLEN BRIDEGROOM.

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EMERSON HOUGH.

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WHEN Frederick William Ware, better known as Runt Ware, left Princeton, his father asked, "What can you do?"

"Pitch four curves, and stand for even Lon Byron's delivery. Oh, father, you ought to see that fellow pitch!"

There seemed nothing particular for Runt Ware to do in a business concern where everything was already doing, so there was a

paternal sigh of relief when Runt announced that he thought of going west. Whereupon he turned up, at Barth, on the edge of the booming Canadian west.

Previous to his arrival young men went out soliciting orders with tennis-racket or cricket-bat in hand.

"Let's start baseball!" said Runt to Billy Hardy, his old Princeton chum.

"Why, of course," said Billy. So the Baseball League was organized.

News came to Barth of the standing of all the clubs on the circuit, and always the name of Vancouver led the rest. "Listen to me," said Runt to Billy Hardy. "I'll bet a dollar they've got a man in from Seattle. Tainted baseball way out here! We've got to beat 'em somehow."

Several weeks later a telegram arrived for the Runt.

"From Byron," he remarked.

Billy glanced at it and read, "Going west in a rush. Pass through Barth Tuesday. Meet me at train."

"Why's he in such a rush?"

"Oh, I believe he's going to get married. He always was doin' some impractical thing or other."

"I wonder if it is Grace Dinwiddie? He was awf'ly gone on her, you know."

"Yes, I suppose that's who it is. She's been out at Seattle with her uncle. They are stopping at Victoria now, and he is going to take her on to Alaska. They are trying to keep her away from By. He hasn't much money, you know."

"Of course, we'll meet him at the train," resumed Billy, "and help him get the girl. Uncles don't always have the best judgment in the world. But, say, what are you thinkin' about?"

"Oh, nothin', only that our game with Vancouver is Wednesday,—only that Byron was absolutely the best pitcher ever put on the black and orange,—only that he whitewashed Yale and set the world crazy."

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Odds at the Barth Hotel broke against the home team. Every face in Barth was long except that of the Runt; he spoke apart in whispers to O'Brien of the Mounted Police, a member of the Barth nine. "But I tell you, Runt, it's his wedding-trip," protested Billy Hardy.

"What is a wedding here or there, I'd like to know?" asked the Runt.

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As the Imperial Flier rolled in on Tuesday, Billy and the Runt made for the rear end, where the sleepers were attached. They found Byron at once and all went out on the station platform. Sergeant O'Brien engaged in imperious conversation with the porter, to whom he confided a five-dollar bill and received in return a dress-suit case and an umbrella.

Byron beamed, blushed and admitted: "I'm the happiest beggar in the world!"

The conductor, afar off, called: "O-o-o-o-or-r-r-t-t-t—!"

"Grab him, Billy!" gasped the Runt. And Billy grabbed.

"Here, I'm off," said Byron. "Leggo, you! Wait! quit! stop! leggo! I tell you!"

"T choo-choo-oo-o-ooo-ooo-ooo-oooo!" whistled the engine.

"You low-down friends!" cried Byron. "Look!—last train!—Married to-morrow! Alaska steamer leaves—oh, what will she do?"

After dinner the boys took Byron for a joyous little canter around the hills. "We'll just go a bit down the street," called the Runt; and Byron, exulting in the air and speed, clattered over the little bridge, with thunderous hoofs; to meet O'Brien, sergeant of the Northwest Mounted Police, in full uniform.

"Sorry, sir," said O'Brien, "but this is against the law. Furious ridin'. Have to take you in charge, sir."

"I say, fellows," began Byron, as the strong arm of O'Brien thrust him through the iron-barred gate of the little lock-up, "this is too much."

The Runt looked at him implacably. "You will get to Victoria after we've beat the suffering tar out of that Vancouver ball-team, and not before. Why, man, what's a weddin' against a real emergency like this? Haven't you got any heart?"

The unfortunate Byron could do no more than groan and sink down upon his narrow cot in outraged anger. The Runt and Billy sent the following message:

"Miss Grace Dinwiddie, care Col. James S. Dinwiddie, Victoria, B. C. Mr. Byron slightly injured. Not serious. No occasion alarm. Sleeping quietly. Asks you to come on at once.  
FREDERICK WILLIAM WARE."

Before bedtime messages began to arrive. No. 1: "Much alarmed. Send details at once." Ten minutes later No. 2: "Why no details? Impossible to come." In five minutes No. 3: "Cannot stand suspense. Must know." No. 4: "Start ten-thirty. Give him my love. Tell him to bear up until I arrive."

"Confound it!" said the Runt, "I don't see why that girl can't keep calm."

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When the eastbound Imperial Flier rolled into town, it bore a shouting, stalwart, piratical band of youths, whose bosoms disported a large red-lettered "V. B. C." It bore also a tearful but undeniably handsome girl.

The Runt stretched out his hand. "My dear Miss Dinwiddie!" he exclaimed. "How glad we are!"

"Tell me, is he much hurt? Will he know me?"

"Well, I would, if I had ever seen you."

She entered the narrow corridor, trembling. Then swiftly her eyes took in the details of the barred door, the tiny window, the straw upon the floor, the narrow cot, the forlorn figure and the bottle and siphon near by (gift of O'Brien, sergeant of the Northwest Mounted Police).

"Alonzo Byron," she said, "what have you done? What is that bottle?"

Byron sprang to the bars. "Kiss me, Grace."

"That bottle! Ah, I see it all!"

"That? Why, that's for—for *insects*!"

In the parlor at the summer hotel Grace Dinwiddie and Frederick William Ware held earnest converse. "So you have put me in this position for the sake of winning a beastly little ball-game!"

"Well, of course, I don't know that he *can* win the game."

"Of course, he could win. Why, I've seen him hold Columbia down to three hits—but I couldn't marry Alonzo Byron now. He would think I was following him around. I'll never forgive you—never."

"You can marry him after the game, if you want to."

"I'll never marry him!"

"Then," said the Runt sweetly, "I'll marry you myself, if you say so. I've never said that to another girl in my life, Miss Dinwiddie. But I don't intend to prevent any weddin' that was already arranged. My position is, that it is no harm to postpone a marriage in case of anything more important; if you refuse to help us there is an empty cell waiting on the other side of Byron. I run the town, Miss Dinwiddie."

The girl gazed at him in open-eyed astonishment.

"Will you ask him to pitch?" asked the Runt.

"Yes, oh, yes, I will—I will do anything."

"Will you marry my friend, Mr. Byron, after this game is won, Miss Dinwiddie?"

"Yes, oh, *yes*," with sobs.

"And will you explain to him, Miss Dinwiddie, that unless he does win this game, there isn't going to be any weddin'?"

"You brute! Yes, yes!" [*Sobs.*]

\* \* \* \* \*

There were two attractions in Barth on the following afternoon. One was the baseball game, and the other was Grace Dinwiddie, who occupied a seat on the grandstand, behind the protecting net.

"My, ain't she easy to look at?" whispered the Runt to Billy.

The toss-up put Barth at the bat, which pleased the Runt, who was anxious to study Bingham, the Vancouver importation from

Seattle, who was in the pitcher's box. The latter went about his work with superciliousness, striking out O'Brien and a highly intelligent Jap in one-two order. Barth's face fell, as Jennings, who played third, followed these with empty hands, and Vancouver came trooping in with sneering cheers.

Byron, between O'Brien and Ramsey of the Northwest Mounted Police, walked to the pitcher's box with methodical step and then passed an easy one over to Salters, captain for Vancouver. The latter struck it so vicious a blow that it sailed past the third baseman so far that the latter got lost in trying to find it. The pride of Vancouver was too deep for articulate speech. Upon the face of the girl behind the net there froze a swift look of horror. She moved on a seat or so toward the front.

Vancouver scored two more. Byron was as one in a trance. He scarcely knew when the inning ended. When he was escorted to his seat near the net he heard something behind him like a sob. He turned swiftly.

"Grace," he cried, "it wasn't my fault. I couldn't come."

"Oh, it isn't that," sobbed Grace Dinwiddie. "I'm sorry to lose you, but that isn't it—that was such a *rotten ball*. Alonzo Byron, do that again, and I won't marry you; not if you were the last man in the world."

"Bully girl!" cried the Runt.

"This," said the captain of Vancouver, "this is what I call easy." A white, hard face was thrust close up against his.

"It's what you call easy, is it, you lubber?" hissed Byron. "Now, look here: I'll just bet you five hundred to one that you yourself never get first again. I'll bet you the same your team doesn't get another run. I'll make it the same, by gad! that not two of you ever get as far as second. Pitch! Why, confound you, I'm just playing with your children!"

"Is that so?" sneered Vancouver's captain.

"It is the soest sort of so! By heavens! if ever I did white-wash any poor suffering lot of infants, it's going to be you benighted Eskimos right here!"

It chanced that the Vancouver captain came first to the bat. He saw an easy, slow, straight ball come sailing in as big as a balloon and as slow as a fat hen. With all his might he smote it full—or thought he did so. “Strike one!” chanted the umpire.

The Vancouver man braced again for one that came in fast and straight. But some way it rose and went chug! into the big mitten of the Runt, catcher for Barth.

Again Vancouver’s captain swung the bat. Why he missed that easy, easy ball he never knew. It had resembled a Yorkshire pudding in size and contour to his gaze.

“Oh, this is easy, is it?” called Byron from the box. “You big dub! Dig out another drugged lamb, you people!”

They put in Springfield, a good, even man with the stick. He fanned sweet mountain air in vain, and sat down, red and sad.

“Oh, easy!” mocked Byron as the next man came to bat; and thereupon hurled in so terrible a straight ball that the Runt’s face grew white.

“Strike one!” tolled the umpire. And Vancouver retired to confer.

It was of no use. Once the Runt dropped a straight one that came in too hot, and winced a bit as he did so. A Vancouver man got first on that. But he never got beyond.

For the last three rapid innings Grace Dinwiddie crowded close to the net behind the catcher. The score stood 8 to 4 for Barth, with hours of daylight to spare.

“Isn’t this great ball?” cried Grace.

Byron left his box and made toward the shielding net. The girl met him, radiant, her nose against the meshes.

“Lon!” she cried.

“Gracie,” and they kissed.

“Why don’t you walk around the net?” asked the Runt judicially.

“What is the matter with your hand, you poor thing?” asked she.



"Nothin'," said the Runt. "Little finger broke, I s'pose. I'm always breakin' it."

"You dear boy," said Grace, and kissed him openly in public, while Byron wrung his other hand.

"It was great!" said Grace, looking with pride into Byron's eyes. Then suddenly she grew rosy and silent.

Byron, '03, started as though suddenly thinking of something he had forgotten.

"That's so!" said he. "Let's go get married."

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## GIRL SCHOOL-TEACHER WHO FARMED.

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ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

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I NOTICED in a newspaper recently the following item:

"Miss Ella Witchazel, a charming young school-teacher from the East, finding the close confinement of the school-room injuring her health, tried the outdoor cure. Instead of spending her winter's salary and summer vacation in a crowded hotel at the seashore, she went on a farm, cut twenty-five acres of prairie hay, harvested forty acres of wheat, gained twenty pounds in weight, a coat of tan for her hands and face and a rugged complexion that cannot be equaled anywhere off a farm. There's the girl you are looking for, young man."

Now I want to say, I am well acquainted with this young school-marm. Fact is, it was my farm she spent the summer on. Nice girl, Ella. We was glad, wife and me, to have her come. Yes, sir, she farmed. First day nothin'd do but she must drive the hoss-rake. Well, every man an' woman that comes from town wants to drive the hoss-rake, an' they call that gittin' in the hay. My little Jancy, eleven years old next May, usually drives the rake for us, but she hasn't been overly peart this summer, an' I kinder kept her out of the sun. So Miss Ella gits herself boosted on the hoss-rake—my boy Joe, he boosted her—an' then she screamed an' fell off. Then she got on agin, hit the hoss a crack an' away she went on the dead jump out o' the field into the road, hoss a-goin', dust a-flyin' an' Miss Ella screechin'. Some o' the

men headed her off an' stopped the hoss. Then she tried it agin. This time she struck right through the standin' grass where it was tallest an' thickest an' tangledest; hoss a-balkin' an' tuggin' away by turns; grass comin' up by the roots; rake teeth a-snappin'! We got her out o' that, an' lost a whole day on the rake, gittin' it mended.

She tried drivin' a load into the big barn. Had to send to the house for a ladder, an' all the men had to go clear out of the field while she climbed up on the load. Drivin' in she got the wagon caught in a hedge gap as wide as the Missouri river, ran over two hives of bees, upset the load and buried herself under two hundred pounds of hay. It was the safest place for her, so we jest left her ther' until the bees got cammed down an' we got some work done. Next load she went in on, an' then turned all the men out of the barn while she climbed up into the mow, an' then she wandered around until she stepped into a chute an' shot down about twenty-eight feet into the cow-barn an' lit right on the back of the Jersey calf that was worth two hundred and fifty dollars. Miss Ella wa'n't killed, but she was jammed up so that she lay in bed two days, an' but for that providence we'd hev be'n workin' at that hay yet. An' anybody that wants that calf can have him at his own figgers.

Well, comes wheat harvest; she must drive the self-binder. That was a leetle too resky, but she had her own way. But she couldn't be trusted up above the knives; somebody had to set up there an' hold her on. My boy Joe, he held her on, an' if she didn't make him drive around every poppy and every blossomin' weed she see in the field to save it. Never mind the wheat, but save the blamed weeds! There was only one stump on three hundred and twenty acres of prairie land, just one stump, an' that girl run into it an broke the reaper. Next day she was that proud an' confident that she thought she could drive alone. Well, we tied her into the seat so she couldn't fall off, an' she started. Two rod from the start a big blacksnake stuck up his head—an' you know how slick them knives amputate a snake? Miss Ella, she gives a

little squeak, an' faints dead away. My boy Joe—he's always hangin' around—he jumped for the horses, took Miss Ella down an' carried her to the house.

Money, or healthy tan, nor rugged appetite, nor nothin' couldn't coax Miss Witchazel into that field agin, an' we got through harvestin' all right. Land, how all the men luffed! An' yet we all liked the girl. But the idee of her farmin'—why, do you know, sir, one day in hayin', she went to town, took one of my best work-horses an' was gone all day, an' came home with 'bout twenty yards of blue an' white ribbons, an' tied 'em onto the men's hats an' rake handles, an' wanted us all to wear biled shirts with the sleeves looped up with blue ribbon, an' go marchin' out to the hay-field, me at the head, a-singin', "We merry haymakers, tra, la, la, la, la." She saw it done that way once in a concert or theayter, an' thought that was the way hayin' was always done. An' she was so vexed she cried when we wouldn't wear 'em. My boy Joe, he did wear his hat, but he hid it under the hedge when he got out of sight of the house.

Well, Miss Ella got along fairly well after wheat harvest. Gathered some "graceful sprays," she called 'em, of poison ivy one day, an' couldn't see out of one eye for nigh a week. One day she took a tin-pail to go out after berries, an' when she went through the pasture the cows thought there was salt in the pail an' chased her till she was nigh ready to drop. But we liked her. An' we hated to see her go. An' she will make a splendid wife for some man, if she can't run a farm; but I don't know about any young men comin' out to look after her, for when she said good-by to me to go back to town, she throwed her arms around my neck an' give me a kiss that I says to my boy Joe, standin' by the wagon to take her to town, he was always somewhere round, "Joe," I says, "you'd give your share in the farm for that," an' Joe, he didn't seem to care for anything of the kind, an' Miss Ella, she up an' give me another squeeze an' a kiss, an' I saw her lookin' over my shoulder at my boy Joe, an'—haw! haw! haw! they're engaged!

## CULTURE ON BITTER CREEK.

LIFE in the west was new to me. I was young and just out of college. I was fond of talking. I thought it would be novel and delightful to sleep out of doors with half-savage ox-drivers, with no shelter but the vaulted, star-gemmed heavens. Of the teamsters, one was a giant in stature, and wore a bushy black beard; another was shorter, but powerfully built, and one-eyed; the third was tall, lank, and hame-jawed; while the fourth was a wiry, red-headed man. I pitied them, on account of the hard life they led, and spoke to them in a kind tone, and endeavored to make my conversation instructive. I plucked a flower, and, pulling it to pieces, mentioned the names of the parts—pistil, stamens, calyx, and so on—and remarked that it must be indigenous to the locality, and spoke of the plant being endogenous, in contradistinction to exogenous, and that they could see that it was not cryptogamous. In looking at some fragments of rock, my thoughts wandered off into geology, and I spoke of the tertiary and carboniferous periods, and of the pterodactyl, ichthyosaurus, and dinotherium. The teamsters looked at me, then at each other, but made no response.

We squatted down around the frying-pan to take supper; and, as the big fellow with his right hand slapped, or sort of larruped, a long piece of fried bacon over a piece of bread in his left hand, sending a drop of hot grease into my left eye, he said to the one-eyed man: "Bill, is my Shakespeare in yo' wagon? I missed it to-day."

"No. My Tennerson an' volume of Italian poets is in thar—no Shakespeare."

The lank-looking teamster, biting off a piece of bread about the size of a saucer, said to the big man, in a voice which came huskily through the bread, "Jake, did yer ever read that volum' of po'ms that I writ?"

"No; but hev often hearn tell on 'em."

"Yer mean 'Musin's of an Idle Man?'" spoke up the red-headed man, addressing the poet.

"Yes."

"Hev read every line in it a dozen times," said the teamster with the red hair; and as he sopped a four-inch swath with a piece of bread, across the frying-pan, he repeated some lines.

"Them's they," nodded the poet. "The Emp'ror of Austr'y writ me a letter highly complimentin' them po'ms."

"They're very techin'," added the wiry man.

I took no part in these remarks. Somehow I did not feel like joining in. The wiry man, having somewhat satisfied his appetite, rolled up a piece of bacon rind into a sort of single-barrelled opera-glass, and began to squint through it toward the northern horizon.

"What yer doin', Dave?" asked the stout man.

"Takin' observations on the North Star. Want to make some astronomical calkilations when I git into Sacramenter."

"Well, yer needn't ter make that tel'scope. I could er took yer observation for yer, as I hain't but one eye."

"Git out dar, yer durned old carboniferous pterodactyl," yelled the hame-jawed driver to an ox that was licking a piece of bacon.

"I give a good deal of my time to 'stronimy when I was in Yoorup," remarked the tall man.

"Over thar long?" asked one.

"Good while. Was Minister to Rooshy. Then I spent some time down to Rome."

"Rome!" exclaimed the lank individual. "Was born there. My father was a sculptor."

"Well, one wouldn't er thought it, to look at yer."

"I never was in Yoorup," remarked the one-eyed man. "When I occupied the cheer of ancient languages in Harvard College my health failed, an' the fellar that had me hired wanted me ter go ter Yoorup for an out, but I concluded ter come west ter look—hold up thar, yer infernal old ichy'ceverus," he bawled to an ox that was chewing a cud.

I felt hot and feverish and a long way from home.



"I got ready once ter go ter Rome—wanted ter complete my studies, but give it up," said the one they called Dave.

"What fur?"

"They wanted me ter run for Guv'ner in Virginny."

"Yer beat 'em?"

"Thunder, yes."

"Why didn't yer stay thar?"

"Well, when my job as Guv'ner gave out they 'lected me 'Piscopal bishop, an' I hurt my lungs preachin'. Come west for my lungs."

"Found 'em?"

"Well, I'm improvin'."

I did not rest well that night. As day came on and the men began to turn over in their blankets and yawn, the tall one said:

"Hello, Bill! How yer makin' it?"

"Oh, I'm indigenous."

"An' Dave?"

"I'm endogenous."

"An' you, lanky, yer son of a sculptor?"

"Exogenous."

"How you feel, Jake?"

"Cryptogamous, sir; cryptogamous."

I walked out a few steps to a little stream to get a drink. I felt thirsty and I ached. Then I heard a voice from the blankets: "Wonder if those durned old dinother'uns of ourn are done grazin'?"

Then a reply: "I guess they've got to the tertiary period."

I walked a little piece to breathe the morning air. I kept on walking.

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We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.  
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives  
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

—Philip James Bailey.

## PART II.

### Salutatories

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“WE, ABOUT TO LIVE, SALUTE YOU.”

(Salutatory.)

Eugene Wood.

**M**R. PRESIDENT, Ladies and Gentlemen: The gladiators of old Rome, when they filed into the arena, passed before the throne of Caesar and cried aloud: “We who are about to die salute thee!” But to-day, as we pass in review before you, we cry aloud, not in despair but in most buoyant hope: “We who are about to live salute you!” It may seem to you and to us that we have lived, that we are living now; perhaps when old age comes we shall look back upon these boyish years and sigh regretfully: “Ah, life was worth the living then,” but yet in very truth there still remains to us to be, to do and to suffer.

To be the men we hope to be, to develop the character each one has, that underlying human nature modified by birth, environment, upbringing and by education. To do things that make the world a better place to live in; to earn a living, which means to render to our fellow-men a just equivalent and something more for all they give of food, of clothing, shelter and comforts, physical and mental. To suffer, to experience joys and sorrows; to know the happiness of one's own home,—his own and not his father's; to know the grief of that home darkened and in one silent chamber set apart the still and lifeless form of one we loved; to feel the fierce glow of victory, and the cold chill of undisguised defeat; to endure all things as faithful soldiers, the dangers of too speedy success and the heart-sickness of a hope too long deferred, the hardships and misfortunes that befall us either by our own fault or by an adverse fate, and not alone to endure with passive virtue but to conquer, to surmount them all and preserve the calm poise of the strong soul within.

It is for the reason that these things remain to us that this day, which marks the auspicious ending of the scholastic year, is called “commencement.” Here ends the preparation; here begins the work. Here ends the dreaming; here begins the deed. But let no one say: “I have finished my education;” for while here ends scholastic training, here the real education begins. We have not gone to school all these years that we might learn the things we are to use in after-life, else we had all studied how to prepare a legal brief or learned to diagnose disease; how to deal wisely with a problem of conscience; how to distribute tension and to calculate the strain of structures; how to detect with unflinching eye the very moment when the steel is fit to cool for tempering. All of these things can not be taught to all, for time is far too brief. But who of us, standing as we do on the mere threshold of a busy life, with but the briefest glimpse of all the manifold activities within, can say, with positive conviction, that he does himself strict justice: “This will I choose to learn and not the other, for thus and so will lie my pathway through the years to come?”

(Werner's Readings No. 55—page 61)

But to be prepared, to be ready to take up the work for which liking develops, what circumstance (the greatest molder of our fortunes) lays next to hand,—in a word, to follow worthily our fate, that is, to have got the good of school. None of us can say that he has profited to his uttermost by all the things prescribed for him in school to supple and to strengthen him for the long struggle of life. To the question "Are ye able to drink of this cup?" none of us can answer with the calm assurance of the Sons of Thunder: "We are able," but as we pass before the kindly Caesar of the world, we lift our hands and cry aloud: "We who are about to live salute you!"

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## SERVICE.

(Salutatory.)

Minnie Belle Bradford.

**D**EAR FRIENDS:

"A hundred thousand welcomes.  
I could laugh and I could weep.  
I am light and I am heavy.  
Welcome."

We, Class of —, stand to-day before the door of the world of action. You are beside us, wishing us a hearty "God-speed." We thank you. Our door opens toward a world of light. We look forth filled with hope, courage, faith. There is work for us to do in that world; we are ready to do it! We cannot fail if we hold fast to the truth—in which we have been so well grounded here at —, that "service is the highroad to success." That service is not a royal road, we are well aware. There are mountains to climb, dismal valleys to pass through, but we fear not, for

"Before us, even as behind,  
God is, and all is well."

Sometimes we may be tempted to go around a mountain; it may seem easier. But let us remember that only by climbing to the summit do we get the broad view. From the heights of surmounted difficulties we catch glimpses of the true meaning of life, and see more clearly our pathway for the future. Perhaps but few of us—possibly none of us—will ever be great in the world's eyes. But to be truly great lies within the reach of all. The world will be richer and better for our having lived in it if "Service!" "Service!" "Service!" ever be our motto.

"If I can stop one heart from breaking,  
I shall not live in vain.  
If I can ease one life the aching,  
Or cool one pain,  
Or help one fainting robin  
Unto his nest again,  
I shall not live in vain."

For four years we have been studying. What we have gained can never be taken from us. We have a knowledge that shall make all life sweeter and deeper. These years have been happy ones. God alone knows how much they meant to us, and only He knows how full of

gratitude our hearts are—gratitude to Him, as the great Giver of all things, and to our faithful teachers, who have been most truly guides, pointing the way to a higher and broader development. There is a tinge of sadness in our hearts to-day. It is hard to leave this dear home. But in the truest sense we are not leaving it. Its spirit goes with us wherever our path may lie. As our knowledge deepens we shall become more truly members of our alma mater. The spirit of harmony, which has pervaded our work, will be felt throughout our lives. And as harmony is the secret of true happiness, we may safely say we have learned how to be happy. Discouragements may come; we may be for a time plunged into a sea of discord, but I believe it cannot last; for, as Carlyle says, "We have a work, a life-purpose; we have found it, and will follow it!" So we go forth into the busy world, with unbounded hope, courage, and faith. And now, friends all, we welcome you most cordially to our exercises. If but our earnest purpose in life shine through our words—'tis all we ask.

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## DON'T WITHHOLD APPLAUSE.

(Salutatory.)

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**T**RUSTEES, Patrons, and Friends: On part of teachers and pupils I welcome you at the closing of our studies for the term. I welcome you as witnesses of the proficiency in letters some of us have attained. I welcome you as judges of efforts made to show progress made by pupils and skill and faithfulness to duty by teachers. As trustees, patrons, friends and judges, I salute you in behalf of the school. The ordeal through which we have passed you have all gone through and forgotten. The hard work of the scholar, his hopes to achieve something in the way of knowledge, his fears of failure, the difficulties in his path, and even his disappointments, are all dim memories to you. To us they are active. They are too near to be forgotten; and if some of those who to-day endeavor to amuse you, should win your favor, let it not be scantily expressed. Should you feel that their crude efforts have some touch of merit, give them your applause, and do not censure them if they show by look or manner that they exult in triumph. No grown man lives entirely devoid of vanity: no one who is not cold or base can be insensible to the good opinion of those around him. Pardon, therefore, in the scholar what is common to older and wiser people. After all, you are only bigger boys and girls than we are, and some of you, when called on to speak your little pieces or write your little compositions, feel very much elated if you provoke loud approval. So you will excuse the little ones if they do like the big ones. Somebody has said, "The boy is father to the man," but here the man is father to the boy. And now, giving way to my worthier classmates, I again, on their behalf, welcome you one and all.

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Aim at perfection in everything, though in most things it is unattainable. However, they who aim at it, and persevere, will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable.

—Lord Chesterfield.



## FIRST STEPS.

(Salutatory.)

LADIES and Gentlemen: We come to show you, in our modest way, what progress we have made in our studies, so far as progress can be expressed by essays and orations on subjects of interest. We welcome you as witnesses and judges. But, before you criticise our efforts too rigorously, we beg of you to consider that our essayists are not practiced writers, nor are our speakers accustomed to address audiences. Remember that we are boys, not claiming to be men, but who are still in training to take our future manly places, and the instruction we have received here is only the rudiments of that education which, beginning at school, continues through life, and ends at the grave. Older men, wrapt in cares or engrossed in the pursuits of busy life, are apt to look with passive contempt on the immature efforts of school-boys at Commencement. No one leaps to the head at a single bound. He gains it by many and often painful steps. His first strides are slow and cautious, and become freer and bolder as he gains confidence. He must take the first steps, or he does not travel at all. The child first crawls, then makes a few tottering steps, then walks, and at last is able to run. As to the good of our essays and orations, that is evident. They are not only the first steps of the future writer or the future speaker, but they serve to give you some clew to the future of the boy in whom you may, either from ties of blood or kindly feeling, take an interest. They are the first efforts of authorship or oratory, two of the most potent forces in shaping the destinies of men and states. Let no man, engrossed by desire of gain, or who is engaged in manufactures, trade, or traffic, undervalue the power of authorship. The products of authorship are needed by every one. They enlarge the mind, relax the bent bow, and refresh the worker. As for oratory, its power is so manifest and its effects so evident that it needs no defence. We welcome you to our table to-day; and, though we can promise you no great mental feast, yet the poor dishes on the board are given with our hearty good-will, and I bespeak for the literary cooks your kindest consideration and lenient judgment.

## THE FUTURE, NOT THE PRESENT, THE TEST.

(Salutatory.)

IT is not so much style of house, elegance of furniture, appliances of the table, nor even palatable nature of dishes, that puts the guest so much at ease as the sincere and hearty welcome of the host. You are our guests to-day. We bring you to no stately palace; there are no silken hangings and gilded chairs; our table is small, and the mental fare we offer is but homely; but we give it—we beg you to believe—with warm welcome. We feel your visit an honor as well as a pleasure, and we shall do our best to make you feel at home. If some of the fare we provide does not suit your palate, if you come to the conclusion that the cooks are inexperienced or that too many cooks have spoiled the broth, pardon all this, because we are about to



set before you the best we have, and with a desire to please. You must not infer because at this Commencement we merely show respectable proficiency in elocution, music, and authorship, that our teachers have neglected to ground us in other and less ornamental branches of knowledge. That would be injustice to them and to the school. But the more useful parts of the education given here are of a nature to make their display wearisome. Indeed, the exercises are not given merely for display, but because they lighten the occasion, and it is hoped they will please, or at least amuse the audience. The best place for displaying what has been gained here is in the home-circle and in the duties of after-life. It is in the families of pupils and with their friends that the instructors, who have trained us so patiently and so well, are to gain their laurels, if they gain them at all. Whatever more solid information they have led us to acquire, whatever improvement of manner or perfection of morals their teachings have produced, is to be shown in our own future. It cannot be presented to you to-day; you have to infer part of it from what you hear and see.

You do not expect to hear skilled performers, authors of genius, or orators of eloquence, therefore, our deficiencies will not greatly displease you. We know you will be lenient judges; we submit our crude efforts, poor as they may be, without fear. And as our friends, we again welcome you.

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### "APPLAUSE GOES A GREAT WAY."

(Salutatory.)

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**B**ELOVED Professors, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Audience, and Schoolmates: I greet you all; you who lead us along rugged paths of knowledge, guiding our feet and supporting our tottering steps; you who come to listen and judge if any of us have gained by instruction or not; and you, such of my schoolmates as do not take part in the exercises of the day, I greet you with a welcome to these halls, and a hope that this, trifling as its incidents may seem, will be a red-letter day in our lives, to be recurred to as one of quiet pleasure. The air brings the odors of fragrant flowers over which it passes, and the pupil is apt, in his first efforts at literature or declamation, to show some traces of the training he has received. In fact, the essays at a Commencement show more the skill, the ability, and the brain of the teachers than of the pupils. Yet if among the chaff into which we may have beaten the solid wheat of our Seniors, you find a few grains worthy of note, if a single original thought or a happy turn of a sentence bears marks that it is not borrowed, but is of the speaker's own growing, I pray you take the trouble to note and admire it, and be liberal with your admiration. Applause goes a great way. The soldier dies to obtain it; the statesman labors hard by night and day to secure it; the author burns midnight oil to gain it; and why should not the scholar toil for it in his feeble way? And so I bespeak for my comrades what I do not ask for myself, appreciation and "a show of hands."

## PLEASURE MORE THAN PAIN.

(Salutatory.)

Edith Putnam Painton.

**I**N our life-time, pain and pleasure,  
Both must fall unto our share;  
Sometimes duty seems a blessing,  
Often it is but a care.  
Yet we find that every pleasure  
Far exceeds the heaviest pain,  
And that in the compensation  
Not a sigh has been in vain.

Thus we feel, on this occasion,  
When our school-term closed last May,  
It was very hard at parting,  
Hard that long good-bye to say.  
We were joyful at our triumph,  
Yet with pain each heart did swell,  
For we feared that careless parting  
Was to some a last farewell.

Now again we come together,  
With the "will" to find a "way,"  
And it has become my duty  
(But a pleasure, let me say),  
To meet you with words of greeting  
As our year-book doth unfold;  
And to bid new faces welcome,  
Glad to see again the old.

Let us strive for greater victory  
As we start upon this year;  
Outstrip every previous session,  
Toward the goal more firmly steer.  
There is yet some fault to conquer,  
Grandeur laurels, richer fame;  
And let us resolve to win it,  
And do honor to our name.

It is said that words of greeting  
Are the best when soonest o'er;  
And, as I wish not to tire you,  
I will say but little more.  
Let me bid you all a welcome  
With a handshake, firm and true;  
Old and new, it matters little,  
We are glad to welcome you!

## "BE BLIND AND KIND."

(Salutatory.)

KIND friends, who are here to-day to see us close with our exercises the school work of the term, while we welcome your coming and are honored by your presence, we beg of you not to expect too much from school-girls in the way of intellectual performance. We beg of you to overlook our shortcomings—"Be to our faults a little blind," and to our merits, if you find them, very kind. Be satisfied with the intention of my schoolmates to do their best; and, though their best might be better, it is not likely, with the training they have had, to be very bad, unless their bashfulness should get the better of their knowledge. Whether they please you or not, they are glad to see you all the same. Fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, kinsfolk, and friends, we welcome you to the place where we close our studies for the term, not with the routine of our usual school-exercises, but with exercises meant to add to your amusement, while it forms our enjoyment. We have been laboring at literary work for months, and this is literary play. It is the school-girl's holiday. You may forget it all in a little while, but with them it will be an abiding memory. A triumph won to-day, however trifling it may be to others, is a serious thing for the victor, for it proves that her industry has been well bestowed and the labor of our teachers has not been thrown away.

## CO-ED GLADIATORS.

(Salutatory.)

WHEN gladiators, who were to fight to death, entered the arena, they elevated the points of their swords to the emperor and cried: "Caesar, we, who are about to die, salute thee." We salute you, imperial audience, before we begin the display of our intellectual games, but we do not intend to die in your presence—not if we can avoid it. You will find us a very healthy set of girls and boys, and we intend to live just as long as we can. We desire to become old—that is, the boys do; the girls never intend to get any older than twenty. Not that they mean to die, either. By no manner of means. They will get to twenty, and live on at that age in a perpetual and perennial state of freshness and beauty. We boys intend to get old, and each one of us will be President of the United States, except one poor-spirited fellow, who is more modest and less scrupulous, and he is contented to be alderman in some large city. But, though we do not intend to die until our time comes, we salute you all the same, most imperial audience, and solicit your favor.

You will hear a deal of speaking to-day—such as it is—and very fair, I dare say. The best always comes first, and that is why I open. I should have preferred to have spoken last, because the boy who delivers the valedictory is supposed to be, mentally, the big bulldog of the tan-yard; but they availed themselves of my ability as a speaker to welcome you in a fitting way, leaving the closing speech to some one else, which, I may mention to you confidentially, is equal to letting it take care of itself. You will see by these remarks that my principal

fault is modesty; but it is an amiable weakness, and you must forgive, and I'll try not to be modest again. On second thought, too, I prefer not to speak last. It is very pleasant to welcome you all, but rather sad to bid good-bye.

I did intend to wind up with some humorous remarks, just to set you all in good humor and take the edge off the dryness of my school-mates who are to follow me, but I forbear. The fact is, I dare not be as funny as I can for fear of causing trouble and breaking the domestic peace of a dozen families. If I were to be only one-half as funny as I might, what would happen? The ladies here, I know, would preserve their dignity, even under such trying circumstances; but a number of the gentlemen would go off into peals of laughter. At every explosion, off would go a button from the shirt-bosom, first one—poof! then another—piff! Each poor fellow would never know it, being too happy, and would go home. Next morning he'd miss the buttons. Then he would say to his wife, "Why don't you sew the buttons on my shirts?" And she would say, "My dear, I did." Then the circus would begin—a quarrel, lawyers, courts, and divorce. And they'd lay it all at my door. No, no, ladies and gentlemen, no fun to lay on my conscience. Let me in sober, quiet, and decorous manner, welcome you all to our Commencement, and hope that you may all live to come to a great many such, and enjoy yourselves every time.

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### TEACHER'S ADDRESS.

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**K**IND FRIENDS: Assembled here we welcome you. We feel honored by your presence. We beg of you not to expect too much in way of intellectual performance. You are anxious the children should do well; our desire is to please you. These exercises are intended to give them confidence, and ease of manner, which will be invaluable to them later in life. As they grow older the incidents, impressions, and words used in their schooldays come vividly to mind. Very few are attractive speakers at first. One of our greatest orators, in some of his early efforts, was painful to listen to; but after considerable practice he rose with perfect grace and self-possession, spoke easily and fluently; and, after holding his audience in close attention for an hour, closed with a splendid peroration, provoking the wildest enthusiasm. What he did, others can do. The children are to be our orators in the future. Practice now may prove useful hereafter.

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There is a pleasure in the pathless woods;  
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore;  
 There is a society, where none intrudes,  
 By the deep sea, and music in its roar.  
 I love not man the less, but nature more,  
 From these, our interviews, in which I steal  
 From all I may be, or have been before,  
 To mingle with the universe, and feel  
 What I can ne'er express, yet can not all conceal.  
 —Byron.

## PART III.

### Graduation Day Poems

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MA AND PA, NOT POLLY, NEEDED EDUCATIN'.

(Graduation Day Poem.)

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KEENE THOMPSON.

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MOTHER and me, we pinched and saved  
To send our girl to college.  
She's home again: so well-behaved,  
And burstin' full of knowledge.  
"You mustn't say 'done' for 'did,' Ma-maw,  
It's wrong!" she says to mother.  
Then next it's me: "Not 'seen,' but 'saw,'  
Pa-paw; and don't use 't'other'!"

Mother and me, we don't know how  
To act, it seems, or talk;  
We're mighty meek and timid now,  
And on our tiptoes walk  
Around the house, for fear we'll make,  
Through ignorunce or folly,  
Some kind of clumsy slip or break  
To further shame our Polly.

Mother and me, we've sort of come,  
Of late, to the conclusion,  
Seein' as how we're both so dumb,  
That it was a delusion  
Goin' to all the trouble and fuss,  
And cost of graduatin',  
Our girl through college, when 'twas *us*  
That needed educatin'!



## STERILIZED COUNTRY SCHOOL.

(Graduation Day Poem.)

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J. W. FOLEY.

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THE walls and the ceiling they're spraying;  
They're scrubbing the woodwork and floors;  
A stream on the blackboard is playing;  
They're boiling the desks and the doors;  
The old water-pail has been scalded,  
A cup for each lassie and lad;  
And no one may drink, as we all did,  
From that old tin dipper we had.

They've cleansed every pointer and ferule;  
The ink-wells are scrubbed out with lye;  
The books and the slates are made sterile;  
The old well is filled up and dry;  
The girls have to wear willy-nilly,  
A button which bears this bold sign:  
"The lips that touch germs or bacilli  
Are lips that will never touch mine."

The dunce-cap is boiled every morning;  
(They've the individual kind!)  
The front door is set with this warning:  
"Who enters here leaves germs behind."  
No apple is smuggled for sharing,  
As was in the schooldays of yore,  
Until they've made sterile the paring  
And quite disinfected the core.

Alas! The old pump is discarded  
And gone in the flight of the years;  
The new drinking-fountain is guarded  
By the Anti-Germ Grenadiers.

The vines from the windows they're stripping  
Lest germ-breeding insects might stay;  
The eaves and the rafters are dripping,  
All wet with a sterilized spray.

Oh, come, in the joy of the morning,  
What secrets of schooldays we'll tell!  
That thick, rising vapor gives warning  
That teacher is boiling the bell.  
It's time for the B class in scrubbing;  
The A class is set out to cool  
From its recent boiling and rubbing—  
Three cheers for the sterilized school!

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### MOLLIE IS GRADUATIN'.

(Graduation Day Poem.)

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**M**OLLIE is graduatin', an' they say she's goin' to speak  
A little piece in Latin, an' another piece in Greek.  
I dunno nuthin' 'bout 'em; I'm dull as a dunce could be;  
But Moll has a way of talkin' with her dear, sweet eyes to me!

What do I keer fer Latin? It's Greek to me, I say!  
But I understan' the language when her bright eyes look my way!  
I know she's thar, on the platform; I hear her sweet voice speak;  
But her eyes—they're talkin' English to the heart that don't know  
Greek!

I hear the folks applaudin'; I hear 'em an' I say:  
"They dunno nuthin' about the eyes that are lookin' her lover's  
way!"  
But I read 'em; an' feel more thankful than ever my heart kin  
speak,  
That her dear eyes talk in English to the heart that don't know  
Greek!

## UNCLE SILAS ON "CO-EDICATION."

(Graduation Day Poem.)

NOW I've been thinkin' quite a spell,  
An' wonderin' where their senses is,  
When people go to work an' tell  
That gals can't learn like boys—gee whiz!

Why, let me see,—twuz fifty-four  
When I quit schoolin' an' all sich,  
But I can tell you I learned more'n  
Ter say gals didn't know "how" an' "which."

An' so I can't quite see the p'int  
Of all these argyments brought out,  
Ter show that gals git out o' j'int  
With schools and colleges about.

Colleges are fallin' in line,  
Are openin' wide their gates to all,  
An' I'm right glad, I think it's fine,  
That gals air goin' in this fall.

They'll show the boys a thing or two  
That they have never known before,  
An' then, besides,—'tween me an' you—  
'Twill make 'em work a blame sight more.

Yes, I believe they done jes' right  
Ter take the gals into the school,  
Co-education's won the fight,  
An' gals with boys,—that is the rule.

They talked around they wuz afraid  
The standard would be lowered some,  
But that's all bosh—our gals wuz made  
Ter study es well es stay ter hum.

The boys agin it! By an' by,  
They'll feel so glad the gals is there,  
That they will allers wonder why  
They didn't treat 'em kind o' square.

Co-education's come ter stay,  
An' everybody's glad, I know;  
Why course that is the only way,  
Now, honest—don't you all think so?

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**"OLD-TIME FRIENDS" ON EXHIBITION-DAY.**

(Graduation Day Poem.)

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FRANK L. STANTON.

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MISTER "Soldier of the legion," you are dying in Algiers,  
And the boy upon "the burning deck" is shedding bitter  
tears;

And we're getting closer—closer to the Hohenlinden fight,  
And we really fear that Curfew's going to ring again to-night!

Sir John Moore will be buried in his ancient soldier's coat,  
While not a drum is beating, and we hear no funeral note;  
And Mary, known to all the girls so very long ago,  
Will lead us out that "little lamb," whose "fleece was white as  
snow."

And Cato will tell Plato that he reasons very well,  
While Hamlet on the future in soliloquy will dwell;  
And we'll hearken on the hilltops, and we'll listen in the glade  
To wonder and the thunder of the charging "Light Brigade."

But come, old friends, and lead us to the meadows far away,  
For the boys who rang the Curfew once are getting old and gray,  
And Death, the reckless reaper, is thinning out the line,  
But in dreams they drift to Bingen—to "Bingen on the Rhine!"

## ANCIENT SEMINARY MAID.

(Graduation Day Poem.)

MARGHERITA ARLINA HAMM.

DEAR grandma says that long ago,  
When she was but a little lass,  
A seminary, comme il faut,  
Received her in its lowest class.  
She learned to curtsy, smile and pout,  
To paint, embroider and crochet,  
To read such books as were devout  
And sing in true Italian way.

Her little shoes had paper soles;  
She learned to cultivate a cough;  
And in her favorite books and roles  
Consumption took the lady off.  
She never exercised, for fear  
'Twould tinge her cheeks a vulgar red;  
But made a hectic flush appear  
By going supperless to bed.

She laughs at "'ologies" and art,  
And sneers at maids of brawn and brains;  
She says they spoil a woman's heart,  
And frighten eligible swains.  
She made a helpful wife and true  
To grandpa, through both weal and woe;  
But then, as I am told, he knew  
No more than she did long ago.

As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean.  
Water, water, everywhere, nor any drop to drink.  
Alone, alone, all, all alone, alone on a wide, wide sea.  
So lonely 'twas, that God Himself scarce seemed there to be.

—Samuel Taylor Coleridge.



## PROUD OF HIS SON-GRADUATE.

(Graduation Day Poem.)

YES, that's my boy, sir, there!  
Dark eyes, and darker hair—  
His mother's hair, that curled my heart round, once.  
She was the pride of the school,  
And never broke a rule—  
While I—I was a scapegrace then, and dunce.

And yet I won the prize;  
A score of years—time flies.  
I'm getting gray, and that six-footer's mine!  
I hope he knows his speech;  
Gad, how these fellows reach  
Above their heads, shades of Parnell, O'Brien,

And all the rest—he's struck  
The Irish question! Luck  
Go with you, Dan. That reasoning's not bad.  
Quite a strong case he made  
Against the landlords, weighed  
His pros and cons not poorly, for a lad.

What is the latest whim?  
A ticket for the "Gym,"  
A safety wheel—you'll have to have it now.  
I've not the heart for no,  
When you've been working so—  
Where did the rascal ever learn that bow?

And now he's done! Aha!  
What was it that I saw?  
So then, my boy, your charmer's eyes are blue!  
I might have guessed her there,  
By that indifferent air.  
You're Helen's son, but you are my son, too.

Well, you shall have the chance  
I never had, to advance.  
I'll put that stock in your own name to-day.  
Your mother'll do the rest.  
Ah, Dan, we both are blest.  
If we reach heaven, she has led the way.

---

### TO SPEAK, OR NOT TO SPEAK.

(Graduation Day Parody.)

---

**T**O speak, or not to speak, that is the question,  
Whether 'tis nobler in the boy to suffer  
The grins and giggles of outrageous schoolmates,  
Or to take up books and leave the school,  
And thus by leaving 'scape them?—to read—to speak,  
No more, and by a speech to say we end  
The scoldings and the thousand natural ills  
That boys are heir to—'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished. To read—to speak;—  
To speak! perchance forget;—ay, there's the rub;  
For in that speech of youth what fears may come,  
When we have shuffled out upon the floor,  
Must give us pause. There's the embarrassment  
That makes calamity of so long speech;  
For who would bear the squints and grimaces of girls,  
The teacher's frown, the prompter's sad delay,  
When he himself might his quietus make  
With a bare curtsy? Who would speeches make  
To blush and stammer under a declamation,  
But that the dread of something after school,  
The ever ready ferule, of whose sting  
No boy is unaware, decides us all,  
And makes us rather speak the piece we have  
Than wait for that we do worse dread?  
Thus speeches do make cowards of us all,

And thus the crimson hue of bashful youth  
 O'erspreads the face of hopeful youth;  
 And declamations of great pith and moment  
 With this regard, their accents turn away  
 And lose the name of eloquence.

---

### GETTIN' READY TO GRADUATE.

(Graduation Day Poem.)

---

SALLY'S in the parlor. Listen, you can hear;  
 She's oratin' all about "Woman an' Her Sphere."  
 Henry's in the stable talkin' to the hay,  
 Shoutin': "Rome was not, sirs, builded in a day."  
 Over in the medder neighbor Spriggin's Nate  
 Saws the air, an' hollers of affairs of State;  
 Thompson's boy Elisha's in the timber lot,  
 Readin' from a paper on "The Trend of Thought."

Abraham McGinnis, down there in the brush,  
 Scatterin' the silence with his wordy rush,  
 Yellin': "Feller-citizens, can it be denied—  
 Beyond the Alps is It'ly, jest the other side?"  
 Silas Braddock's Rufus, yonder on the hill,  
 Speechifyin' strong on "Workin' with a Will."  
 William Wiggins stands there, on a stump, an' busts  
 All the air around with "How to Deal with Trusts."

Some one in the corn-field, kickin' up a fuss  
 'Bout a gladiator, name o' Spartycuss.  
 Henry Clay ain't in it, Daniel Webster's beat,  
 Patrick Henry's simply knocked plumb off his feet.  
 Gemunee! It's noisy here from dawn till late—  
 Scholars gittin' ready for to graduate.  
 Tromped the crops completely, scattered all the birds,  
 Woods is full o' speeches, air is full o' words.

## GRADUATION TIME.

(Graduation Day Poem.)

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J. W. FOLEY.

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“**B**EYOND the Alps lies Italy,”  
“Through obstacles to stars;”  
“Give me death if not liberty;”  
“Can there be souls on Mars?”  
Come, ye benighted mortals, come,  
Soar up to heights sublime,  
By merely hearing, being dumb—  
’Tis graduation time.

A gown of white, a mortarboard,  
A ribbon-gathered scroll,  
A mind with vastest learning stored,  
A high and lofty soul;  
A bow, a gesture, and a hand  
That points up at the sky:  
“Shall tyranny e’er rule this land?  
No! Echo makes reply.”

Bring moldy Shakespeare from his tomb,  
And trot him to and fro;  
Go follow Cranmer to his doom,  
Lay Robert Emmet low;  
Let bold Rienzi speak again.  
Go ransack prose and rhyme  
For lofty thoughts and visions when  
It’s graduation time.

So now we pry into the deeps  
Of coward Brutus’s heart,  
Shed tears where sad Ophelia weeps,  
And move with Poe apart;

Sail with Columbus when he went  
Far from his native clime,  
To find a world and lessons lent  
For graduation time.

And yet—and yet—I would I might  
Go back there and somehow  
Add to my learning of that night  
The knowledge I have now;  
I would go forth so well equipped  
That with a lusty shout  
I'd have the demon Failure whipped  
Before the week is out.

---

### BECAUSE SHE'S A WOMAN, NOT HER LEARNING.

(Graduation Day Poem.)

---

SHE has wrestled with the sages of the dim historic ages; she has studied declamation from Demosthenes down to Burke; She has sounded Schopenhauer, and been under Dante's power, and can giggle in all languages from American to Turk.

She can argue in the isms, knows the history of schisms, and will go 'way back to Adam to elucidate her views;  
She can bring up illustrations she's obtained from divers nations on the somewhat strained relations of the Christians and the Jews.

From old Socrates to Spencer she has read and read, and hence her intellectual adornments are a wonder to be seen;  
In the angles she's a terror, and in art she makes no error, and she knows the mental value of the hackneyed Boston bean.

She can show that old man Pliny was in some respects a ninny; she has sneered at Archimedes and brought Tacitus to task; She's revised the laws of Solon, knows the value of a colon and can calculate the contents of the Dutchman's famous cask.



She has studied up on diction, has explored the realms of fiction,  
knows the views of Hobbes and Bacon and of Paley and  
their crews;

She can quote from Pepys's diary and knows Pope (so small and  
wiry) and has fathomed Billy Shakespeare and read Burton  
on the blues.

There is not a branch of knowledge that this girl so fresh from  
college has not made herself familiar with, from Plato  
down to pie;

But it isn't for her learning that she fills us men with yearning—  
it's because she is a woman; and that's just the reason why.

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### TO THE GRADUATES.

(Graduation Day Poem.)

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TERESA BEATRICE O'HARE.

---

THE same fair June with its roses red,  
The same wise words to the young hearts said;  
The same deep sea and the same blue sky,  
The same fair hopes and the promise high;  
The same pure eyes, the same soft hands,  
The sunlit hair with its golden strands.

The same glad song with its echoes clear,  
The same low whispers of friendships dear;  
The same farewells and the passing shades,  
Like sun half hidden in woodland glades;  
The same soft tears for divided ways,  
The same fond vows for the coming days.

The same frail barque on the shoreless sea,  
The same mute fear of the Is-to-be.  
God keep you fair as the flowers you hold,  
White as the lilies with hearts of gold;  
God keep you pure as the prayer of a nun,  
God guide you and bless you, every one!

## STUDIES OVER, GOWNS NOW UPPERMOST.

(Graduation Day Poem.)

---

JUNE again, and Commencement Day!  
One of many o'er all the land,  
But the only one to the happy band  
Who joyfully, laughingly wend their way  
Through the halls of the —.

The burning questions are not as of late,  
"Expect to pass?" "Did you get that 'sup'?"  
"Is your essay finished?" "Are your note-books up?"  
"Do you think you are going to graduate?"  
Things have changed entirely.

Since the powers that be have settled their fate,  
Their brows have lost their ancient frown.  
And "How do you think I look in my gown?"  
Is the question; and, "See, is my cap on straight?"  
As they saunter up and down.

Another year and another June,  
And the classmates scattered widely apart,  
Have various other interests at heart,  
But oft on their lips the same old tune,  
"Do you like my hat and gown?"

---

KITTY'S GRADUATION.

(Graduation Day Poem.)

---

T. A. DALY.

---

DUBLIN Alley jisht was crazy, jubilation was the rule,  
Chewsday week whin Kitty Casey won the honors at the  
school.

Shure, the neighbors had been waitin', all impatient of delay,  
For to see her graduatin' on that most important day.

Eddication is a power, an' we owned wid one accord  
Casey's girl's the sweetest flower ever blossomed in the ward,  
Whin, wid dress white as the daisy, but wid cheeks that shamed  
the rose,  
We beheld wee Kitty Casey in her graduation clo'es.

Now, this Casey loved his daughter in a most indulgent way,  
An' he spent his gold like wather for her graduation day.  
Sich a dale of great preparin'! Shure, ye'd think she was a bride;  
Sorra hair was Casey carin' for a blessed thing beside.  
For whin Casey once comminces, faith, he niver stops at all,  
An' he dressed her like a princess at a Coronation Ball.  
An' 'twas Madam Brigitte Tracy for dressmaker that he chose,  
For to fit out Kitty Casey in her graduation clo'es.

Of dressmakers, shure, the oddest was this one that Casey'd got,  
For her bill-heads called her "Modiste," though the prices there  
did not.

"But," sez Casey, "I can stan' it for to pay a few more cints,  
So jisht go ahead an' plan it, ma'am, raygardless of ixpinse."  
"Bong Moonseer," sez she, "I'll try it wid the usual 'savoir fair.'"  
"As fur that," sez Casey, "buy it, wid the other things she'll wear."  
So ye see the man was crazy for to get the best that goes  
For his little Kitty Casey in her graduation clo'es.

All the women jisht were itchin' for to see her gettin' dressed,  
Some were crowded in the kitchen an' the stairway, while the rest,  
The most favored ones, wint rushin' to the livin' room above,  
Where stood Mrs. Casey blushin' wid a mother's pride an' love.  
"O!" sez she, "'twould be a pity if I couldn't schame an' plan  
So that Kitty'd look as pritty as Mag Ryan's Mary Ann."  
"Tut! ye needn't be onaisy," sez a neighbor. "Goodness knows,  
There'll be none like Kitty Casey in her graduation clo'es."

An' there's really no denyin', whin they marched into the hall  
Kitty Casey pushed the Ryan girl completely to the wall.

Whin she made her prize oration an' they gave her her degree,  
There was sich a dimonstration as ye'll niver live to see,  
For the men from Dublin Alley voiced their feelin's in a cheer  
Like they utter whin they rally in a Dimmycratic year,  
An' of Casey's proudest days he counts that best of all he knows  
Which beheld his Kitty Casey in her graduation clo'es.

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### PEDAGOGUE'S WOOING.

(Graduation Day Poem.)

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THE pedagogue among his pupils had  
A maiden fair.  
He loved her; who would not? Her eyes were soft,  
And turned to his with saucy glance full oft;  
And when his tiresome Latin put her out  
Her pretty lips were all too prone to pout:  
He longed to kiss them—love had made him mad—  
But did not dare.

One morn he met her on the way to school,  
The hour was late;  
But wait he would not, could not. Thus he sighed:  
"Sweet maid, I prithee, be my beauteous bride?  
Already hast thou marked, nor need I tell,  
That I have loved thee long and passing well;  
Nor time nor absence can my passion cool;  
Let's conjugate!"

"Ah!" with arch modesty replied the fair,  
"That would be fine;  
But 'tis impossible, for, as thou know'st,  
Small stock of learning can thy pupil boast.  
The first declension now absorbs my thought;  
The verb I have not yet at all been taught,  
I cannot conjugate; all I may dare  
Is to decline!"

## COMMENCEMENT ESSAYS.

(Graduation Day Poem.)

I HEARD the essays. That one on  
The Magna Charta and King John,  
The head girl wrote. She with the wreath  
Described "Lear's Wanderings on the Heath"  
Quite prettily. Another one  
Explained "The Spots upon the Sun,"  
"The Influence of Browning," and  
"The Early Writings of George Sand;"  
"The Transcendental Movement: How  
It Touches German Letters Now."

All these I sadly listened to:  
"What earthly good can these things do?"  
I asked myself. "Does old King John  
Teach you to sew a patch upon  
A coat? Or can the spotted sun  
Say when a roast is rarely done?  
Do Browning's tangled poems tell  
The way to mend a stocking well?"

While I was wondering sadly there,  
A sweet girl rose, and, I declare,  
She talked about all homely things  
From washtubs down to muffin rings!  
She had ten pages all on pie;  
She knew the choicest way to fry  
An oyster, and how best to bake  
A good old-fashioned johnny cake.

Next day that girl was asked to share  
The fortunes of a millionaire;  
She now reads Browning's wondrous books,  
And leaves the cooking to her cooks.



The girl who wrote on Browning's work  
Is married to a gentle clerk,  
Whose income's small. No girl have they;  
She scrubs and cooks the livelong day;  
And sighs, while bending o'er the range,  
When she reflects upon the change—  
The fall from school sublimities  
To tattered books for recipes.

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### DIRECTIONS FOR THE READING-CLASS.

(Graduation Day Poem.)

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F. URSULA PAYNE.

---

WHEN in your turn you're called to read, walk with your head erect;  
Your teacher, keenly watching you, will notice each defect.  
Mount nimbly to the platform, and sit down with graceful ease;  
Don't huddle with the other girls as if you feared to freeze.  
When called upon walk bravely forth, and let your arms hang free,  
For if you hold those members up, reproved you'll surely be.

Soon comes that fascinating drill, the bowing exercise;  
When many a careless, erring girl her teacher's patience tries.  
Now hold your arms down at your side, draw one foot slowly back;  
Now draw the other, bend quite low,—of bowing get the knack.  
Don't lose your equilibrium and tumble to the side;  
Don't bow too stiffly, just as though your hearers you defied.

Don't tilt your feet, or jerk your bow, don't hold your head too low,  
As though ashamed of some great sin and wrapped in abject woe.  
But bravely face your audience as though you wish to please,  
For if you move deliberately they all will feel at ease.  
And now begin to read, but pray don't be in too much haste;  
For to be heard you use, of course, "the muscles at the waist."

Shoot forth each sentence forcibly—*staccato* is the word,—  
And then by every friend and foe you'll certainly be heard.  
Though your oration's perfect and your eloquence draws tears.  
'Twill be no use at all to you if not a person hears.  
Accent with care the proper words, and close attention pay;  
If you commit an error, you'll be stopped without delay.

And when you're through your reading, to perform once more  
begin;  
For to omit the final bow would be a grievous sin.  
Turn toward your right and walk with care, for it will be your fate  
To walk across that platform if you ever graduate.  
You've reached the floor at last, and now march up the center  
aisle;  
Drop in your chair with glad relief and a contented smile.

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### COLLEGE DAUGHTER—LONELY PARENTS.

(Graduation Day Poem.)

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ELEANOR BATES.

---

I DUSTED the piano keys and shut it up to-day,  
For no one here can play on it since daughter's gone away;  
Her summer hat was hanging behind the kitchen door;  
I stopped and kissed the ribbons as I swept along the floor.  
The young folks aren't as social as they were before she went,  
But they all congratulate me—and I'm sure it's kindly meant;  
They say it's so improving to the mind that longs for knowledge  
To have associations girls can only get at college.  
I never knew the clock could tick so loud and harsh before,  
And seems to me the sunlight creeps more slowly on the floor.  
Her kitten's grown into a cat, and doesn't play so much;  
And when I tie his ribbon, I should think he'd miss her touch.  
Her father has grown grayer since he said good-by to her,  
His eyes begin to fail him and he says his glasses blur;

He frets and sighs and scolds about the various sorts of knowledge  
That filled his little daughter's thoughts and tolled her off to  
college.

Her window plants are blossoming and look so fresh and gay;  
She wore a cluster at her belt the day she went away;  
I'm bound to keep them growing for the pretty child's dear sake,  
And I'm going to mix a cake for her the next time that I bake,  
And send her with some butternuts and knitted slumber shoes,  
And the weekly village paper which will tell her all the news,  
For I know she's too true-hearted to despise its homely knowl-  
edge—

O, heaven bless the bonnie lass who blithely went to college!

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### HER SENIOR SMILE YOUR WATERLOO.

(Graduation Day Poem.)

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CYNTHIA GREY.

---

A FEATHER and a ribbon and a fall of pretty lace  
Will make a frame bewitching for 'most any maiden's face;  
But when you meet the Senior it is then your heart is stormed,  
The college girl in cap and gown is beauty unadorned.

Hat off, bow down!

You met your Waterloo

When the Senior donned her cap and gown

And sweetly smiled on you.

The gown falls from her shoulders with a graceful, classic air;  
The mortarboard can not confine the tendrils of soft hair;  
The long sleeve folds about her arm like a protecting wing;  
The tassel flutters 'gainst her cheek—the tantalizing thing!

Hat off, bow down!

You met your Waterloo

When the Senior donned her cap and gown

And sweetly smiled on you.

And when in bach'lor reveries your cares in smoke you drown,  
There floats across your memory the girl of cap and gown;  
And in her eyes the courage that you saw there years before.  
And somehow single blessedness becomes just then a bore!

Hat off, bow down!

You met your Waterloo

When the Senior donned her cap and gown

And sweetly smiled on you.

At last content before the fire you sit in study brown,  
And close beside you, quite demure, the girl of cap and gown;  
And high above the mantel hangs a treasure that you hoard.  
It is that irresistible, that saucy mortarboard!

Hat off, bow down!

You met your Waterloo

When the Senior donned her cap and gown

And sweetly smiled on you.

---

### SCHOOL-BOOKS OUT OF DATE.

(Graduation Day Parody.)

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TOM McBEATH.

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“**W**HERE are you going my pretty maid?”  
“I’m going to school, if you please, sir,” she said.  
“And what do you learn there, my pretty, fair maid?”  
“Why, how to make pretty things, sir,” she said;  
“We weave little baskets of willow twigs;  
We fashion nice clay into cute little pigs;  
We plait just the prettiest mats ever seen,  
All criss-crossed in blue, red, yellow, and green;  
We sew little patches on sweet little squares,  
And make, out of tooth-picks and peas, little chairs;  
We draw and we paint, we sing and we play,  
And then we’ve a new fairy story each day.”

"But where are your books, my pretty, fair maid?"

"We have no use for them, sir," she said.

"Then how do you study, my pretty, fair maid?"

"Why, where have you come from, sir?" she said.

"To ask such a question! Humph! even a fool

Knows nobody studies these days at school.

Our teachers have found us an easier way;

We're learning by doing, sir. Good-day!"

### OTHER BOY IS THE BAD BOY.

(Graduation Day Dialect Medley.)

I WAS sitting in my school-room, after a weary day,  
 When there came an angry woman who berated me this way:  
 "Why do you keep my Johnny, who's as good as he can be,  
 Why do you keep him from coming home at three?  
 He always minds his father, and minds his mother too;  
 You surely seem to punish him for what the others do."

I reasoned with the mother, and tried to make her see,  
 That even her little "angel" could sometimes naughty be.  
 But all in vain. She went off with threats to do me harm.  
 It was as much as I could do to keep an outward calm.

Next appeared a sturdy German, a parent fond and true,  
 Who also thought his precious boy was being martyred too.  
 "Vy do you vips mine Shacops, for vat he does not do?  
 Dere's anoder poy sits py him, he dalks da whole day droo;  
 Und my poy Shacops is a goot poy, und I'd like to let you know  
 Dat if you vips him more efer, mit dere drustees I vill go."

Next appeared an Irish woman, who wondered how I could  
 Think of marking little Mickie, she thought he was so good.  
 "Shure, it's the bye that sits fornist him, it's him that does the  
 wrong,  
 And gets my bye poonished for iverthing that's done."



"I came to see about 'Enry," said another parent true;  
 "'E's 'alf the time in trouble for what he does not do.  
 There's h'another boy sits near 'im, h'it's 'im that does the wrong,  
 H'and gets my boy punished for h'all the mischief's done."

Well, talk about Job and his patience,  
 A teacher needs much more  
 To carry her through the worriment,  
 That falls thus to her store.  
 At night I sit and wonder,  
 How to find that other boy,  
 Who causes so much trouble,  
 To every mother's joy.  
 If I only could expel him,  
 What joy there would be mine.  
 No more trials, no more sorrows,  
 Would then my heart entwine.

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### HER GRADUATION RHYME.

(Graduation Day Poem.)

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THERE are pestilential nuisances  
 To vex us every day,  
 There are cranks of every caliber,  
 Each bound to have his say—  
 The man who would reform the world  
 And set religion right,  
 The man who can't forget the war  
 But cherishes the fight—  
 But the thing that's most depressing  
 In this balmy summer time  
 Is the plaintive maiden poet  
 With her graduation rhyme.

When the hedges bloom with roses  
 And the robin trills his song,

When the circus and the salmon  
And the ice-cart come along,  
Then arrives the silly season  
When the schools are on parade—  
Wit and wisdom take to trees and  
Common sense gets in the shade.  
We could stand the declamations,  
But that wail for auld lang syne!  
Oh, there's nothing quite so wilting  
As the graduation rhyme.

After years of fret and worry  
In that mental treadmill, school,  
After tedious tilts with grammar  
And the arithmetic rule,  
After philosophic delvings  
And a dip in classic lore—  
A campaign that, while it lasted,  
Was considered quite a bore,  
Rises up the class-ode poet  
And, forgiving, paints the time  
With the tints that bloom in rainbows  
In her graduation rhyme.

One might think ideas romantic  
And a love of pious ways  
Quite extinct in times pedantic—  
In these selfish, wicked days;  
But there still are green oases,  
Spots where faith and love commune  
Their palms are happy Seniors  
And they blossom out in June.  
Yes, for proof of passion tender,  
Buoyant hope, and faith sublime,  
See the fervid, tearful phrasing  
Of the graduation rhyme.

Cynics call it affectation—  
Gushing o'er departed days—  
And such tales of lofty virtue  
Fill the class with blank amaze;  
For, until they've heard the story,  
Which in verse the maiden sings,  
All unconscious of their graces  
Are these cherubs (minus wings);  
And they never dream of glory,  
Nor of dizzy heights to climb,  
'Till they learn their own perfections  
From the graduation rhyme.

While the warring theologians  
Are dissecting each belief,  
Souls perplexed and apprehensive  
May find solace and relief  
In the class-ode proclamation  
Which, ignoring creeds, declares -  
That when life's great school is ended  
We shall climb the golden stairs.  
Yes, salvation universal  
Is the reassuring chime  
That jingles at the closing  
Of the graduation rhyme.

Oh, we're tired of "friends and teachers,"  
And "beloved classmates," too,  
Of the "tender tears at parting"  
And the "sorrowful adieu;"  
In the hot and sticky weather  
'Tis a sad and dreary thing—  
This wishy-washy nonsense  
That the blooming maidens sing,  
And we turn to Whitcomb Riley,  
Or to Kipling's verse sublime,

To revive our spirits drooping  
'Neath the graduation rhyme.

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## TEACHER TO HIS BOYS.

(Graduation Day Poem.)

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W. T. Miller.

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YOU are all my boys,  
Your sorrows and joys  
Are mine as well as yours;  
Your youthful ways  
I blame or praise,  
But my faith in you endures.

The work that you do,  
And your frolics, too,  
Are part of life's lesson severe;  
And you'll share with me,  
Both gloom and glee,  
As you build your future career.

You'll find in life  
Much bitter strife,  
And the pace will oft be killing;  
But all we ask  
Is that each task  
May find you strong and willing.

I call you mine  
And in fancy twine  
Your names with mem'ry's wreath;  
When from here you've gone  
You'll still live on,  
And to me your thoughts bequeath.

You the only ones?  
Ah, no! the sons  
Of many homes I've known;  
In many a street  
My boys I greet,  
And call each one "my own."

Some win, some lose,  
Some wrongly choose,  
Some have griefs, some rest, some joys;  
But sad or gay,  
You here, and they,  
Will be always just "my boys."

## ROMANCE IN OLD COLLEGE DAYS.

(Graduation Day Poem.)

IN the old college days, on the old college green,  
With corners of sumach and foxglove and rue,  
Where the gold of the sunlight lay tender between  
The morning and night-time, Sweetheart, I found you.  
The sheen on your hair was as gleaming and fair  
As the glint of the noonday that kissed it—and rare—  
In the old college days!

And the light on the treetops was solemn and sad  
As, blushing, you went on your way through the grass;  
And the flowers, your footprints had made them so glad,  
Were kissing your slippers, my willowy lass;  
And I, though my heart was a torrent of love,  
Stood whittling a stick by the purple foxglove—  
In the old college days.

In that happy old time you were slender and tall,  
Your face like a flower drenched fresh by the dew;  
And your lips, like a love-cup, were made to enthrall  
The heart in the corner of foxglove and rue,  
For, spite of my learning, I'd never been taught  
The mazes of hair-shine, and so I was caught—  
In the old college days.

But the gleam of your tresses is chastened and gray,  
The bloom of the youthtime is evermore lost,  
And the years, had they opened and showed us to-day  
So calm 'neath its burden of furrows and frost,  
Do you think we'd have left the dear dream on the green  
Or hugged it the closer, my snow-crowned queen—  
In the old college days?

But that far-time is precious, for never again  
The throb of our hearts will so passionate beat!  
The impulse of boyhood, all heedless of pain,  
To stretch out his life 'neath your satin-shod feet  
Is gone—we are only two peaceful old souls,  
With the madness of living cast off on the shoals—  
Of the old college days.

And perhaps, who can say, when we wander away  
The arms of the Reaper may bargain with Time,  
And beckon us back through the shadowy day,  
Up the roadway that leads through the gateposts of lime,  
To the broad smiling green, with the rue and foxglove,  
And the sumach in clusters, the shy silent love—  
And the old college days!



## VACATION RENEWS VIGOR.

(Graduation Day Poem.)

Edith Putnam Painter.

FRIENDS and school-mates, we have gathered  
In this dear old room once more;  
But we feel a tinge of sadness  
That we ne'er have felt before.  
We have met day after day here,  
Met some profit to supply;  
But at last has come a parting—  
We have met to say "Good-by!"

One more year has reached and left us,  
One more year of life hath fled,  
And since first we met for study  
Think how swiftly time has sped!  
With the thought of gaining knowledge,  
We have gathered many a day,  
Now the term is all but ended,  
And the year has flown away.

Yet we feel a thrill of pleasure,  
For we know we have done well,  
And our sentiment at parting  
Is "Good-by" but not "Farewell."  
We shall meet, vacation over,  
All our duties to renew,  
Strengthened by the intermission  
Ready then to be and do.

Ah! our dread at coming parting  
Is not easy to resist,  
For we know at our next meeting  
Many faces will be missed.  
And though we be joined together,  
Some will meet with us no more,  
While the others we shall welcome  
Never can their loss restore.

When we meet again next autumn,  
When vacation days are o'er,  
We shall miss the cheering presence  
Of one class that comes no more.  
But, aside from this, I wonder,  
Will there be a missing face?  
Will, among the gathered students,  
There be found one vacant place?

Who can tell? Before the morrow,  
 Many may be called away,—  
 Called to leave for God's great school-house,  
 In the shining realms of day;  
 Called above to learn the lessons  
 Taught by Him who rules us all.  
 Ah! my friends, who will be missing?  
 Who will answer at God's call?

Looking back over our history,  
 We are conscious of success,  
 And our joy, at this our triumph,  
 Makes the pain of parting less.  
 Let us, as our term is closing,  
 Go out feeling we have won,  
 And come back with renewed vigor  
 To outstrip all we have done.

## SING WITH RIGHT GOOD CHEER.

(Graduation Day Song.)

(Air: "Work for the Night Is Coming.")

**N**OW is our labor ended,  
 Welcome vacation's joys;  
 All hearts are filled with gladness,  
 Happy girls and boys.  
 Sing till the walls re-echo,  
 Sing with a right good cheer,  
 Sing that we all are merry,  
 For vacation's here.

Work has been hard and earnest  
 Playtime will be most sweet,  
 With bluest skies above us,  
 Flowers at our feet!  
 Sing till the walls re-echo,  
 Sing with a right good cheer,  
 Sing that we all are merry,  
 For vacation's here.

Now may vacation give us  
 Happiness, strength, and health;  
 These are the best of blessings,  
 These are truly wealth.  
 Sing till the walls re-echo,  
 Sing with a right good cheer,  
 Sing that we all are merry,  
 For vacation's here.

## PART IV.

### Graduation Day Songs

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#### VASSAR GIRL.

(Graduation Day Song.)

Wallace Irwin.

“O H, Martha’s back from Vassar,”  
Said farmer James McCassar:  
“O Martha, come into the house and mix  
a batch of bread.”  
But Martha’s accents fluttered  
As she murmured, as she stuttered,  
“I have studied the satanic  
Ways of bacilli organic,  
And it throws me in a panic, pa, to mix a batch  
of bread.”

#### CHORUS.

At Vassar-oh, at Vassar-oh,  
That’s what we learn at Vassar!  
We love our alma mater so  
We do not like to cross ’er.  
We have a superstition  
There’s nothing like the damsel with the dear old  
Vassar V.

“Oh, Martha’s back from Vassar,”  
Said farmer James McCassar:  
“O Martha, go out to the barn and milk the  
brindle cow.”  
But Martha cried: “Oh, bother!”  
As she faced her poor old father,  
“With golf I love to tussle—  
And with basket-ball to hustle—  
But I haven’t got the muscle to subdue the brindle  
cow.”

#### CHORUS.

At Vassar-oh, at Vassar-oh,  
That’s what we learn at Vassar!  
We love our alma mater so  
We do not like to cross ’er.  
We have a superstition  
There’s nothing like the damsel with the dear old  
Vassar V.

“Oh, Martha’s home from Vassar!”  
Cried the angry James McCassar:  
“O Martha, take yer study-books and don’t come  
home no more!”

So the maiden in contrition  
 Got a typist-girl's position,  
 Wed a millionaire named Harris  
 Who, lest poverty embarrass,  
 Made his wife a millionairess. And she's ne'er been  
 heard of more.

CHORUS.

At Vassar-oh, at Vassar-oh,  
 That's what we learn at Vassar!  
 We love our alma mater so  
 We do not like to cross 'er.  
 Learning's road is rough and stony;  
 But for golden matrimony  
 There's nothing like the maiden with the dear old  
 Vassar V.

## WOODLAND VOICES CALLING.

(Graduation Day Song.)

(Air: "Suwanee River.")

ONCE comes again the joyous season,  
 Summer is here;  
 School over, work and study ended,  
 Vacation dear!

Hear the woodland voices calling,  
 Birdies, brooks and flowers.  
 Haste from the hot and crowded city,  
 Rest in the fragrant bowers.

All through the bright and gladsome summer  
 Vacation's ours;  
 Joyous we hail with happy freedom  
 Long, sunny, restful hours.  
 Hail, vacation, happy season,  
 Books now closed must be,  
 Green woodland shade so cool invites us,  
 Spreading its balm so free.

When yellow leaves and red of autumn  
 Tinge forest grand,  
 Then to the now deserted school-room  
 Turns back the merry band.  
 Now, vacation we will hasten  
 Far from toil and care,  
 September's call again will find us  
 Ready for duty there.

## MOTHER EARTH HOLIDAY.

(Graduation Day Song.)

(Air: "Battle Hymn of the Republic.")

**M**IDSUMMER sunshine fills the air with golden light to-day,  
 The roses bloom on every side, along the ledges gray,  
 While fragrant breezes, brooks, and birds are singing on their  
 way.

Vacation's coming near.

## CHORUS.

Merry, merry voices are swelling  
 The chorus from glad hearts upwelling  
 Joyfully, joyfully telling,  
 Vacation's coming near!

For joyous weeks to come, no more of lessons learned from books,  
 But pages full in flowers and stones, and in the running brooks,  
 Where speckled trout lie dreamily within the shadiest nooks,  
 Vacation's coming near!

## CHORUS.

For us shall fields and forests green put on their best array,  
 And Mother Earth for us shall keep one long, long holiday;  
 The hills shall echo back our songs, for all our hearts are gay,  
 Vacation's coming near!

## CHORUS.

## PARTING OF THE WAYS.

(Graduation Day Song.)

John J. Loud.

**A** BAND of sisters linger we  
 Here at the parting of the ways,  
 Hope beckons to the opening paths,  
 But backward still we gaze.  
 Kind teachers faithful to their trust,  
 The friends whose smiles have cheered our days,  
 Half sad, half joyful, here await  
 The parting of the ways.

Our hearts with tender farewells thrill;  
 The past, more than the present, seems  
 To be with us. The passing hours  
 Are but as waking dreams.  
 Whate'er the future has in store  
 Of cloud or sunshine for our days  
 Sweet mem'ries throw their halo round  
 This parting of the ways.



## HIGH IDEALS NOT LOST. ✓

(Graduation Day Song.)

Mary A. Burnell.

(Air: "Just One Word of Consolation.")

SCHOOLMATES, friends, all hold you dear,  
 Whom you see now gathered here;  
 We all joy in your success,  
 Admiration, too, confess;  
 Others, wearied by the way,  
 Might have stood with you to-day;  
 With firm purpose, you've held true,  
 Kept Commencement Day in view.

## CHORUS.

Paths that looked so steep ahead,  
 When we first began to climb,  
 Now with rosy hues are spread,  
 Viewed at this Commencement time.  
 And so we now would say to all,—  
 Let none tempt you from the door  
 How e'er loud may be the call  
 When the bell shall ring once more.

While we wish you all God-speed,  
 For the world has urgent need  
 Of the earnest and the true  
 And we rest our faith in you,—  
 Still we all shall miss you sadly  
 Where we daily met so gladly,  
 All your happy, cheerful voices  
 And the less melodious noises.

## CHORUS.

Since to us are left your places  
 While no more we'll see your faces  
 We will try to fill them well.  
 Deeds, not words alone, will tell.  
 High ideals are not lost;  
 Nor we'll count too great the cost.  
 So with tender thoughts and true  
 We now say "Good-by" to you.

## CHORUS.

Say farewell and yet again,  
 Thoughts and faces to you turn;  
 Happy school-days spent together,  
 Whatsoe'er might be the weather,  
 Heart to heart hath closely bound,  
 Inspiration, too, we've found.  
 Time forbids us more to tell,  
 So my friends, dear friends, Farewell.

## CHORUS.

## I WANT TO LIVE IN A COLLEGE TOWN.

(Graduation Day Song.)

George Ade.

SOME girls would be by the sounding sea,  
 Where the rolling breakers beat;  
 Some girls would stay on a mountain top  
 In a quiet, safe retreat;  
 Some vegetate in a rural state  
 Among the placid yaps,  
 While some are ripe for the sporty type  
 Of the hoorah city chaps.  
 But if I had my say  
 Of some good place to stay,  
 I think I'd rather settle down  
 In ——— college town.

CHORUS.

I want to live in a college town  
 Where men are thick as bees,  
 Where the noisy boys in corduroys  
 Are grouped beneath the trees.  
 Each night a light  
 In the parlor bright  
 And a song in the key of G,  
 With a real Dutch lunch  
 For the midnight bunch,  
 A college town for me.

## SEARCHING FOR WISDOM.

(Graduation Day Song.)

Ethel M. Van Vliet.

(Air: "Marching Through Georgia.")

TAKE your good old speller, boys, and learn the right from wrong,  
 Spell it as we used to spell it, pass the word along,  
 For vacation's coming, so we sing our joyful song,  
 While we are searching for wisdom.

CHORUS.

Hurrah, hurrah, now comes our jubilee!  
 Hurrah, hurrah, vacation sets us free!  
 So we sing the chorus of vacation's jubilee  
 While we are searching for wisdom.

How we children shouted when we heard the school-bell sound,  
 How we sighed and puzzled o'er examples which we found,  
 Hard examinations how they ever did abound,  
 While we were searching for wisdom.

CHORUS.

Now vacation's bringing a glad playtime in her train,  
 And we think we've earned it, for we've worked with might and main.  
 So good-by to study till the school-bell rings again,  
 Then we'll be searching for wisdom.

CHORUS.

## RESISTLESS MARCH OF GIRL GRADUATES.

(Graduation Day Song.)

H. S. Keller.

(Air: "We Are Coming, Father Abraham.")

THEY are coming, men and brethren,  
 Many hundred thousand strong;  
 They are pouring forth an army  
 Exceeding wide and long.  
 They are smiling, they are nodding,  
 And their plumes are waving high,  
 As each maiden lifts her banner  
 To the glorious shining sky.

They are full of mighty wisdom,  
 And the world their oyster is;  
 They have buckled on the armor,  
 And are ready now for biz.  
 They are ready for the battle,  
 And their war-cry fairly thrills:  
 Some will sprout as full-fledged lawyers,  
 Some as mixers up of pills.

Man, poor, craven man, before them  
 Flees afar and hides his head,  
 For the ground is charmed completely  
 By the beauteous army's tread.  
 Man's a second fiddler sawing  
 Sadly on a single strand,  
 In the face of such an army  
 Swarming wildly o'er the land.

They'll be filling all the places  
 Filled by poor prosaic man;  
 They'll be claiming all the options,  
 Bossing ev'ry scheme and plan.  
 And the one nice way to stop them  
 In their stalwart, onward stride  
 Is to woo them and to win them,  
 And to make each one a bride!

## PART V.

### Graduation Day Addresses, Essays, Orations

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#### HOW TO WRITE A GRADUATION ESSAY.

Hamilton Wright Mabie.

**I**N writing, as in every other thing, don't try to be somebody else; be content to be yourself. Imitative people are never interesting, nor are people who do things in a way which is not natural to them. Don't become rigid when you take up your pen; let it lie in your hand as easily as a baseball bat or a tennis-racquet. Don't allow yourself to have feelings or thoughts about writing any more than you have feelings or thoughts about talking. Don't try to do something impressive or elegant or fine; if you do, you will do something stupid. Above all, don't think that you are doing something for an audience; that is fatal to naturalness and simplicity. Write as if you were talking to the boys and girls about you. If you find it hard to do that, put the composition form out of your mind and write a letter on the subject to some one you know well; then strike off the beginning and the ending, and you will have your composition.

You will need a subject at the very beginning. Don't try to select a subject; let it select itself. It will do this, if, instead of searching through all the fields of knowledge, you will sit quietly and let things come to you. Your subject ought to belong to you; you ought to own it by right of possession through personal knowledge or interest or the bent of your mind. You have made a journey; you have been to a city and heard a concert or seen a play; you have taken a walk in the woods; you have seen a brisk old man come into a street-car, and a young woman, after looking reproachfully at the men around her, get up and offer her seat, and you have seen the old man look angry and decline it; you have been at a fire on a windy night and seen the flames mount and sway to and fro; you have discovered a strange and eccentric character; you have been reading a book which has made you forget yourself and you want to talk about it; something happened to you when you were a child and made a great impression on you: these are your subjects; they belong to you; they are not strangers from foreign lands nor ghosts from history books. You cannot do your best unless your subject comes from your neighborhood, your experience or your reading. You cannot interest others unless you are interested yourself; that is the reason why when you write on "The Progress of Civilization," "The Sphere of Woman," "The Rights of Man," your composition is without color or individuality; you do not know anything about the subject at first hand; it does not touch you and you cannot touch other people. On the other hand, when you describe a visit to a rolling-mill, or a canoe-trip on the river, or an Arctic voyage you have just been reading about, everybody listens and the committee on prizes pays strict attention; you are interested, and you have interested others.

When your subject has come to you, treat it as an old friend;

don't put on your Sunday clothes and sit in the "best parlor" with it; keep it outdoors, or take it up to your own room; talk with it easily and comfortably; don't be prim and formal and carefully polite with it. If you have an experience to describe, do not set down everything that happened—choose the interesting things and let the others go. A bore is a man who never lets anything go; if he is telling you about a trip and he comes to ten miles of level road across a flat country, he describes every mile of it. A good story-teller, on the other hand, puts the whole ten miles into a phrase, and in a minute is on the top of the hill where something happens. If you want to describe a journey, leave out the things that did not make you look twice at them. If it will help you, take a pencil and a sheet of paper and put down a list of the things that stand out most clearly in your memory; if there are too many of them, strike out those you care for least. Work over this little sketch or plan until you have clearly in your mind what you want other people to see. It is quite as important to use your own words as to select your own subjects. When the style of a writer affects you deeply it is because the language he uses is alive. His style is not a set of words he has dug out of a dictionary; he is using words which fit his ideas, his feelings, his tastes and character. There is great danger of using long, impressive or far-fetched words, instead of simple, direct and familiar words; there are many people whose words are two or three sizes too large for their ideas. This is one of the faults of compositions: the style is stilted and unnatural because the words are long and unfamiliar.

One of the most wholesome tendencies nowadays is the growing love of simplicity. We have been going through an elaborate and ornate age in dress, furniture, decoration and speech, and are beginning to see that the best result of real culture is simplicity, which ought to be the keynote of graduation exercises. Formerly such occasions were made to display all the unused powers of boys and girls, by loading them with unfamiliar subjects and urging them to write in a style so formal that it had no more relation to the unhappy boy or girl than the lotus-flower has to the soil of the frigid zone. The victims of this mistaken idea often read or spoke like graven images reciting in an unknown tongue. On public occasions especially the natural life and the normal interests of a school ought to be brought into view, and those who take part ought to be helped to be simple and perfectly natural. It is a mistake to take the life out of such occasions by asking or permitting boys and girls to select subjects too old for them and to use language borrowed from bigger people. The wooden gestures and solemn manner of some school-exercises make them a purgatory to those who are on the program and a bore to everybody else.

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Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind  
exceedingly small;  
Though with patience He stands waiting, with exact-  
ness grinds He all.  
—H. W. Longfellow (Translation).



## GRADUATING ORATION.

(Practical Hints.)

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Vivian M. Akers.

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THE Commencement exercise, as presented in the greater number of schools and colleges, is the most inadequate and unjust test to which a graduate could be subjected. After years of unbroken application to study so severe as to necessitate seclusion from society, the young student is forced to appear before the public, with an original production in the form of an essay or an oration, having had but little experience in writing, and, in the majority of cases, absolutely no instruction in bearing and in delivery. As most people gain their sole knowledge of school-work in their community by attendance on annual exercises, they naturally and almost unconsciously feel that the graduate who makes the best appearance on that occasion has been all along the strongest pupil. This is manifestly unjust and often untrue. Any teacher will testify that oftentimes the finest mathematician, the most accurate and discriminating Latin pupil, is the shyest, most diffident member of the class, the least fitted to make a good public impression.

The object of this article is to give practical helps and definite directions how to avoid embarrassment, how to be natural, how to give the simplest literary effort a satisfactory and pleasing delivery. After the oration has been accepted, and before actual rehearsal begins, two things are especially necessary. The first is that you cast from you all sense of dissatisfaction with your production; and, while avoiding a too exalted opinion of it, compel yourself to be content with your work. It is well enough while engaged in writing, to have the mind stimulated by a desire to improve; but once the thing is done, and you feel that it represents the best that is in you, there let it rest, and turn your energies toward the work yet to come. You can easily perceive that you will be unable to impress an audience with the merit of a production of which you yourself are ashamed. Second, have the subject-matter perfectly committed to memory. Whether a written copy is carried in the hand or not, this is equally important. Many things are liable to occur, such as turning two pages or dropping a sheet, which might result in disaster to the reader's composure. Therefore, know the text of your essay so thoroughly that, in the words of an eminent teacher, you can repeat it "forward, backward, or sideways."

The next step is rehearsing aloud. At first this should be done in private. That is, not in the presence of one's classmates or family, unless one of the latter is competent to act as instructor. Even where one has a teacher, it is well to strengthen the helps received at the lesson by frequent private rehearsals. Use the pauses, inflections, and, as nearly as possible, the volume and the quality of tone desired for the final delivery. If the throat is weak, do not overtax it by too great an effort to speak louder. Let the voice be intense and penetrating rather than loud, else in your endeavor to be understood you will find yourself shrieking instead of speaking. Fix your mind (not your eye) upon the remotest corner of the room, and strive to cast the voice so far. This, combined with clear-cut articulation, will solve the difficulty. You

must be heard, or all your labor will be fruitless, and if you speak to the farthest person in the audience, those intermediate must hear distinctly. Though we are just now speaking of rehearsal, and rehearsal in private, yet I use the word "audience" advisedly, for you must accustom yourself to an imaginary audience if you wish to avoid embarrassment before the actual one. Can you in fancy cause the walls of your room to recede, and the open space to be filled with faces? It is a difficult feat for the untutored imagination, but it can be done, and if the best results are to be secured, it must be done.

Having then created an assemblage of listeners, speak directly to them. There is between the successful orator and his hearers a subtle sympathy, a oneness, a "mental telegraph" along which he flashes his magnetic personality, his brilliant intellectuality, causing corresponding impulses in every brain in the circuit. Directness of speech is the principal means of establishing this connection. It is not enough, as is often suggested, to select one person in the room and talk to him alone; neither is it sufficient to regard the whole audience as one person, for then the individual feels that he has no part in the doings of the hour but is merely looking on. But if by the power of your eye, and out of the fulness of your desire to impart your thought, you can grasp both the spirit of the assembly *en masse* and the fellowship of each separate mind in it, you will feel your diffidence fall away, and you will stand forth and deliver your message with power, with dignity, with repose. Each person will feel that you are appealing to him directly, and will send back to you such a wave of sympathy and appreciation that you will be helped to still more successful efforts.

When you have established this connection, you are ready to begin speaking. For the opening sentences of an address, it is best to assume an easy (not a jaunty) standing posture, with the weight of the body thrown forward, ever so little, to lend earnestness and force to the thought, and with the arms and the hands perfectly relaxed by the sides. This position of the arms is the fundamental one from which nearly all gestures should emanate. Do not begin at once to make gestures, but rather first gain the attention you desire by bearing, voice and will-power, holding gesture as a reserve force to bring into play when the increasing warmth and action of your delivery seem to demand it. Even then be very discriminating in employing this form of expression, using it not as an end, but as a means to assist language in conveying your thought. It is better to have a few strongly characterized and much-needed gestures, or even none at all, than to be constantly disturbing the atmosphere in your vicinity by waving your arms in an inane and useless, though possibly graceful manner. When you are well launched into your theme, and begin to "feel" your audience, you may then begin to gather up your forces, here a little and there a little, holding well in hand the advantage already gained, moving steadily and with ever-increasing momentum to the end.

In your daily rehearsal there are many things that you must rigidly require of yourself. Ascertain the relative position of the front of the stage with regard to the seat you will occupy on Commencement Day, and practice advancing and retiring. Let your movements be deliberate, but not offensively so, else it will seem that you have assumed a calmness that you do not possess, in order to hide your real discom-

posure. In fact, it is best to assume nothing, but really to feel, if possible, as you wish to appear. Repress all signs of nervousness, such as twiddling the fingers, and shifting the feet. Do not look at your hands or feet when you move them. Seem not to think of them at all. Above all, do not allow yourself to march from side to side of the platform or stage. When it is necessary to change the position, do so quietly and easily, and at a point in the oration where a new thought is introduced. The spectators will scarcely be conscious that you have moved, but the altered attitude will add measurably to the force of the new idea. These things will require much practice. Be unsparing in your efforts to remember them while rehearsing. But when the real hour comes do not try to recall a single one of the hints I have given. If you have been constant and conscientious in your preparation, you may then throw away all rules, feeling certain that the effect of your faithfulness will remain with you, and be apparent without special endeavor on your part.

When the great day actually dawns, rise at usual hour, and engage in any light duties that present themselves. Do not become excited by receiving callers, or by constantly reciting your "piece." If you fear that memory may fail, it is well to read the oration slowly and carefully once or twice, but avoid regular rehearsal. Do not keep the mind oppressed all day by fears. Eat light, nourishing food, avoiding candies and pastry. Begin in good time to dress for the evening, that there may be no occasion for haste. In order to act naturally, one must feel at ease, and clothing has much to do with the case. Have the hair done in usual manner, dress of ordinary length; do not wear French-heeled shoes unless you have accustomed yourself to walking in them. In a word, wear nothing so uncomfortable or unusual as to make you think of yourself, as that will certainly cause you to become embarrassed.

When you take your seat on the platform, begin at once to get acquainted with the surroundings. If there are footlights, do not allow their unfamiliar brilliancy to disconcert you. Note carefully the location of rugs and other stage-furnishings, and be prepared to pass easily and smoothly to the front and back again. Determine beforehand to retain your self-possession in any emergency. A child may cry out, or a woman may faint, but you must not be disturbed by such things. If, at the last moment, when your name is pronounced and you rise to confront that awful amphitheater of faces, your heart fails, turn for one moment toward that row where sit in painful, hopeful, beautiful anxiety that gray-haired father, that tender, tired mother, who have given up so much that would have made life easier for them that you might stand where you do just now. Look into their eyes beaming with love and breathless suspense, and draw therefrom inspiration to your noblest effort. It is your duty, it is your privilege, to make them proud of you; to make them feel that by your supreme endeavor to do them honor the years of ceaseless watchfulness, of careful tending, of self-sacrifice, all are this night repaid.

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Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all  
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.—John Keats.

## DUTY THE HIGHEST CALL.

(Graduation Day Oration.)

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Eugene Wood.

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AS the whole shining circle of the sky is reflected in one humble dewdrop, so is the horizon of life and its arching vault of aspiration contained in one terse phrase of the catechism: "To do my duty in that station of life unto which it shall please God to call me." Search through the wide world of literature for some saying that shall more fitly set forth the dignified and solemn purpose of our being, and you will find nothing so sturdy, nothing so plain, nothing so earnest. All that is to be achieved, all that is to be endured, the conquest of material things, the conquest of the inner self,—all are in that one word "duty." To win success, fame, honor, glory, is no unworthy incentive to man's utmost efforts, but not the greatest. The desire for the approbation of his fellows burns in the breast of every man, and we can not scorn it as common or unclean. But what truly makes for progress in the race is that spirit within, ever unsatisfied with former work, yet ever striving for that far-off goal where self may honestly declare to self: "Well done, oh, well done!"

"'Tis not in mortals to command success,  
But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deserve it!"

If in the race of time the Latin peoples have been outfooted by the Anglo-Saxons, it is because the one lived and died for glory, the other for the sake of simple, English "duty." If glory be the meed of strife, why struggle when the battle's lost? But if the spur be duty, then one must do his uttermost, regardless of the outcome. Half the victories that stir the pulse and set the teeth and make us proud of our illustrious race and lineage were won because our kinsmen still kept up the fight, nor ever dreamed that they were whipped. "Duty" is but a plain and homely word, curt and elemental. It has no linked sonority of syllables to commend it to the hired orator that celebrates the praises of a popular idol. It does not thunder on the tongue; it does not flame with red fire, nor quiver with the crash of bands of music. In the clear, white light that streams from it the highest heroism and the noblest self-denial seem but the things that should be, the only things a man could do.

There are those that decry this saying but they read it wrong. They quote it: "In that station of life unto which it hath pleased God to call me," as if it were written to keep down the low-born and to make them keep the place assigned to them by a Providence whom it were impiety to strive against. They forget how much the Elizabethan age was like our own in thought and in feeling. The Western world was but new-found, and in the struggle for its spoils the little isle of England woke to deeds of high emprise. Merchant adventurers sprang up and from small beginnings became men of wealth and power. The ferment of new learning was working in the intellectual world. Kit Marlowe, ill-starred youth, Ben Jonson, Shakespeare (half-starved linkboy and poet of all time), were springing up. The quiet of the



cloisters of the church was broken with tempestuous dispute. All that had once been taken on authority was now put to the question. The last was first, what had been first was last. The men that wrote the catechism were of the new faith,—“upstarts,” so their rivals called them. Were they likely to throw down the ladder by which they had climbed and to drone out platitudes about walking in the old paths and doing as one’s father did and never daring to aspire above the peasant’s lot? Not they. Their word shows it. They use the future, not the perfect tense. “To do my duty in that station of life unto which it shall please God to call me.” In that one word lies all the difference between the spirit of the Dark Ages and the spirit of the Renaissance. The first looked backward, peering through the shadows of past years, declaring it discerned a constituted plan and scope of things, slave to be slave, king to be king, until the end of time. Thus it had always been, thus should it always be. But the Renaissance turned toward the light, presuming not to say what God had ordered for each rank and station, but, with a faith sublime, trusting each soul to hear the higher call and prove its worthiness by climbing up through every hardship that opposed. There is no altitude too high to be included in that call; there is no breadth too wide but duty may stretch out to it. There remains, then, only the dimension of depth, gauged by the impelling force of each one’s character. By these and these alone we must determine what is to be the space we are to occupy in the new life that lies before us.

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## STRUGGLE, THE PRICE OF PROGRESS.

(Graduation Day Oration.)

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A BRAVE hunter, so the legend reads, wandering one day beside a forest stream, caught for an instant the reflection of a beautiful bird in the water at his feet. Snow-white the image was, and of such rare beauty that the hunter strained his eyes but found nothing like the vision in the blue vault above him. As he stood amazed, and full of a deep longing to see once more what had been granted to him but for a moment, a voice addressed him thus:

“Young man, the bird which you have seen is called Truth. He who has once seen her never rests again. Till death he desires her. The Mountain of Mystery will rise before him. He must climb it; beyond lies Truth. Some men have struggled up that mountain; circle above circle of bare rock they have scaled; and, wandering there in those high regions, some have chanced to pick up on the ground one white-silver feather dropped from the wing of Truth; and it shall come to pass that when enough of those silver feathers have been woven into a cord, and the cord into a net, that in that net Truth may be captured. Nothing but Truth can hold Truth.”

The hunter turned resolutely toward the mountain; year after year he labored; step after step he cut in the huge rocks that rose tier upon tier above him. His hair grew white; his fingers stiff and bent, yet onward still he toiled. At last his strength departed. Tears gathered in his eyes. He looked sorrowfully down upon his work and bravely said: “Where I lie down, worn out, other men will stand; by the steps

which I have made, they will mount; by the stairs which I have cut, they will climb; they will find her, and through me; 'for no man liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself.'"

Far above us, in the illimitable blue, the white bird of Truth complete still flies in perfect freedom, untempted by any net which the hand of man has made. When we, Class of —, sit in judgment upon our collegiate course, what silver feather of Truth does it offer us? What steps have been hewn out of the Mountain of Mystery o'er whose cloud-capped head the white bird sails? Positively, emphatically, comes the answer: Steps have been cut; the mountain is less a mystery than before; and, best of all, one white-silver feather has been captured. It is called, "the price of progress." It is labor; it is struggle; the labor of one against many; a negative activity which beats and hurls itself against the wrong, frequently, in the end, to be overcome by the wrong! Not so! The price of progress is truly the struggle that overcometh, because it is the struggle not of one, not of many—it is universal activity.

In the beginning of the 19th century, those Americans, who had not a share in the material blessings of life, recognized that they must take up the cross of labor; but they took it up of necessity, and, as they hoped, they took it up temporarily. To-day our greatest men, our richest men, our wisest men, are teaching us a different doctrine. Labor we must, not only because he who will not work may not eat, but because he who will not work may not live. Life, the heart, the core, of the Mountain of Mystery, cries for labor.

"What, without asking hither hurried whence,  
And without asking whither hurried hence,"

we do not know. The Arc of the Before and the Arc of the After, the perfect circle, is still beyond our ken. But we do know that the law of our natures, the law of life, the Arc of the Present, urges, nay compels us, to act the part of the hunter, to fight our way toward Truth, to master the Mountain of Mystery and catch, if may be, immortal Truth herself, who alone can point out to us the perfect circle, shining in the radiant blue of a heaven still unknown to mortal eyes.

The price of progress, then, is struggle. It is struggle not for one; it is struggle for all. The Gospel of Work is a gospel not for one nation, not for one class—it is the universal creed, it is the universal hope. The Arc of the Present invites no one to a mossy bank of rest. It has no system of ethics which provides for a class of idle exotics. It has no clause in its creed which bids the dreamer drug his faculties in the pleasing potion of his light and airy fancy. To one and all sounds the trumpet-blast, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." To the gay woman of fashion, to the landed gentleman of leisure, to the college man, and to the college woman, comes the message of the century through the lips of John Ruskin: "It is our duty, first, to live on as little as we can; secondly, to do all the wholesome work for it we can, and to spend all we can spare in doing all the sure good we can. And sure good is, first, in feeding people; then in dressing people; then in lodging people; and, lastly, in rightly pleasing people, with arts, or sciences, or any other subject of thought."



In doing this work, which in very deed we can't travel far up the Mountain of Mystery without finding, shall we pay the price of progress? Shall we mount to those high regions where Truth moves with the steerage of her wings? Yea, verily; for, saith the hunter, "no man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." If we advance, we must advance together; and, until we have cleared the way for all to rise to that great height where the silver feather of the century has fallen, until we all know the price of progress, we can hope "to see but as through a glass, darkly," even the Arc of the Present radiant in the light of its great lesson of work, and work idealized—work which is no longer the service of the slave, but the service of the freeman; the labor of the artist; the labor of him who gets the same joy out of each stroke on his canvas that he gets out of the picture completed; the labor of him who sees the end in the beginning. What matter, then, if you are a hewer of wood, and I, a drawer of water? Have we, too, not learned that to mount we must mount together, "that no man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself?"

Then, and only then, when this great work is finished; when the cry of the homeless, "I was a stranger, and ye took me not in," and the cry of the perishing, "I was naked, and ye clothed me not," and the cry of the dying, "I was an hungered, and ye gave me no food," shall cease on this fair earth, then, and only then, may cease, for lack of need, "the toil of serf and sweeper, the tale of common things." Then, and only then, shall we have earned the right to the faith of our fathers, to the faith of our prophets, to the faith of Rudyard Kipling, who said:

"When earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are twisted and dried,  
When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest critic has died,  
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an æon or two,  
Till the Master of all good workmen shall set us to work anew!

"And those that were good shall be happy; they shall sit in a golden chair;  
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comets' hair;  
They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene, Peter, and Paul;  
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at all!

"And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame!  
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame;  
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate star,  
Shall draw the thing as he sees it for the God of things as they are!"

## WISDOM FROM ONE'S NEIGHBORS.

(Graduation Day Essay.)

William G. Ward.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE tells us to talk for fifteen minutes every day to some one wiser than we are. To whom would Mr. Hale himself talk? He probably would answer,—to some one wiser in some direction; or to a distant man, Shakespeare for instance, if you have no near neighbors. But you have near neighbors, who know something of importance, if they could be brought to think so. Your interest in them may cause them to think better of their own life, and thus accomplish Mr. Hale's purpose for them, if not for

yourself. Therefore, if you are not always able to find the person wiser than yourself, you may at least find one equally useful to you, in some direction. This is the lesson which we must learn to value,—the novelty, the beauty, and the worth of every individual, when viewed from the standpoint of art, by one who is an artist. The great mistake of modern culture has been in trying to make all persons alike. To make every one know a little of everything, and feel uncomfortable because he does not know more about anything. Instead of that, we are now trying to have them feel proud and confident because they really know a great deal about something. That particular something they not only know, but they can do—can express that feeling, that attribute, in their own lives. No one is interesting except in doing and being the thing that he is. Hence you must always find out what the person can do, or what he stands for, and then talk to him about what he really knows. Great literature, and all great art, is built on the principle of making every man true to himself. He must be himself, must express himself. Dogberry may or may not think well of his own virtues, but we can think well of him only on the condition that he shall be constant to Dogberry in thought, word, and action. Many a Dogberry has been lost to the world of letters, as well as many a Hero and many a Beatrice, for want of the sympathetic lover of human nature who shall find him out, and forever fix him in his own orbit.

But how are we to interest people in revealing to us their inner life? By respecting them. When they feel honored by our interest in them, and in their affairs, they will reveal themselves. Only the dry-rot of conventionality makes one despise his own growth, his own town, his own home. People are astonishingly interesting when you can get them to express themselves, instead of trying to be something which they are not, and cannot be. The mere bald facts of the life in any community may be unimportant, or even decidedly unlovely. Visit the scene of very many of the world's great events and you will find they shock you at first with disappointment. But you must not stop there. Let the imagination play with the place; idealize it, at least as much as the past has been idealized. Do not be too severe with our new earth, merely because it is new, and because it is American. Keep the artist standpoint as with Bryant you look upon

"The hills  
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales  
Stretching in pensive quietness between;  
The venerable woods—rivers that move  
In majesty, and the complaining brooks  
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,  
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste."

Surely to idealize this much is not going far. But now take a step further. Let your vision include not only the hills and the vales, but the inhabitants as well, until you can say with Wordsworth,

"For I have learned  
To look on nature, not as in the hour  
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes  
The still sad music of humanity,  
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power  
To chasten and subdue."

If this does not appal you, as entirely surpassing the bounds of possibility with reference to your own, your native land, then there is one step more you may take. Talk fifteen minutes with Browning, while he tells us how

"I but open my eyes—and perfection, no more and no less,  
In the kind I imagined, full-fronts me, and God is seen God  
In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul and the clod.  
And thus looking within and around me, I ever renew  
(With that stoop of the soul which in bending upraises it too)  
The submission of man's nothing-perfect to God's all-complete,  
As by each new obeisance in spirit, I climb to His feet."

The country in which he saw this was the poor parched desert of Palestine, with the morally degenerate and hopelessly decadent king who ruled over it. Why not apply the same splendid optimism to our own incomparable fatherland, and to our own resplendent nobility of public and private citizenship? Hegel says that a human being may express himself by planting a tree, building a house, or rearing a family. As an ultimate expression this is true. But may not equally desirable results be obtained by teaching people how to appreciate the trees already planted; how to dignify by noble living the houses already built; how to train the tender human twigs in the families already rearing? Ruskin spent a long and useful life in doing these very things for the English-speaking world. How many of you are following his example? Keep the artist standpoint; keep it loyally, with all its wide interest in earth and air and sky; with all its broad tolerance and magnanimity toward human bias and human frailty; with all its hidden wealth for eyes that see aright, and for hearts that beat true. Then if you cannot always find your superior for that daily conversation, you may at least reveal a new standpoint to some one else, which will make every to-morrow superior to its yesterday, both for him and for yourself. This much we expect of you; and we feel sure that in such service you will never grow weary. Certainly you cannot, if you remember Schiiller's aphorism, "Then only do I truly enjoy my life when every day I re-conquer it, as a new possession."

## LATIN AND GREEK ESSENTIAL STUDIES.

(Graduation Day Address.)

George Frisbee Hoar,  
(Late United States Senator.)

FOR a good many years I have been a good deal in legislative chambers and court-houses, and have addressed hundreds of political meetings, and heard and read thousands upon thousands of sermons. I have had a great chance to observe what training fits men to convince and persuade their auditors by speech, a faculty indispensable to orators, statesmen, advocates and preachers. Indeed, no man can live in this country, with his eyes open, and not have occasion to think of the great problem by what form of education are we to get the best men as material for our public service. Until lately it has been almost universally thought that this faculty was best gained

and attained by the study of Latin and Greek, familiarity with the best models of style in those languages, and the habit of translating them into English. Proficiency in these things was required for the college degree of Bachelor of Arts. The rank of students in colleges and universities was determined by that standard; but of late the rigor of this rule has been relaxed, so that now a degree of A. B., in some of our foremost universities, may be given to youths who have never studied Greek at all; and if Latin be required for entrance, or to be studied for a part of the course, the student may, if he choose, discontinue the study of Latin, of which he may have had but a poor smattering, and that pretty much forgotten before he gets through. I hope and believe that in this matter of the elective system the pendulum will swing back again. All countries have had great examples of men who are called self-educated men. We have had Franklin and Abraham Lincoln, and others quite worthy to be named with these. But I believe that all of them would have agreed that they themselves would have been better fitted for the work they did if they could have had a good college training; and that their education, so far as they learned anything of science or literature, was not as good for their own purpose as that they could have got from a good college. It was to the experience and knowledge of human nature and of the character of the people that they gained in an early life of hardship and poverty, and the confidence of the people, who regarded them as peculiarly belonging to them, that their power over the people was owing and not specially to their faculty of speaking or writing, marvelous as that may have been.

I think the best character intellectually and morally, the best type of cultivated manhood, the best instrument for the people's service in public life, or at the bar, or in the pulpit, the most perfectly rounded type and example of the gentleman which the world has so far seen, is to be found in the product of universities and colleges. It is a type of manhood which is improving and growing better from generation to generation. Now I think I have a very deep-seated and strong conviction that one powerful influence in forming such a character, in the matter of taste, of mental vigor, of the capacity for public speaking and for writing, in the power of conveying with clearness and force and persuasive power, without any loss in the transmission, the thought that is in the mind of the speaker or writer to the mind of the people, is to study and translate what are called the classics, the great Latin and Greek authors. I think this not only an important but an essential instrumentality. I do not object to the education of youth, designed for other employment than these professions or public life, at the same institutions, or in the same classes, with those of whom I have spoken. Indeed, I think they ought to be so educated, and that in general it would be better for them to be educated in the same way. If in any respect they ought to have a different training and the interests of the two are in conflict, let their interest give way or be postponed to the other. Certainly do not take any risk of spoiling the classical education by striving to blend any other with it.

Now if this be true, how unwise to permit the boy who is destined for such a career to elect in his youth that he will attempt it, without



using the best means and instrumentalities to fit himself for it. You put before him the temptation of an easier way of getting into college; you put before him a motive slight, but still enough to determine the decision of a child, to join some favorite companion in a study, to avoid a disagreeable teacher, or to study under an agreeable teacher, or to get rid of severe labor, or some other of the thousand motives that affect the immature fancy of youth, or you put upon the parent a responsibility for which he or she is utterly unfit, and which the university or college, if it has good government, ought to assume, and the fate of the boy is decided. Foreign languages, especially the dead languages, are not learned, as a rule, after one comes to manhood. The elective system dooms the scholar to be shut out forever and forever from the literature of Greece and Rome. I do not know that that literature is greater than that which is known as the Jewish Scriptures. But the religious literature of the Hebrews comes to us, I suppose, without substantial loss, through the medium of our great translation. On the other hand, there are to be found in the English language few examples of a translation from which the Englishman or the American, who does not know Greek or Latin, can get the least conception of the original.

Your boy is to be an artist. Will you let him, if you expect him to gain a high place in his art, elect before he is twenty years old, perhaps before he is twelve years old, or will you let somebody elect for him, that he shall never in his life see a work of Greek or Italian art? And yet your elective system dooms to a like fate, to a worse fate, the boy who expects to follow some calling, to which refinement of taste, clearness and precision of thought, vigor and power of utterance, the gift of eloquence, the capacity to persuade, the capacity to delight, to set on fire the people whom he addresses, is indispensable; and he never in his life, if you have your way, is to know any of the great things of this kind which mankind have done from the beginning of time, except what are found in his native tongue. Of one thing I feel very confident. That is, that the men whom I have known at the bar, in public life, and in the pulpit, who have been good Latin or Greek scholars, and who have kept up the love and study of either language through life, especially those who have been lovers of Greek, have shown great superiority in the matter of effective public speaking. Certainly the biographies of Englishmen of note for the last hundred years will show the same thing.

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## DESPISE NOT LITTLE THINGS.

(Graduation Day Essay.)

**T**HERE is nothing, however small, in nature that has not its appropriate use, nothing, however insignificant it may appear, that has not some important mission to fulfil. The living dust that swarms in clusters about our cheese, the mildew casting its emerald tint over our preserves, the lichen and the moss wearing away the words of grief and honor engraved upon the tombs of our forefathers, have each their appropriate work, and are all important in the great economy of nature. By the steady and long-continued efforts of this

fragile little plant, high mountains have been leveled, which no human power could have brought from their towering heights. Castles and strongholds, raised by the hand of man, have proved weak and powerless under the ravages of this tiny agent, and become scenes of ruin and desolation—the habitations of the owl and the bat. Yet who, to look upon the lichen, would think it could do all this?—so modest that we might almost take it for a part of the ground upon which we tread. Contemplate its unobtrusive course; endowed by nature with an organization capable of vegetating in the most unpropitious circumstances—requiring little more than moisture of the atmosphere to sustain it, the lichen sends forth its small filamentous roots and clings to the hard, dry rock with a determined pertinacity. These little fibers find their way into the minute crevices of the stone; now, firmly attached, the rain-drops lodge upon their fronds, and, filtering to their roots, moisten the space which they occupy, and the little plant is then enabled to work itself farther into the rock; the dimensions of the aperture become enlarged, and the water runs in in greater quantities. This work, carried on by a legion ten thousand strong, soon pierces the stony cliff with innumerable fissures, which being filled with rain, the frost causes to split, and large pieces roll down to the levels beneath, to become soil for the growth of a more exalted vegetation. Is not this a lesson worth learning from the book of nature? “Persevere, and despise not little things.” The poorest and humblest of men will be able to accomplish great things, if he will take the precept to himself.

Nature is full of examples to stimulate us to perseverance, and beautiful illustrations of how much can be achieved by trifles unheeded by the multitude. The worms that we tread in the dust are the choicest friends of the husbandman. They loosen and throw up in nutritious mealy hillocks the hardest and most unprofitable soil—the stones disappear, and where all was sterility and worthlessness, is soon rich with luxurious vegetation. We may call to mind, too, the worm upon the mulberry-tree, and its miles of fine-spun glistening silk; we may watch the process of its transformation till the choice fabric which its patient industry has produced is dyed by an infusion gained from another little insect (the cochineal), and then endowed with the glory of tint and softness of texture, it is cut into robes to deck the beauty of our wives and daughters. Where is the man, sluggard though he be, who would not shake off his slothfulness on observing the patient industry and frugal economy of the little ant? or where is the drunkard and spendthrift who could watch the bee, so busy in garnering up a rich store for the coming winter, and not put his shoulder to the wheel, and think of old age?

If we turn from the book of nature and open the annals of discovery and science, many instances of the importance of little things will start up and crowd around us. By the accidental mixing of a little nitre and potash, gunpowder was discovered. In ancient times, some merchants traveling across a sandy desert, could find no rock at hand on which to kindle a fire to prepare their food; as a substitute, they took a block of alkali from among their heaps of merchandise, and lit a fire thereon. They stared with surprise when they saw the huge



block melting beneath the heat, and still more so, when they discovered that, mingled with the sand, it had been transformed into a hard and shining substance. From this originated the making of glass. The sunbeams dazzling on a crystal prism unfolded the whole theory of colors. A few rude types carved from a wooden block have been the means of revolutionizing nations, rooting out the most hardened despotisms—of driving away a multitude of imps of superstition, which for ages had been the terror of the learned, and of spreading the light of truth and knowledge from the frontiers of civilization to the coasts of darkness and barbarism. "We must destroy the Press," exclaimed the furious Wolsey, "or the Press will destroy us." The battle was fought, the Press was triumphant. The swinging of a lamp suspended from a ceiling led Galileo to search into the laws of oscillation of the pendulum; and by the fall of an apple the great Newton was led to unfold what had hitherto been deemed one of the secrets of nature. When the heart of the woolspinner of Genoa was sickening with "hope deferred," and his men, who had long been straining their eyes in vain to catch a glimpse of land, were about to burst into open mutiny, Columbus picked up a piece of wood which he found floating on the waters. The shore must be nigh, he thought, from whence this branch has wafted, and the inference inspired the fainting hearts of his crew to persevere and gain the hoped-for land.

Such trifles have often befriended genius. Accidentally observing a red-hot iron become elongated by passing between iron cylinders, suggested the improvements effected by Arkwright in the spinning machinery. A piece of thread and a few small beads were means sufficient, in the hands of Ferguson, to ascertain the situation of the stars in the heavens. The discovery of Galvani was made by a trifling occurrence: a knife happened to be brought into contact with a dead frog lying on the board of the chemist's laboratory, the muscles of the reptile were observed to be severely convulsed—experiments soon unfolded the whole theory of galvanism. The history of the gas-light is curious, and illustrates our subject. Dr. Clayton distilled some coal in a retort; and, confining the vapor in a bladder, amused his friends by burning it as it issued from a pin-hole. It was left for Murdock to suggest its adoption as a means of illuminating our streets and adding to the splendor of our shops.

If God has instilled the instinct of frugality into the ant, and told us, in His written word, to go learn her ways and be wise, think you He will be displeased to observe the same habits of economy in us? To achieve independence, you must practice habitual frugality; and, while enjoying the present, think now and then of the possibility of a rainy day. Recollect the precepts and life of Franklin, and a thousand others who rose to wealth and honor by looking after little things. Be resolute, persevere, and prosper. Do not wait for the assistance of others in your progress through life. Gird up your loins; meet difficulties and troubles with dauntless courage; resist every temptation that may allure you to indolence or every fascination that may lead to prodigality; think not that the path to wealth or knowledge is all sunshine and honey; look for it only by long years of vigorous and well-directed activity; let no opportunity pass for self-improvement. The

dove did not return to Noah with the olive-branch till the second time of her going forth; why, then, should you despond at the failure of a first attempt! Persevere, and above all, despise not little things.

## AWAKENING OF THE SOUL.

(Graduation Day Essay.)

"We all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory."  
—St. Paul, 2 Cor. III, 18.

ONE of the divinest compensations in the life of a teacher is the opportunity to see the awakening of the soul; the opportunity to mark its gradual unfolding beneath the transforming power of lofty purposes and correct ideals. In common with you, I have for the last few days watched the culmination of this process; not its completion, for its growth goes on forever. Those whom we welcomed as strangers three or four years ago have stood before us, at last, transformed, glorified. Radiant with the light of truth and the beauty of sincerity, they have left an abiding impression on us, and on the college spirit. Nor have they failed to stimulate our minds and hearts to higher zeal. As I listened, I have been thinking, What recompense have you for masters such as these? They reach new heights. They come to you with a message. In answer, I can only reply, These moments of transfiguration are equally profitable for all of us. No one comes down from the mountain the same person who went up. The infusion of new life comes to us all in common, whether we are conscious of it or not. As we behold, we, too, are changed "into the same image from glory to glory." I often think that Dante, as he tried to see with the eyes of his soul, while fulfilling his promise to write of Beatrice, such things as had never been written of any other woman. When he had passed through the dolorous region of hell, and had climbed the steep and bitter ascent of purgatory, he came cut at last upon the top of the mountain, where his guide, Virgil, explained that he could conduct him no farther. As Virgil vanished, he suddenly discovered that Beatrice had come from the celestial choir to be his guide through the Nine Heavens. We cannot fail to observe the device by which Dante was enabled to make his wonderfully poetic picture of the heavenly world was the employment of the features of an earthly human being whose existence and whose memory he had worshiped, but who was, none the less, only a human being; nay, far more interesting than an angel, because she was human. We have somehow forgotten that the glory of God is revealed through His works, and that the chief work of God is the human soul. Nor need we forget that preciousasket of the soul, the human countenance, through which the soul is revealed. Wordsworth long ago taught us that

"Trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God, who is our home. . . .  
The youth, who daily farther from the East  
Must travel, still is nature's priest,  
And by the vision splendid  
Is on his way attended."

Only in the full-grown man does it fade into the light of common day. But this need not be, and is not, when right conditions prevail. When right ideals are always held before the mind, we ought to pass from youth to manhood by an everchanging progress "from glory to glory."

In truth, this is the very principle for which all educational reformers have striven. Every one of them was started on his career by no less a purpose than the redemption and the glorification of human life through the influence of education. They desired to prevent the degeneration of humanity by leading it steadily forward, instead of allowing the pristine glory of childhood to decay. Perhaps, after all, these young people builded better than they knew. Our astonishment at their success is owing to false standards in estimating educational progress. Ask the first hundred men who pass along this pavement, or along any other pavement in America—ask them their definition of education, and ninety-nine of them will tell you that education is knowledge, or learning. Whereas, not one of the great educational reformers will agree to such a definition. On the contrary, it has been the effort of their lives to uproot that idea. Learning is not necessarily education. Locke maintained that the first element in education was the inculcation of virtue; without this, knowledge is only a curse. His second element was the inculcation of wisdom, which is the capacity of knowing how to use knowledge. The third element, in order of importance, was conduct, by which we are to understand, not simply manners, but rather the meaning which Matthew Arnold has given us under the head of conduct, which includes all our relations to individuals and to society. The foregoing, according to Locke, are the essential elements in education, while learning would be given rank only as fourth in importance. Froebel did not reverse this order, but spent even more time in developing the earlier stages of the childhood, even before Locke's steps could begin. Pestalozzi carried the same idea even further. First of all, he demanded that we should put the child in possession of his faculties. By these he meant, first, his physical faculties, without which nothing further could be attained; and second, those of his mind and heart, in much the same order as Locke.

Herbart agreed, in the main, with these principles, but elaborated them much further, especially providing for their more systematic application to the entire community. Locke's mistake had been in limiting his ideal to the education of a single person, some prince or favorite of fortune. Herbart brought us to right methods by democratizing education; and also added that most important of all modern ideas, the aesthetic presentation of the universe, not as a dull fact of mere knowledge, but knowledge as related to art, and to beauty.

This is because all art is representative. There is no such thing as art in the abstract. There is no such thing as beauty in the abstract. This explains why there is so much vague and indefinite vamping about beauty among writers on aesthetics. All beauty is concrete, the beauty of some particular object, or some particular person. All art is representative. It is easy to see that this is true in music. It is also plain in painting; there the picture stands; it has nothing to do but to represent its original. The same is true, though a little less apparently, in sculpture and in architecture. In poetry it is much more difficult



to observe. Not many would be able to prove it. In oratory it is equally essential, and it is equally easy to recognize the truth of the statement. Here, however, it becomes necessary to ask, If art is representative, what does it represent? The answer is, Life; it represents life, and nothing else. It is our business to produce the picture, be it painted by whatsoever art it may. We cannot produce life, but we can direct and mold it. All progress is a growth, through this direction and unfolding of existing life. But I call you to observe that the process requires a highly specialized kind of knowledge,—delicate, ethereal, spiritual. So does all modern education. The graduate of the great college of our day differs from his fellows almost as much as might the graduates of a hundred different colleges in the olden time. Each man possesses the highly specialized education of his own group of studies, though he must remain ignorant of many other things. Only in this way can he hope to make an impression. The day of the all-around man has gone by.

I, therefore, call on you to notice that this definition of education does not imply a neglect of knowledge. Let no man dream that we despise or neglect the office of knowledge. Learning and knowledge have full recognition, only it is the highly specialized knowledge of which I have been speaking, the kind of knowledge which you can obtain nowhere else. The methods and teaching by which it is imparted are the most difficult teaching in the world; but they are also the most effective. As Henry Ward Beecher once said, the projector of this kind of influence has a difficult task to perform; but his forces once set to work, he has only to sit on the shore and see the waves come in. The self-propelling power of natural law is behind them, and nothing can limit the movement of such a force. We all recognize this for ourselves and rejoice in it. Then there is another result still more marvelous. We find that these young people can go to the ends of the earth and reproduce the same spirit. The welcome which they meet shows that the people need the contagion of their courage and their sympathy. And much more do they need it than they are aware. You shall find them as Browning says David found Saul:

"He relaxed not a muscle, but hung there as, caught in his pangs  
And awaiting his change, the king serpent all heavily hangs,  
Far away from his kind, in the pine, till deliverance come  
With the springtime—so agonized Saul, drear and stark, blind and dumb."

Moreover, you shall find that for some reason, best known to Himself, God has conditioned the redemption of all such souls, and of all others, so that they must depend on the interposition of a human personality, a living representative. He might have sent angels, but He did not. He sends His messages through human beings. Like Dante, we are guided, even through the heavens, by human love and human sympathy. Like David, we are permitted to cry out, at last, to every perishing Saul:

"O Saul, it shall be  
A Face like my face that receives thee; a Man like to me  
Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever; a Hand like this hand  
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the Christ stand!"

**"LET YOUR COMPETITORS SMOKE."**

(Graduation Day Address.)

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David Starr Jordan,  
(President Leland Stanford, Jr., University.)

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A HARVARD professor said to me the other day, "The best advice I can give to my graduates is: 'Let your competitors smoke.'" In other words, if somebody must go through life carrying a handicap, let it be some other fellow. The professor went on to say that he did not consider the matter primarily from the point of view of hygiene or of good example, but from that of saving of time. The man who succeeds is the man who knows how to use time. Life is a bit short at the best, and it seems much shorter when you get on into the middle of it. Its effectiveness is measured in part by its length. Its length is measured not by years, but by that part of it which we use. We use only that part we spend in sleep, in training, in play, in effective helpfulness. Smoking does not come under any of these heads. Smoking is our disguise for idleness. When a man smokes, says the professor I have quoted, he does not realize that he is idle. He is putting in the time, the time that he might otherwise use in some one of the normal purposes of life. Daudet tells us of certain clubmen who meet and think not, neither do they speak—just smoke. One lesson of the college life is the value of training rules. If a man is to do his part in a game or a meet he must have every nerve free from prejudice. The effect of tobacco is to trick the nerves. It is a nerve irritant, and wears the disguise of a narcotic. But a narcotic is likewise dangerous. We ought not to be sleepy when awake. We have the right to sleep when we have earned it, by nerve exercise which demands nerve rest. To break the training rules is to lose the game, when the game demands accuracy of sensation and motion, absolute truthfulness of nerve response.

But the essential purpose of going to college is to prepare oneself for the higher games, for the fine play in the noblest and most difficult of all meets, the fine art of living. In this game, one has need of all mental subtlety, of all virile reserves. Every day the test is closer than in any athletic game. Every day, more depends on one's being in perfect trim. Every man, sooner or later, at some time in his life, is brought under training rules. If he is not, he is forced out of the business. Most usually these come too late. Every enforced lie of the nervous system makes it harder for it to tell the truth afterward. Every strain in accuracy of nerve response makes the mind flabby. There is an ancient rule of health which runs in this fashion: "Rise early, before you are twenty-five, if possible." This rule I commend to you. That you have observed it already is plain enough. If you were not early risers you would not be here to-day. If you had not already mastered some of these precepts, we should not send you forth with the confidence that to-day we are showing. But there are maxims within maxims. The secret of early rising is the saving of time. To rise at twenty-five, the thing to do is to be already thirty years old. Not thirty years old in waste and disillusion, like some

old young men we know, but thirty years old through the saving of time from idleness for thought and will and achievement. And in this the waste of smoke is only one of many kinds of waste, and the greatest waste of all is the waste of time. The great achievements of men have been for the most part in the intervals of a busy life. It is an old saying, that when you want anything done you must get a busy man to do it. The man of leisure cannot bring his power together. He may have his horses, but his hands are not on the reins. The years of life are threescore and ten, and we cut off twenty at one end for training, and nature cuts off what she pleases at the other. But any man can make the other forty as long as he pleases. He can at least get twice as much time out of them as the average man does, and effectiveness in life is proportioned to the square of the time saved. In any event, momentum is proportioned to the square of the velocity. The velocity is measured by the ground you get over, by the time you save from idleness for life. What is lost in waste must be deducted from our savings. The man who is thirty years old at twenty in dissipation and disillusionment, can count his living age at only ten. He counts ten years of life and ten of death, with ten years of childhood to begin with.

"The gods for labor give us all good things." This was part of the philosophy of the ancient Greeks. They learned it as a fact of experience long before it was first put into words. Over and over again each generation of men tries its own experiment and comes back to the same unvarying conclusion. Moreover, we find that these same gods never give us anything worth having for any other price. They make loans sometimes, but theirs is a high rate of interest. They do not forget the contract. "By their long memories the gods are known." By the gods the Greeks meant the forces that lie all about us, the forces that condition our life. These are our realities. The rest is dead matter. Our knowledge comes from contact with these ways and forces, our power depends on acting in accord with this knowledge. In this lies all human possibility. He who knows the truth can trust all and fear nothing. He who strikes as the gods strike has the force of the gods in his blows. He who defies them wields a club of air.

It has been a part of your college training to learn something of the laws and forces that limit life. To know where you are and what you can do, is the first element in the saving of time. You can rise early when the time comes for action. You will hear men say, "The rich man must know how the poor man lives," else humanity cannot keep together. But you are poor in gold, I hope, though rich in the better commodities of will and hope. So let us say, "The poor man must know how the rich man works," not the rich men who have inherited land and bonds, and who do not know how to use them because they have not created them. You must know how the strong man works; and, if you would be strong, you must struggle even as he does, and, if may be, with loftier ideals and more genuine aspirations. Your place will be among the working men and women.

Each of you has powers and potentialities of his own, this for one, that for another. To make the best of what is in us, this is success in life. But our duty is only relative. It goes with the fact of time.



With time enough, any of us could do anything. With this great multiplier, it matters little what the other factor is. Any man could be all men if he had time enough. With eternity man becomes as the gods. But we are not in business for eternity. Our days are few, however much we may stretch them; and, no doubt, as the humorist reminds us, "We shall be a long time dead," so every hour we waste carries away its toll from our life, as the dropping water carries away the rock. Every lost day takes away a bit, or a cubit from our stature. And so we come back to our first word again. Let us be alert, as becomes the men of the time. Let us rise early. Let us make some mark in the world before we are twenty-five, if possible. And, above all, "Let your competitors smoke!"

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## DIFFERENCE BETWEEN COLLEGE AND UNIVERSITY.

(Graduation Day Address.)

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Seth Low,

(Former Mayor of New York, Former President of Columbia University.)

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THE American college, in its beginnings, was simply an English college transplanted to American soil. Like everything English so transplanted, it has been modified in its development and has taken on characteristics peculiar to itself. It has awakened in many men a desire for scholarship; but this desire they have had to satisfy elsewhere, not because the American college has not satisfied it to the extent of its ability, but because the American college, as such, did not possess the facilities for training scholars in the technical sense of that word. In the two decades from 1850 to 1870 the college-bred men of America, desiring to become scholars, began to go abroad for study in considerable numbers, and especially to the German universities. These men found in Germany a system capable of making scholars, and offering facilities for scholarship of which they had never dreamed. Returning to this country in larger and larger numbers, with this knowledge and with this inspiration, such men became centers of agitation for the development in this country of facilities for educating scholars that should be comparable with those found in Germany. The German system was taken as the type by these men, partly because German hospitality to them as foreigners had given to them these great privileges, but principally because neither the English university nor the French university by any modification could be adapted to American needs.

This discussion will have prepared you for the definition I am to give of an American university, as distinguished from an American college. The aim of the American college is to give a liberal education, or, if you please, to develop the man. The aim of the American university, on the other hand, is to make a specialist—it may be in one of the professions, or as a historian, an author, or a man of science. Theoretically and ideally, the university ought to be founded on the college, because a man ought to be broadened before he begins to specialize, but practically this is not a necessity of the situation; however

desirable it may be. On the other hand, it must be said that, wherever the aim of training specialists is distinctly recognized, an institution that unites with this aim the conduct of a college is still properly called a university, for the name university is evidently a name of wide comprehensiveness. It cannot be denied, however, that the small American college (by which I mean a college unconnected with a large university) is obliged to find a place for itself to-day under conditions widely different from those which have existed heretofore. The high schools have been carried up in their work and the universities have been carried down, so that the colleges no longer have a well-defined and unchallenged field which is theirs alone. The great majority of students leave school at the end of the grammar grades; another large number at the end of the high school grade; still another large number cease their studies at the end of the college; and it is, after all, only a few out of the great number of those who go to school who are privileged to continue their studies until they have taken an acknowledged position as both broadly-trained men and recognized specialists. It is inevitable, therefore, and not undesirable, that the high schools should carry some students beyond the point where they formerly went to college; and it is also natural, and not undesirable, that colleges should, where they can, carry students beyond the point where they may fairly be considered to be liberally-educated men, and therefore ready to specialize to the best advantage. For both the high school and the college, by so doing, will give to many men, who cannot go further in their studies, a better education than they otherwise would get.

America needs broadly-trained men as much as it ever needed them; and the age in which that liberal training ought to be obtained is from sixteen to twenty, or from seventeen to twenty-one, just as it used to be. Small colleges cannot hope to compete with the universities in the matter of training specialists, and they will do injustice to their students, who propose to specialize, if they try to. If each college will formulate for itself, with definiteness, its proper aim, the means for carrying out that aim will be clear enough. In point of view of breadth of opportunity, a small college can never compete with a college which is part of a university; but, in point of view of quality of work within its own range, the small college can challenge without fear the competition of the large ones and of colleges connected with universities. A denominational university is a contradiction in terms; unless the only direction in which it aims to specialize is in preparation for the ministry. But, for the training of men and for the development of character, the American people must change importantly before the denominational college will have lost its place. Such a college will be valuable, perhaps one should say, not so much because of the merits of the denomination that controls it, as because loftiness of ideal, earnestness of purpose, and the qualities of character that spring from the religious impulse are factors in the education of men which are in no danger of losing their power.

As I have already said, the aim of the college is to give a liberal education, the aim of the university is to train specialists. This recognized difference in aim between the college and the university applies as clearly to the non-professional as to the professional work, and

leads inevitably to a difference of attitude towards the student in the college and in the various university schools. In some of the university schools the entire course is required; in others it is wholly elective; and in yet others required and elective work may be taken in different proportions. In other words, the aim in each school being distinctly recognized, whatever curriculum appears best suited to the accomplishment of that aim is adopted without regard to any other consideration.

## TRAINING FOR THE NAVY.

(Address to Annapolis Naval Graduates.)

Theodore Roosevelt,

(Former President of the United States.)

**I**N receiving these diplomas you become men who above almost any others of the entire Union are to carry henceforth the ever-present sense of responsibility which must come with the knowledge that on some tremendous day it may depend on your courage, your preparedness, your keen intelligence and knowledge of your profession, whether or not the nation is again to write her name on the world's roll of honor, or to know the black shame of defeat. We all of us earnestly hope that the occasion for war may never come; but if it has to come, then this nation must win; and the prime factor in securing victory over any foreign foe must of necessity be the United States navy. If the navy fails us, then we are doomed to defeat, no matter what may be our material wealth or the high average of our citizenship. It should, therefore, be an object of prime importance for every patriotic American to see that the navy is constantly built up, and, above all, that it is kept to the highest point of efficiency, both in material and in personnel. It cannot be too often repeated that in modern war, and especially in modern naval war, the chief factor in achieving triumph is what has been done in the way of thorough preparation and training before the beginning of the war. It is what has been done before the outbreak of war that is all-important. After the outbreak, all that can be done is to use to the best advantage the great war engines, and the seamanship, marksmanship, and general practical efficiency, which have already been provided by the forethought of the National Legislature and by the administrative ability, through a course of years, of the Navy Department. A battleship cannot be improvised. It takes years to build, and the skill of the officers and crew in handling it aright can likewise never be improvised, but must spring from use and actual sea-service and from the most careful, zealous, and systematic training. Some of you will have to do your part in helping construct the ships and the guns which you use. You need to bend every energy toward making these ships and guns in all their details the most perfect of their kind throughout the world. The ship must be seaworthy, the armament fitted for the best protection to guns and men, the guns in all their mechanism fit to do the greatest possible execution in the shortest possible time. Every detail, whether of protection to the gun crews, of rapidity and sureness in handling the ammunition and working the elevating and revolving gear, or of quickness and accuracy in

sighting, must be thought out far in advance, and the thought carefully executed in the actual work. The best ships and guns and the most costly mechanism are utterly valueless if the men are not trained to use them to the utmost possible advantage. From now on throughout your lives there can be no slackness on your part. Your duty must be present with you, waking and sleeping. You have got to train yourselves, and you have got to train those under you in the actual work of seamanship, in the actual work of gunnery. If the day for battle comes you will need all that you possess of boldness, skill, determination, ability to bear punishment, and instant readiness in an emergency. But though without these qualities you can do nothing, yet even with them you can do but little if you have not had the forethought and set purpose to train yourselves and the enlisted men under you aright. Officers and men alike must have the sea-habit; officers and men alike must realize that in battle the only shots that count are the shots that hit, and that normally the victory will lie with the side whose shots hit oftenest. Seamanship and marksmanship—these must be the two prime objects of your training, both for yourselves and for the men under you. You, to whom I give these diplomas, now join the ranks of the officers of the United States navy. You enter a glorious service, proud of its memories of renown. You must keep ever in your minds the thought of the supreme hour which may come when what you do will forever add to or detract from this renown.

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## LESSONS OF SCHOOL LIFE.

(Graduation Day Address.)

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Edith Putnam Painton.

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HERE is no period of life fraught with more dangers or temptations than school-days, for it is then that you are in the formative stage of your existence, and the habits you then form and the character you then build will stay all through your life. It is not only the "readin', 'ritin', and 'rithmetic" that you are learning in the daily routine of your studies. In a very few years, you may forget the very first principle of the conjugation of a verb, but you will not, by any means, forget the good or evil tendencies that are gradually developing in your heart during these years of your life-preparation. How many of you remember the first time you ever whispered in school, contrary to the teacher's orders? You felt guilty for a long time, didn't you, and dreaded to have the teacher's eye turned in your direction? But you didn't get "caught," and the second time you found it so much easier; the third time you didn't think much about it, and it was not long till conscience kept still and allowed you to disobey that rule at pleasure, without a single reminder. You did not know then what it meant—it did not seem a very glaring sin, did it? But, boys, girls, it is upon just such little misdeeds, as this seemed to be, that our whole character is based. Did you ever think of that? You will remember, too, the first time you ever passed the work of another as your own. You were almost sure your answer was the correct one, but, to be doubly sure, you peeped slyly into your book, or upon the paper of



your neighbor. It was easy then to correct the one word or figure that marred the accuracy of your own exercise; but, ah! there was a blemish made on your character by the same act and one not so easily corrected. That was the first scratch on your sense of honor, the first lesson in deceit; and, years afterward, the same prompting will come to you in some form or another, when you have long since forgotten the exact date of the battle of Antietam. My young friend, that was a more important and decisive battle in your life than the battle of Antietam, and you were the vanquished!

Possibly you are an idler in school. You may learn more easily than your classmates, and have, after your lesson is prepared, too much of that spare time that Satan so often contrives to fill; or, it may even be—though I do not like to think it,—that you idle away time which you should be devoting to study. This is a little thing, isn't it, not worth mentioning? But do not forget that you are forming a habit, and one that you will not find it easy to break. There are no heights worth attaining that can be reached without close application; and how can he, who has not formed the habit of application, hope to succeed? I wonder if you realize how important a part the companions and associates of your school-days will play in your after life. It is so easy to fall into ways of those you are constantly with; and, if they are not good ways, you are the sufferer. One person, who is saucy, rude, impudent, or vulgar in speech or manner, may contaminate a whole crowd in amazingly short time. How much more easily do we gather and assimilate evil than good! On the other hand, one person, taking a decided stand for the right, will do much toward leading others to follow, for nine persons are always willing to be led, either right or wrong, by the stronger will of the tenth person. Try it, boys and girls, and see if I am not right.

Then there is the strife for class-distinction and the highest marking. Don't think I condemn it, for strife, if legitimate, is a sure road to success; but how many a temptation to dishonesty presents itself in rivalry of this kind, and how seldom are all making a free and open fight! Better, by far, to stand at foot of the class all your life than to advance one step, except honorably and creditably; and the petty jealousies originating in the school-room may develop into master-passions in the battle of life opening before you.

Few of you seem to realize what interest your teachers have in every one of you; how pained they are by lack of interest or by disobedience; how proud of your advancement and good deportment. They recognize, what you do not, that these, your happiest days, are also the most important ones, for they are the foundation-stones upon which the future is builded. I wish I could make you see this clearly. Why, I've forgotten nearly everything I learned in my school-books; but I've not outgrown one of the habits then formed. Day by day some trait becomes manifest that causes my mind to go back to the old brick school-house far away, and I think how much depended on my living those days well. Do not think, that because you cannot see the practicability of algebraic demonstrations that they are worthless. They are really mental gymnasiums where your mind wrestles and gains power to cope with the weightier and all-important problems

that will confront you in "life's school." One of my teachers used to say, "Going to school is a business—an intense business, and must be conducted along business lines." If you remember this, you will be all the more conscientious in performing every day's duties, and will build such characters that you may look back to your school-days with pride and satisfaction.

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## ELOCUTION.

(Address to Business College Graduates.)

Henry Codman Potter,  
(Late Bishop Protestant Episcopal Church.)

**M**R. PRESIDENT, Ladies and Gentlemen, Undergraduates, and those soon to be graduates of ——— College: I received from your President catalogues of this college, also a number of addresses delivered on occasions similar to this. One of the most conspicuous was an address on "Elocution," and, as I found it at top of the bundle, I assumed that I was to accept it for the purpose of instruction. Now, the standard of elocution, as set forth in the pamphlet, was very high. I found myself a moment ago, as I hope you did not, putting my hand into my pocket. The pamphlet was very severe to gentlemen who spoke to an audience with hands in their pockets; yet, with singular inconsistency, it held up the late Mr. Horace Greeley as a pattern of oratory, and Mr. Greeley's hands were not only in the pockets of his trousers, but, as I remember him, his trousers were sometimes in the tops of his boots! The fact is, the standards of elocution are various and variable; and, while I entirely agree with your preceptor, that the first and the last and the middle note of instruction in connection with elocution should be naturalness, I think it would be difficult for any of us to define precisely what naturalness is—how far it is an unconscious expression of the best culture, how far we are to understand by it that often uncouth mode of expression, which we confound with another, in the sense that we confound ignorance with natural condition. You are here to-night to take your diplomas, because education with you stands for the power of training and unfolding the powers of nature and adjusting them to the tasks of life. Whether one's office in life be to speak, or to act, keep books, or to command men, to lead an army, or to minister to the sick, I believe that that will be the final definition of elocution, and its adequate and appropriate expression. In other words, whatever the natural gift of any one of us, it is bound to be better for training, and the kind of training that qualifies it to translate itself to men.

There can be no more important sphere for education than in connection with that for which this college stands. I remember a young married friend telling me that her idea of keeping accounts was to enter with great care the money she spent for pins, and then to charge all the rest, including house-keeping wages and what she spent for bonnets, under the one head of "sundries." The power of distinction is far more rare even in competent minds than one would expect—the sense of proportion, recognizing the relations of things to one



another and having what we call, in the great affairs of life, a due intellectual perspective. One of the advantages of the training you receive in a business college is to help you along those lines. A set of books which includes a ledger, a day-book, a journal, and a cash-book, is an anachronism in one aspect, but it adjusts the large and the little in their relations to one another, and it enables the business man to discern the state of his affairs in their largest aspect. By this I mean the aspect of his own business credit—the obligations of his debtors; his obligations to his creditors are within his reach by turning to one or the other of these volumes—in a way which any merely casual or desultory mode of keeping records of that character would render absolutely impossible.

Now then, what is the principle that underlies that? It is that civilization differentiates itself from barbarism—because civilization stands for order. The barbaric state, whether it is in the account-book of the young woman or the savage, is the state of chaos. A high civilization is a condition in which one has emancipated himself from a bondage of ignorance and disorder, and has arranged things in their adequate and proper relations to one another. I venture to predict that before fifty years are over, no university will be regarded as complete in its curriculum that has not included among its departments with medicine and law, and the arts and the higher sciences, a curriculum for business training.

I wish I could tell you with what sympathy and interest I recognize to-night the fact that you have completed your school course. I had the privilege of spending the earlier years of my life in a counting-room. The ambition, born in me, when I was fifteen years of age, was to be a business man, and if I had chosen my own career and had not listened to a voice higher than a human voice, I presume I should have been in the counting-room to-day. I remember, when I went out of it, that I said to the head of the firm that I could not but regret that I had lost the three years spent in that counting-room from a life of study; and he said to me—rare and far-seeing man as he was: "I venture to think, the time will come when you will realize that the three years spent in the counting-room have had some value in training you for life." I learned to do so in a very little while, and I believe every minister of religion would be a stronger and a wiser man, if he had business training. It would give him a knowledge of men; and, after all, a most potential element in the service of mankind is the knowledge of those whom you are to serve. It is because in the training you have received in this institution you have brought your faculties to bear upon the things that concern the ordinary affairs of life; that concern its business transactions, its great business rivalries and competitions, that when you come to take up the tasks of life, you will find yourselves just so much stronger and riper for their discharge. Elocution, which is the power of expression, whether it is the power of the voice, or of the hand, or of the brain, or of the man at the desk—this is a rightful and fundamental part of human training. A wise, a competent power of expression, whether it be in a speech, or a sermon, or in an account, whether in the business world or in any other, makes service better and makes work more efficient. I ask God to bless you.

## OPPORTUNITY TO BE SEIZED BY FORELOCK.

(Address to Business College Graduates.)

Charles Bulkley Hubbell,

(Former President of the Board of Education of New York City.)

**M**R. PRESIDENT, Graduates, Ladies and Gentlemen: May I be permitted to express to you the delight that I experience at the privilege of being here as a representative of the department of public education in this city and of greeting you, young men and young women, many of you the products of our public schools, as you stand on the threshold of a new life that is opening before you? I could not but think as the first sounds of the bugle were heard as you entered this room and approached us in such impressive array, that, Behold! these are the young soldiers of commerce who respond now to the first reveille in their commercial lives before they go forth to the battle in which they are so well equipped to win.

I have come to assume to myself during the years in which I have been accustomed to appear at academic and scholastic gatherings that perhaps I have a certain right, not "by the authority conferred on me," to use the language of the old college diplomas, but rather by reason of the deep sympathy that I feel for the young men and young women who are at each succeeding Commencement season joining the vast throngs of this metropolis that start in the struggle in which we are all engaged,—that I have a right to venture now and then to give a word of advice and caution on occasions like the one that brings us together to-night. May I then say to you, young ladies and gentlemen, that from the time of your first employment, your success will be largely determined by the alertness and the sensitiveness with which you recognize and greet the first opportunity that comes to you? Opportunity sometimes approaches with the indefinite lines of a phantom; and yet, if you school yourselves by cultivating keen powers of observation in that direction, and are ever on the alert to grapple with it, unsubstantial and elusive though it appear, nevertheless, if you will, you may mount and ride on to certain fortune as surely as the tides do rise. I have lived long enough to know that there are some things which must be observed if success is to follow the efforts that are put out in professional or business life. My personal experience among business men, and in my profession, has brought me into constant contact with the men of commerce of this city; I have found that in the employment of a young man or a young woman first coming into relations with an employer, that if such are to succeed in the hot competition into which we all must enter, they must give a little more to the employer than they are employed to give, for it is that young man and that young woman who moves upon those lines who will soon find that he or she is outstripping those who simply wipe the measure level with the top when the grain is measured out. If, then, you are alert and anxious to recognize your opportunity when it comes, if you are desirous of giving a little more in the measure of service concerning which you contract than the contract calls for, you have certainly adopted a policy most necessary for the success that I believe lies before nearly all of you. If you come into relations with your em-

ployer with that sentiment, you are bound to succeed. There is no obstacle that can keep you back; you will develop qualities that neither you nor your friends have suspected in you, that will carry you on to the goal of success, and when under the weight of responsibility your powers increase, you will, before you realize it, have assumed the position that causes you to be numbered among those who are the true winners in the fight.

It has long been a popular belief in the minds, I think, of young men more, perhaps, than in young women, that much depends in your lives, professional and business, on luck. The longer I live the less am I disposed to concede much, if anything, to mere luck. Luck masquerades under other names, and I would say that the man and the woman who succeed in life succeed in proportion as they possess that genius which consists of an ability to recognize opportunity when it presents itself. It was once said by a distinguished French author, "Opportunity wears her locks in front, but has no tresses behind; then seize her by the forelock, for, if she eludes you once, not Jove himself can ever catch on again." That last line is very liberally translated, but I believe it carries the true sense in this modern day, and perhaps is quite as well understood and as perfectly applicable as though a more literal translation were brought to bear. I have stated that you would develop qualities that were not suspected in you before, until the occasion has called them forth. A story is told of a Southern darkey who came in and told his master of a most astonishing sight that he had seen a few moments before in a part of the farm not far from the house. He said: "Massa, I have seen de stranges' thing I eva saw in ma life." "What is that, Sambo?" "Why, I saw two dogs chasin' of a rabbit across dat ar lawn, and de dogs dey kep closin' in on de rabbit, and dey kep closin' in, and bye and bye they got almost onto de tail, and, by jingo, de rabbit jes' as de dog was goin' to grab it, he clim' up in a tree and stayed dar in de branches." "Why, Sambo, don't you know a rabbit cannot climb a tree?" "Well, Massa, he had to clim' de tree to git away from de dogs."

I will not detain you longer, because I know you are impatient to hear the man so many of us have known. There are some among you perhaps who have not heard him before, and who are very anxious to hear him now. Therefore, I will close by simply saying that when our friend, President ——, shall come into the October of his life—still quite remote, let us hope, for no winter comes into the lives of such men as he—we can rest assured that his monument will be in the lives of thousands of men and women whom he has lifted up from the level where he found them to one where they are walking and working on higher planes, and when he shall have passed to that reward that awaits such men as he, there may be written—and I doubt not that he would prefer that his experience of these years should in some way be commemorated there—there may be written on the stone that marks his resting-place, these words of Fitz-Greene Halleck, with but a slight change:

"Green wave the grass above thee,  
Friend of our schoolboy days;  
None knew thee but to love thee,  
None named thee but to praise."



## THREE DECIMAL RULES OF LIFE.

(Address to Business College Graduates.)

General Stewart L. Woodford,

(Former Lieutenant-Governor of State of New York, United States Minister to Spain, etc.)

**M**R. PRESIDENT and Friends: I cannot thank you for this welcome. My heart is full, and I must leave each one of you to think what I would say—I cannot say it. I shall not attempt to advise you, young women, and you, young men. A bishop has given you his blessing, and the President of the Board of Education has given you advice. You are hardly in the humor to want very much advice, for each of you knows that you are going to win. You feel it, you believe it. With that feeling and that belief go the energy and the power that start you for successful lives. I am going to leave with you to-night only three simple, business-like, decimal rules of life. It is not enough to live and get money; it is not enough to live and accomplish temporary success. If there is no hereafter, this life is a dead failure; if there is a hereafter, then the thing for each intelligent person to do is to build a character now that will be useful to-day and that will be effective and useful and happy in the living in the hereafter. Build character; build character and build it out of integrity, truth, fidelity, economy; economy of time, economy of labor, economy of effort, economy of money, for more people fail from carelessness in money matters than from almost any other one cause. The man who has an extra dollar has something that works for him while he is asleep; the man who owes a dollar has something that works against him while he is awake. The man who has money controls the labor and the lives of other men, and the man who has not money is controlled in his life and in his labor by other men.

I want then to leave you three decimal rules of life. First: Read ten pages of something that is worth reading every day; something that you can put into your brains; something that you can put into your memories; something that you can put into your lives, for ten pages of real thought, read and mastered every day, will make a wise woman and a wise man out of each woman and each man before he or she is fifty years of age. Now do not pass that as a truism. Lodge that in your thoughts. It is not hard to find time to read ten good pages. It is not difficult to remember at least ten good lines out of each ten pages; it is not difficult to think out the philosophy of ten good pages; and ten good pages each day are three thousand six hundred and fifty pages in the course of a year, and with the average of four hundred pages to a book, you will see what you can do in each year of your life.

Now the second decimal rule that I want to suggest is this: No matter how little you earn, try to save one-tenth of your income. At the start you won't earn much, and economy will be very hard. I know myself what it is to earn very little money, to work hard and to live hard. But whatever your income is, try to save one-tenth of it. One cent out of every dime, one dime out of every dollar, and the

average woman and the average man, before fifty years of age, will have accomplished a competency. The money that you squander, and the money that you waste, wastes your life and drags you down. It is your duty to save money; your duty to save it so that you may educate children; your duty to save it so that you may have something to give to others; your duty to save it so that you shall be a mistress and a master of other men, and not a bound servant compelled to labor in order that you may simply live. I do not believe that I shall cross the philosophy of the bishop who sits on this platform, when I say that intelligent economy is practical Christianity.

Now for the third and last decimal rule: No matter what your income, give away one-tenth. Give it away intelligently, one cent of every dime, one dime out of every dollar, one-tenth of all your earnings, and you will grow to a large and a complete manhood, if you follow these three simple decimal rules. Giving money will make you intelligently generous and the steady study of a little learning every day will keep your minds broadening and expanding. And think of the woman or the man at fifty years of age who shall have put ten lines of honest, sterling thought into her brain or his brain every day of life; think of the woman or man who shall have saved one-tenth of all the income that she or he earns and put it away, not in speculation, but in honest and legitimate saving. Think of the man or woman who doing this shall have intelligently given away one-tenth every day, every year of life and so shall have developed enduring and generous character.

This will be something that you can carry with you beyond the grave. A mind that shall be rich, stored with the learning of the past; a brain that shall be intelligently economical, learning how to master and minister, and guard the affairs of life; a character, a mind, a brain, that shall never have learned to be miserly, but shall have learned to be intelligently generous. Take these business decimal rules into your life, and life will be useful to you here and in the ages to come.

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## WHAT COLLEGE DOES FOR GIRLS.

(Graduation Day Address.)

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James Monroe Taylor,  
(Former President of Vassar College.)

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IT is quite impossible for a girl of to-day to appreciate how vast a change has taken place in one generation. There were colleges more than thirty years ago that educated women, but instead of a general recognition of the worth of such education there were doubt, suspicion, derision, scorn. In the early part of the last century Mrs. John Adams said that the education of girls was confined to writing and arithmetic; and, in the case of those specially favored, music and dancing. Frances Power Cobbe's training at one of the best schools for girls in England, where a chief point in education was to enter and leave a carriage gracefully, would interest and amuse any girl who will read that chapter of her autobiography. Emma Willard, the great American leader in this educational reform, tested her proficiency in



mathematics on a college sophomore before she quite ventured to believe that women could master geometry. Some educators back in the opening days of Vassar in 1865, and even later, raised questions as to the capacity of a woman's mind for college education, and challenged the sanity of those who were attempting the task. Now the great majority of colleges for men have opened their doors to women, and all the separate women's colleges are overcrowded. There are over twenty thousand women students in American colleges, and the work has spread in Spain, in France, in Germany, in England, in Russia, in Austria, and even makes a beginning in Egypt and the far East. However viewed, as an economic or social problem, as an influence in home, society, church and State, no movement of our wonderful last century can be ranked above this in the scope and endurance of its influence.

College education for girls was an answer to a new need. There were always women active in public concerns, and educated women, but never a time before when women took so large a part in the world's life. In literature, in journalism, in education, in all the professions, in organized charities, hospitals, prisons, in missions, temperance and the Red Cross, in politics, even, and in business, woman is at work, not as an unintelligent and dependent factor, but as director and organizer. Such an extension of influence and responsibility demands larger training of body, mind and spirit; and college education is the best single answer to the demand. How does it meet it? First, it sets before itself an ideal of what a life should be, and works definitely toward it. That ideal is not to take away anything that belongs to woman, but to heighten her powers and broaden them, and to develop well-rounded womanhood. The college differs, properly, from the university in that it aims at general and liberal education rather than training for some special work. If one part of the education of a boy or girl can be more important than another, it is, therefore, just this college section of it, because of its aim, and because of the age to which it addresses itself.

The college youth is at the most susceptible stage of training, responsive to new ideals, reaching out enthusiastically into new and untried ways, eager to confront new questions, awake to the calls of friendships which make or mar the life; physically, mentally, religiously awakened, susceptible, longing for guidance, or ambitious to throw off every restraint—this is the time of the student's gravest danger and the teacher's supreme opportunity. Now is made the character which shapes the after life; now are born the ideals which form the scholar, the active business manager, the administrator, the broad man or woman who turns with well-rounded life and formed energies toward any task the world may impose, and any opportunity that may be opened to mind and heart. But how do we work toward our ideals? Thorough intellectual training must have the foremost place in the answer of the college. Whether science will ever show radical difference between woman's mind and man's or not, may well be doubted; but, whatever the possible differences, they will never bear against the fact that the intellectual training given must be thorough, definite, accurate, scholarly. Girls ought often to be shown, in the course of their early

studies, just how much that seems uninteresting and pointless is yet helping to give them mental force and direction, as truly as their gymnastics are forming muscles and making possible quick response of body to will. The skill gradually acquired in any game, tennis, basketball, may illustrate how important to mental skill and readiness is this definite, strict, steady mental discipline. Necessarily, with this training the addition to the resources of life is continuous. Every study adds a vista to the life of the mind, new suggestions of knowledge, fresh interests to be pursued some day, facts that will come back most unexpectedly and happily in our hour of need.

As one advances in college, and begins to deal with the great questions of economics, philosophy, science, history, literature, the resources of life are multiplied rapidly, and the college begins to give the rewards of culture to those who have gained the earlier training; but only begins. Much as the student gains from college study, and inestimably precious as the mere knowledge is, the chief result, intellectually, is the steadying and training of all the mental powers, the rendering them fit to respond to her calls, and then the great outlook over the field of knowledge, which shall abide ever as a blessed and inspiring vision, whether she be able to follow the beckoning of scholarship, or whether in the toils of the world's work she keeps the vision only as the saver of her soul from the bondage of the sordid and the common.

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### THREADS OF LIGHT.

(Graduation Day Address.)

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**T**HIS day we close for the year the ——— schools. We now part with you, the girls and boys we are no more to teach. I say girls and boys, for, when threescore and ten years have come to you, you will be glad to have your friends say that health and peace of mind have kept your hearts warm; that you wear no brow of gloom, are not borne down with age, but still, in heart, are girls and boys. When these years come, and I hope they will come to all, the tide of time will roll back and tell you of your school-time days, when the fair, the kind, and the true, found love; but the false heart found no friend, no tongues to praise. These days bring rich gifts to age; when you shall cease to think of them, your fire has burned low and your light has gone out. Here you have been taught in the hope that the ——— school would help to make you of use to your friends and to the world, would give you faith in all that is good and true, and lead you to seek work. For that you must seek and do, if you would have a good name, wealth, a home, a charge to keep, or a trust to serve. Go forth with a bold, true heart to seek the work for you to do. Keep in mind that the hours to work run through each day, and that God's great law of life is, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

Now, for you, young man, this truth is told. Go where you will, through the world, and you will find on the front doors of shops and mills, of stores and banks, on ships, on farms, on roads, in deep mines where men toil for wealth; where laws are made that make some men too rich and men of worth and work through all our land too poor;

where men by law are taught to plot with sin, to spurn the right; where law is so pleaded that the judge must guess to find what's law; where quacks most fight over sick men's pains and dead men's bones; where types are set and none to mind the proofs; where priests do preach and pray, and where schools are taught this sign: "Brains Will Find Work Here." Don't fear. Step up, ask for work; brains will get it.

If asked: "What can you do? Will you learn a trade?" say: "I have none, but I can learn one and put brains into it." When you go to a place where brains should hunt for work and be sure to find it, it may be said to you: "Do you see that plow? Can you hold and drive it deep?" That plow, in its wise use, gives all men food. Do you see that wheel, that crank, those shafts, that press; do you hear the rush and hiss of the steam which moves them? Can you make and hold and run them? Can you build and drive the works and wheels which make the wealth of the earth and cause it to roll and to float to and fro from place to place, where it is best for man to use it? Can you spin the thread and weave it which makes robes for kings and silks for the rich and vain, and dress for the poor, and all that skill and art have wrought by loom and hand for man's use? These things are all shot through with threads of light, the light of mind and art and skill which shines each day more bright and dims all the old by some new-found light as the years go on.

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### EDUCATION'S AIMS.

(Graduation Day Address.)

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Charles F. Thwing,

(President of Western Reserve University and Adelbert College.)

EDUCATION seeks to make character vigorous without making it harsh or boisterous, patient without indifference, conscientious without being hypercritical, efficient without ostentatiousness, symmetrical and impressive, noble and self-reliant, but sympathetic with the less worthy, rich in itself, but without selfishness. The problem of education is not to teach us how to make the bow of Ulysses—that bow is made without difficulty—but it is to create men of strength, of self-restraint, who can bend the bow. The problem is not so much to teach men how to get rich, although that may be important, but how to use riches after they are gained; how to save themselves from being crushed by its responsibilities, from being smothered by its soft pleasures, or torn in pieces by its distractions. The problem is not how to get great honor, place, eminence, but how to bear the responsibilities which great honor always carries along with it. Education seeks to make the individual of resource, of the power of initiative, of honesty and honor, in whom the vision of truth is united with the power of doing one's duty, in whom tenderness of heart for the suffering is justly joined with capacity for moral indignations. It seeks to train leaders—intellectual, ethical, religious, civil. It seeks also to lift the whole level of the race to broader and clearer seeing, to finer thinking and nobler appreciation.

## BE UP AND DOING.

(Graduation Day Address.)

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Charles A. Wingerter.

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YOUNG men of the graduating class, my first word to you is one of congratulation. Alma mater has crowned you with her "well done." It is a precious title. May the felicitations of all who are here to greet you by their presence, help you to appreciate it fully. This is your Commencement Day. To-day you begin life's race. God speed you in it! But, remember that while the prize is offered to all who start, it is given only to those who persevere to the goal. It is good for us, your elder brothers, who have already battled for a space, and who, panting and weary, but undaunted, have come back to sit a moment to-day at the feet of our foster-mother, to repose and gain new courage and vigor when we take up the fight anew. To-day we rest; to-day we relax our straightened sinews and our overstrung nerves. We have become as little children again, reclining at our alma mater's feet, with her soothing touch upon our brow. As we recall the heroic stories of the early missionaries, who, by arduous lives and sometimes bloody deaths, witnessed for the true God in the face of savage nature and still more savage man; of the great prelates who, in the forefront of battle, opposed themselves to the bigotry of ignorance, and, still worse, indifference; of the great educators who witnessed for the God of right learning in the schools and colleges; of the men and women who slowly built up noble charities—as we recall all these things, we are forced to ask ourselves, What are we now to do? Having had placed into our hands the princely heritage of the glorious deeds done with heroic energy by past and passing generations, we must perforce ask ourselves, Is this all, is the work finished, are we idly to stagnate, to sit in luxurious indolence, to rest content with the laurels of our fathers and our elder brothers? Your voices, resonant of youth; your eyes scintillating with the fire of energy that will not be subdued; your hearts, vibrant with power of endurance that asks to be but tried; your souls, enkindled at the university by the ambition to make your lives to count for something that is worth while—give the answer, "No!"

Let us then be up and doing in very truth! For us no lurking in the comfortable shades! No skulking in the pleasant by-paths! No trailing towards the rear! It should never be said of any graduate in this university, it must not be said of any one of this day's class of graduates that he shirked the call to the firing-line in these days of tremendous opportunity and grim responsibility. Young gentlemen, you have been cast in no narrow mold. The wisdom of centuries has guided the teaching that has shaped your characters, trained your minds, sharpened your faculties, and filled your breasts with precious knowledge in this great seat of learning. You have been taught in this university to love God and your conscience first, to love your native land next only to them, to guard it as you would the apple of your eye. Your fathers and your fathers' sires marched and fought and wrought and poured out their hearts'



best blood in lavish streams to bring into being this great republic, where the tears of the people of all lands are wiped away, where children are born to liberty, sing its songs and grow up in its strength and might; and, later on, when a mighty peril placed the nation's life in direct jeopardy, your comrades in numbers that cannot be counted walked again the perilous heights of a duty undismayed, and fought and bled anew that a government of the people, for the people and by the people should not perish from the earth.

Even if your names are to be engraven on no tablets of bronze and your praises are to be sung by no mortal voice, your true success will be assured if you cling fast to the principles of honor and duty and fidelity taught you in these classic shades. Behind the great and glorious galaxy of suns which we are permitted to see in the heavens, there are unnumbered myriads of no lesser stars, known only to the Creator, who made them and flung them into space to spin in the tireless and distant orbits marked out for them by His wisdom. The most glorious stories of heroes are those that are never told on history's page, the gladdest paeans are those that are never sung by human lips. Men have witnessed for the truth, for the reality and power of the life eternal, not only by their labors, their achievements, their characters, and their sufferings, but also by their defeats. Somewhere at this hour is being sung the hymn of glory to the vanquished. Many whom the world pities as victims will be crowned as victors by the omniscient and just God. It is no dishonor to lie dead and vanquished on the field of battle when your face is turned towards the foe that smites you and the brightest light of divine scrutiny can find no flaw in your armor and no stain upon your shield. We must all learn the lesson of renunciation. We cannot go forward to any prize without leaving behind many things that seem desirable. We may be shadowed by sorrow, scourged by the fierce fires of suffering, panged by the sharp stings of defeat, but we must not murmur as we renounce. We must think only of the prize.

Go forth, then, inflamed with holy zeal and tempered with power to endure. Let not the fear of failure daunt you. Fight pluckily to the last ditch. Go and take your place wherever it is assigned you, high or low. Do your particular duty whatever it may be, remembering that "on what field or in what uniform or with what arms we do our duty matters little, or even what our duty is, great or small, splendid or obscure; only to find our duty certainly; somewhere, somehow, to do it faithfully, makes us good, strong, happy and useful men, and attunes our lives into some feeble echo of the light divine." Go, with your lives trained in strong, impartial and gentle thought, your hearts disciplined in purity and unselfish love, your tongues controlled to silence and to truth and stainless speech, your souls inured to the law of right living and of selfless service; go, dauntless, steadfast, serene. Go! You are your brothers' keepers; the future of America is entrusted in some part to your zeal. Go! Your alma mater expects you to do your duty and hold untarnished the honor of her name.

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Put your trust in God, but mind to keep your powder dry.

—Oliver Cromwell.



## ACTION NEEDS PURPOSE.

(Graduation Day Address.)

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Laura Drake Gill,  
(Dean of Barnard College.)

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YOU are passing through massive gates to-day. They have swung wide open to let you pass out into the realities of mature life. Some of you are looking back upon the path which you have followed for many years; to you the day appears in the light of graduation. If there is any time when it is justifiable to look backward rather than forward, it is in such a crisis as this. Yet, looking backward is not natural for long. You are moving forward, and wisdom suggests that you look in the direction of your movement. Therefore most of you are facing out toward the new life, and are thinking of the day as one of commencement—commencement of new duties, commencement of heavier responsibilities, commencement of the self-achieved success which will determine your place in society.

The great problem confronting you is this: "What will bring success?" My brief message to you relates to the sure knowledge which inevitably follows conscientious action. By this I do not mean, of course, aimless action. As art for art's sake is not the highest motive for art, so activity for activity's sake may be a relief for tense nerves, but it is more likely to conceal than to illuminate the vital issue. Few temptations beset American life to-day more dangerous than that of over-exertion in valueless activity. Idleness is bad, but far worse is nervous exhaustion in the pursuit of things not worth the winning. Action, then, to have its right value, must be action with a purpose. To some of you the purpose is very distinct. A chosen profession, a well-defined duty, a recognized taste or capacity—any one of these blessings may lend a clear motive to your effort. You who have such clear visions of the goal are to be highly congratulated—congratulated not so much because your chances of success are exceptional as because you are given the unity of action and keen enthusiasm born of concrete hope. You are surely blessed in the present; the future can be trusted to care for itself. This assurance is more general for boys than for girls. Large numbers of girls believe that in their individual cases a definite plan of life is forbidden. The definiteness of purpose need not be one whit less because the facts of life are manifestly uncertain; the definiteness need only be lifted to a more abstract plane. Seek to unify the scattering duties to a general intellectual and moral end, and the petty routine becomes a stepping-stone to high attainment. Absolute honesty and a definite will often produce better results without unusual intellectual gifts or opportunity than the keenest intellect can attain without these moral qualities. Since well-directed power is the measure of success, it is within the reach of every human being.

Let us define a philosophy of life. It is not what we think about life, but the convictions which govern our actions. A man may believe himself unselfish, may even talk with enthusiasm of the beauty of self-sacrifice; but if the acts of his life are selfish, no one hesitates for a moment to characterize his philosophy as a selfish one. Wall Street knows the business honesty of many a man more clearly than he has

ever dared acknowledge his philosophy to himself. Every school has certainly watched some student whose action did not square with his avowed principle; no one questions which is the real and which the imagined philosophy of that student. A sane philosophy of life comes through a life well lived. It is not by looking on and theorizing about life, but by entering into it heartily, honestly, conscientiously, that we learn to recognize our own part, then later the parts of others, until at last the great drama of human life becomes full of rich meaning.

Two famous men stand out as examples of this principle. One failed signally to find any hopeful foundation principles for a working philosophy, although he had as keen a mind as the world has often seen. He has been styled the "father of modern pessimism." The other was assailed by even greater doubts, but he seized every positive conviction which was allowed to him and formed upon it an active campaign of service to his fellows. He ended with a glorious philosophy which stimulates every reader of his words. These two men were contemporaries; they were Arthur Schopenhauer and Frederick William Robertson. Arthur Schopenhauer was a German philosopher and man of letters. When thirty years of age he went to Berlin as lecturer in philosophy, and began his work with the most extravagant estimate of the importance of his own opinions and with open contempt for the prevailing idealistic philosophy represented at that time in Berlin by Hegel. Schopenhauer's vanity led him to announce his lectures at the same hour as Hegel's chief course. The consequence was inevitable; Schopenhauer had a small hearing, was obliged to discontinue his course, became embittered, and withdrew to private life. Frederick William Robertson approached his intellectual problems from the other side; he went through the darkest hours of philosophical doubt and of personal sacrifice for his convictions. He resigned his pastorate at Cheltenham, went abroad to fight his spiritual battle through, studied night and day to reach a sound basis for a religious faith, kept his troubles to himself, believing that "a man should burn his own smoke if he cannot convert it into pure flame." He said, "In the darkest hour through which a human soul can pass, whatever else is doubtful, this at least is certain,—If there be no God and no future, yet even then it is better to be generous than selfish, better to be chaste than licentious, better to be true than false, better to be brave than to be a coward." Here was a man who did not hold himself aloof from the struggle of life and busy himself with his doubts. He faced them honestly; sorted out the positive things he knew; developed a positive philosophy of action, and gradually came to the logical triumph.

To-day you are probably in a state of joy and exuberance. You are feeling your place as an individual. This is the part of youth. To-morrow you will just as surely have a reaction, when you come to see how small your part is in the old world. Then comes a time of despair. You can only rid yourself of it by action. Play your part well—be it small or great—and despair will disappear like the morning mist before the sun. It is to action alone that we must look for the antidote to ennui, for the truer sensations, for the growing will. What we earn we enjoy. Action makes your environment your servant. It has been wisely said that every really useful, every active man in any sense, is always a hopeful man.

In closing, let me quote the words of President David Starr Jordan: "To-day is your day and mine; the only day we have, the day in which we play our part. What our part may signify in the great whole we may not understand; but we are here to play it, and now is our time. This we know, it is a part of love, not of cynicism. It is for us to express love in terms of human helpfulness. Wisdom is in knowing what to do next. Virtue is in doing it."

## BEGINNINGS OF THINGS.

(Kindergarten Association Address.)

Mary Jean Milier.

ONCE upon a time a seed of corn fell into the earth. The seed of corn was hard, dry and apparently lifeless. It was yellow and small. The earth was cold, black, dark and dry. The great sun radiated heat and light, and warmed the earth. The rain came and wet the warm, dark earth. The balmy south breeze tempered the atmosphere, and life inside the small seed of yellow corn was stirred into activity. This force in action was too large for the seed corn's shell, and it burst in silence; for all of the material for sprout and rootlets of the forthcoming blade and ear were compressed into the small yellow seed of corn. This is only a bit of nature's life history, and nature's method of growth. Once upon a time a tiny bundle lay in a fond mother's arms. The good warm sun, the refreshing rain, the purifying air, and the firm earth, furnished material for food, clothing and shelter. The brave, true parents supplied an atmosphere of happiness and harmony, and the tender, yielding, physical and spiritual of the babe, stirred by the breath of life, grew, expanded, developed. It had no shell to break, yet within this tiny bundle in the mother's arms were all of the possibilities of the future man. This babe, so helpless and innocent, is to become a helpful and wise creature, or—a harmful and wicked one. And this is a bit of humanity's life history; but what shall be the best method of development?

The kindergarten was a natural product of its time and Froebel a necessary person to discover the method of nature regarding humanity. The kindergarten could not be kept away from America, any more than could Christopher Columbus; it is as integral a part of our great republic school system as the public school is in turn an essential part of our republic. Rightly to understand the place of the kindergarten in our national system of education it is necessary to look backward. It is less than a hundred years since the kindergarten had a discoverer in Germany. It is less than fifty years since the kindergarten had an existence in the United States, and it is only forty years since it was first a part of any public school in our country. To-day we have more than 300,000 children in kindergartens and more than 4,000 kindergartners. And why this phenomenal growth?

We sometimes are alarmed when we consider the great material prosperity of our nation. But need we fear when our great benefactor, the public school, is incorporating into its very being such a system of education as that for which the kindergarten stands—a system which holds (and practices as far as the public demands and conditions will



permit) that the physical as well as the mental, that the moral as well as the religious, that the social and aesthetic as well as the emotional natures, must each and all be equally and harmoniously developed? "We need have no fear, if we educate our children properly," says Froebel. In the slavery of ignorance only is there danger. In the freedom of all-round development is there salvation for any sin, victory over any vice.

I should be of narrow vision indeed if I could not behold "through a glass darkly" the fact that our public school system is far from perfect; it is not even complete, but its possibilities are so limitless, its foundations are so solid, and its basis is so secure, who can predict but that our republic shall succeed and that our democracy shall make possible all that it promises? As yet our public school system does not satisfy the needs of all. The elementary school prepares for the secondary school, and that in turn for the high school and college; but the few only can go to college. The leaven of the kindergarten shall require time only to vitalize these various departments which now lack a practical humanitarian touch; for the kindergarten holds to the principle that each is an essential part of the social whole, be he rich or poor, black or white, imprisoned or free; that he, therefore, is worthy of the development which results from knowing and doing things in the company of others, who have equal opportunity with himself.

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## HISTORICAL NOVEL.

(Graduation Day Essay.)

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Robert J. McLaughlin.

IN this busy age of material progress we are told that literature has lain dormant and that the world of letters has receded rather than advanced. In a large measure this may be true; nevertheless a unique development—that of the historical novel—is rising out of the darkness and appearing in what we hope is the dawn of a new literature. In classic days anything as light and unreal as the historical novel would have been an impossibility. The sober Greeks and Romans had no history but that which they themselves were making. War and politics were their trades; and, when they turned to literature, verse was the medium, and mythology, not history, the theme. Through the Middle Ages men of letters seemed groping to discover the historical novel, but not until Sir Walter Scott did the world know its attractions. It has been urged against the historical novel that it cannot be true to the times and the people of which it pretends to afford a description, because it derives its insight and information from the imagination of the author. This objection seems plausible, but it is unjust. The ideal of the historical novelist is founded on historical fact, is the true interpretation of history, the proper analysis of human action, and the just deductions of the master-mind. Human nature is confined to no age and to no clime, and so the philosopher of life may read between the lines of history, and discover the motives and meaning of those who have acted their parts in the drama of life and passed forever from the scene. No test of the truth of ideals is greater than

the approval of mankind; for we all form opinions as to the characters of the past, and when we read the ideals of the master-mind, his conceptions come to us like a revelation, light is cast upon what we had searched for in vain, and we approve of the interpretation as the most probable which the facts can justify. The novelist, therefore, is an effective teacher of history; he reveals its beauty and its romance, and inspires it with life. He draws the sword of the warrior, and fights again on the battlefield. He fills the dull eye of death with the fire of ardent life, and sounds the clarion of war in the ever vital world of literature. The foremost historical novelist of the day, according to eminent critics, is the great Polish writer Henryk Sienkiewicz. In his novels there is intense reality, a comprehensive knowledge of human nature. The character of Nero is an acquisition which the student of history can never too fully prize. The wonderful description of the burning of Rome, while the vile monster stood by playing on the harp, and seeking inspiration from the roaring sea of flame which his incendiary hand had enkindled, is an imaginative painting which will know the glory of immortality. One of the foremost American historical novels is "Richard Carvel." American statesmen, sailors and soldiers figure prominently in this book. The imagination of the reader wanders back over the pathway of time to the bloody deck of Paul Jones's flagship, and pictures the sturdy captain snatching victory from the very jaws of death and defeat. The character of the great sailor, as understood by Winston Churchill, is a great improvement on the stern and silent personage that Fenimore Cooper has pictured in "The Pilot."

In discussing a branch of literature which by its very nature is connected with the past, it is necessary to review some of the conditions which united in forming it. The ignorance, marking the period before the invention of printing, would scarcely be credible in this age of enlightenment. Men who could read and write were honored as scholars of rare attainments. Any adequate knowledge of history was, with the masses of the people, an impossibility. Whatever of past events was known, was so intermingled with romantic fiction and vague fancies that there was no place for the historical novel, since its fictitious and truthful components could not have been distinguished. A general acquaintance with a large body of written history was absolutely necessary for the popularity of our novel. This happy condition exists in the present time. The deeds of our fathers, the struggles of the early pioneers, the stories of the Revolution and the Civil War, are fruitful themes which possess unlimited possibilities. What could be more romantic than the adventures of the discoverer of America, who, after overcoming untold difficulties, finally crossed the wide waste of waters and entered a tropical paradise such as the Old World had never known? What could afford greater scope for imagination of the historical novelist than the conquest of Mexico, the splendor of the regal Montezumas, the overthrow of their vast empire, and the introduction of Spanish influences which finally paved the way for the republic which to-day flourishes where the semibarbarous Aztec once held sway? Or, if he turn to our country, he may behold its wondrous advance among the nations. All our history is alive with the elements of romance and adventure; our sailors have ever triumphed on the sea,



and our soldiers have ever borne the emblem of liberty on the field of battle with glory to final victory.

In the United States the object of the historical novel seems to be to teach us the stirring history of our native land. Its object seems to be to remind us that ours is a living history, active and glorious; the pictures presented, of mighty events, of gallant achievements, of intrepid heroes and patriots whose names will ever be identified with the glory of the American Republic, stir a chord of sympathy in the hearts of our people, teach them the true worth of the founders of the republic, and inspire them to love that free government which the blood of our forefathers has redeemed for us to enjoy and perpetuate forever. The stories of the past, teaching the children of the republic the true ideals to be imitated and loved, and kindling anew in their hearts the pure spirit of freedom, are to be fostered and commended, since they form a bulwark against the sinister spirit of conquest and commercialism which is beginning to poison the minds and pervert the hearts of America's sons. Let us, then, welcome the historical novel, the romantic teacher of history; let us center our hopes in its rising glories, and let our wish be that its fortunes shall become identified with those of another Walter Scott, under whose magic touch the historical literature of the future will surpass the powerful productions of that "Wizard of the North."

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### COLLEGE TRAINING A GREAT HELP.

(Graduation Day Address.)

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Daniel Coit Gilman.

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**S**KEPTICS in regard to higher education may point to Shakespeare, with his little Latin and less Greek; to Franklin, the philosopher and statesman, with his homely English and poor French; to Grote, the historian of Greece, who had no academic life; to Whittier, Howells, and Cable, our own gifted contemporaries, and to many more writers who never went to college; and I confess that such examples seem at first to show that colleges are not essential to literary culture. But we must remember that our institutions are not devised for an oligarchy of intellect, but for a democracy; not for a few royal dignitaries, but for a throng of faithful workers. In a recent biography of Spinoza is this pithy saying: "The secret workings of nature which bring it to pass that an Æschylus, a Leonardo, a Faraday, a Kant, or a Spinoza is born upon earth, are as obscure now as they were a thousand years ago;" and, if this be admitted, surely colleges are not to be built up and maintained for such extraordinary phenomena. We call these men gifted; we say they have genius; we except them from rules. They will win renown under any circumstances, hindered but not repressed by acting parts in a theater, like Shakespeare; or setting type in a printing-house like Franklin; or managing a bank like Grote; or learning the trade of a bookbinder like Faraday. It is neither for the genius nor for the dunce, but for the great middle class possessing ordinary talents, that we build colleges; and it can be proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that for them the opportunities afforded by libraries, teachers, companionship, and the

systematic recurrence of intellectual tasks, are most efficient means of intellectual culture. Mental discipline may indeed be acquired in other ways; the love of letters is not implanted by a college; the study of nature may be pursued alone in the open air; but, given to each one in a group of a hundred youths a certain amount of talent, more than mediocrity and less than genius—that is to say, the average ability of a boy in our high schools and academies—it will be found, nine cases out of ten, that those who go to college surpass the others during the course of life, in influence, in learning, in power to do good, and in enjoyment of books, nature and art. Mental powers may be developed in other places—the mechanic's institute, the mercantile library, the winter lyceum, the private study, the gatherings of good men, the haunts of business, the walks of civil life,—but not so easily, nor so systematically, nor so thoroughly, nor so auspiciously, nor so pleasantly. With all their defects, colleges are the best agencies the world has ever devised for training the intellectual forces of youth.

Good colleges give training in the arts of expression as well as in those of observation; it not only favors acquisition of knowledge by its students, but it shows them how to bring forth knowledge for the benefit of others. This function of a college has not always been sufficiently developed. Learning of appointed lessons, memorizing of rules and dates, solution of problems, observation or performance of experiments,—all these are undoubtedly good discipline, but they are not enough. The scholar should be able to express himself clearly, neatly, and fitly; very few, indeed, can do this without long and careful practice. I have talked with leading publishers of American books, regarding manuscripts submitted to them; I have spoken with editors of the best magazines, and from both sources I received the same impression,—that this country is prolific in writers, but that the number of trained literary men who can write well, and make of literature a profession, is very small. While there are many eager to print their effusions, there are few willing to elaborate their work,—re-writing, re-arranging, pruning, condensing, shaping until the best form possible is attained. It is a mistake to suppose that writers who win the highest renown are commonly hasty, that they dash off what they say by a stroke of genius. The biography of Dickens shows what pains he took to secure right proper names; for example, note his choice of the title "Household Words." His proof-sheets show how carefully he revised every paragraph. The very last proofs of a romance of Walter Scott received the master's final touches just before printing. Bret Harte's famous "Heathen Chinees" was corrected and recorrected, and on the ultimate revision received that satirical touch which gave it world-wide fame: "We are ruined by Chinees cheap labor." Emerson is considered by many as a sort of oracle, simply opening his mouth to let fall aphorisms of profound importance, but authentic narratives of his life show that he forged his sentences like the gold-beater preparing a setting for pearls.

You may think it trifling to speak of penmanship, but I cannot refrain from telling a story of one of the most illustrious mathematicians of the nineteenth century, whose great treatise lay unnoticed for nearly three years in the archives of the French Academy, because, as Legendre himself acknowledged, it was almost illegible, being written

with very faint ink and the characters being badly formed. Rescued from the temporary grave to which its bad penmanship had consigned it, this treatise became the point of departure for profound researches. All this seems to me to indicate that training, imposed by one's self or by one's teacher, is essential to literary success. Colleges provide such training.

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## WOMAN'S SPHERE AND MISSION.

(Inaugural Address as President of Oxford College.)

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John Hampden Thomas.

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AS I stand before you, this audience seems to extend its limits, and a shadowy group stretches into the dim past. Some of my kinfolk seem to be here, and many of your fathers and mothers, noble men and women, lovely and pleasant in their lives, many now wearing the crown of a blessed immortality, some awaiting their summons to the eternal reward, some yet bearing the heat and burden of the day. I am putting on my armor; it is not for me to boast of what will be done here. Rather would I gather, if I might, from those once students in college halls their message to us. Under these benign influences it is fitting to ask, What is the aim of college-life for young ladies? The time-honored course leading to a degree is approved by the experience of many generations for the broad culture it affords. Does educational progress call for any radical change? In respect to the tools used, yes: as to the underlying principles, no.

You, young ladies, have chosen courses best fitted to develop your gifts, making art or, it may be, oratory, science or language your major. This is well; but is this all? Is the chief value of college-life to acquire skill in some department of art or knowledge? To do this has value, but mainly to give you self-mastery, a full command of your talents. The studies pursued in college are instruments rather than ends. Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,

"These three alone lead life to sovereign power."

Education is not to pour in, but to draw out; its end not to fill up a reservoir, but to set free and flowing a fountain of life. The sailor fixes his gaze on high and discerns the pole-star which guides his journey. As I reflected on the lofty aims the attainment of which should govern education, the words of the Psalmist came to my mind:

"Strength and beauty are in His holy place."

The Hebrew poet was an idealist; his eyes had been touched by the Lord; the golden light of heaven had glorified his earthly conceptions; his soul was uplifted; his feet rested on the earth, but his mind soared into the chamber of the most High. The idealist is not a visionary. The teacher is an idealist. On him, as the poet, the divine light has shone. Who can calculate the influence of the ideal, and when have ideals such abiding influence as in youth? A college for young ladies surely should be their temple. "Hitch your wagon to a star," is Emerson's advice. Kingsley, in sweeter language, says:

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;  
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;  
And so make life and death and all that vast forever  
One grand, sweet song."

Strength and beauty,—are not these the crowning graces of cultivated womanhood? Strength is the product of culture; it is the realization of nascent power. How marvelous the bodily organization! Men have been taught to despise the body. What madness to do so! The new education wisely lays stress on physical culture as the condition of the highest efficiency of the mind as well as of the body. But strength is an attribute of mind and soul also. If to cultivate the intellect is the express purpose of collegiate studies, the curriculum of a college must be stated in terms of the intellect. The end of education should lead the student to control the heart and to train the will. To cultivate the mind, while leaving the affections to increasing corruption, is to develop the heartless villainy of such a man as Goethe's Faust. Culture and depravity are combined in real life as well as in the works of imaginative genius.

A woman's heart, what power of attraction it possesses! How it has swayed the destiny of empires? True culture teaches a girl to control her attachments by strength of purpose and to bestow her heart only upon one worthy of it. The lack of a trained will dominating the affections in men and women is a crying evil in our day, blasting thousands of homes and leading multitudes to everlasting death. Now strength of affection and of will is attained by daily exercise. Not more surely does the brawn of the blacksmith increase by blow after blow of hammer on anvil, than does the power of a dominant will exercised in daily life. Strength surely is one aim in education. And beauty—who is not thrall to beauty? What is beauty? Beauty is harmony; it is perfectness; it is the fulfilment of ideal standards giving joy to the beholder. Beauty is symmetry; and beauty of character results from the symmetrical development of every talent and grace. Reverence is an element in beauty of character.

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,  
But more of reverence in us dwell;  
That mind and soul according well  
May make one music as before,  
But vaster."

In this 20th century opportunity stands on tiptoe beckoning eagerly to women. More than ever strength of character is needed to refuse specious but misleading projects; sound judgment to discriminate between pretended and true progress; wisdom to guide tenderness of heart reaching out a helping hand to the needy ones of earth. Individualism is the mark of our generation. Canons of propriety have lost their power. The voice of authority, if not silent, whispers only to the wise. Each determines for herself the standard of ethics, the grounds for faith, the pathway in life. The woman of education should be able to detect sophistries and to escape misleading notions. False lights are set up in frequented channels to allure the unwary to destruction. One sign of the times is the growth of women's clubs. Unless these find wise leadership, their splendid promise will go into eclipse, if they do not become a public disaster. The mutual relations of the sexes,



and the relation of women to public affairs, are under discussion and readjustment. The attitude of women will be dominant in settling these questions for good or evil, for herself and for her children.

What refined pleasures are at the command of the college-bred woman! A cultivated taste in art is a perpetual joy. And music may cheer solitary hours while equally a delightful social entertainment. The culture of beauty and strength means the development of the highest elements in character. And character building is the great aim of life; it yields the only wealth that cannot be lost to us. A perfect character, then, must include not only self-mastery, but self-denial; and it may call for self-sacrifice. These are the elements that constitute the glory of womanhood. How surpassingly evident is the call of the 20th century for the ministry of woman. No doors are now closed to her earnest endeavor. To have her achievement proclaimed by the trumpet of fame is alluring. And yet—and yet, what true woman will not look upon the home as the chosen place where all the strength and beauty of womanhood will forever find its sweetest service? All service is not confined to the home and the higher education qualifies women for many lines of work. But the interests of family life must be served and not be sacrificed by the enlarged sphere of woman's usefulness. The solution of this problem is the work of the twentieth century.

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### STUDY HARD, PLAY HARD.

(Address to High School Boys.)

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Theodore Roosevelt,

(Former President of the United States.)

WE need a healthy body; we need to have proper physical development; we need to have, even more, proper development of the mind, and then, we need to have proper development that counts for more than body and counts for more than mind, the sum of the characteristics, the sum of the virtues which we think of when we say that such and such a man or woman has good character—the development of character. You are here to study, and while here to study hard. When you have got done and come to play outside, play hard. Do not forget this: In the long run, the man who shirks his work, will shirk his play. You are preparing yourselves for the big work of life. In after life I earnestly believe in each of you having as good a time as possible, but making it come second to doing the best kind of work possible. In your studies, as in your sports, here in school and afterwards in life in doing your work in the great world, it is a safe plan to follow this rule, a rule I once heard preached on the football field: Don't flinch; don't foul; hit the line hard.

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Thought is deeper than all speech;  
Feeling deeper than all thought;  
Souls to souls can never teach  
What unto themselves was taught  
—Christopher F. Cranch.



## SUGGESTIVE GRADUATION THESES AND ORATIONS.

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### THESES.

- "Life of Greeks in Homeric Age."
- "Twentieth Century Production and Distribution."
- "Fall of Rome: Its Effect upon the World's History."
- "Relation of Life Insurance to College."
- "Development of Literature in England During Great Elizabethan Period."
- "Brief Study of Diversions of Romans."
- "Investigation of a Double-Track Railroad."
- "Transportation in United States During Nineteenth Century."
- "Children of Our Slums."
- "Character of Dutch and Flemish, as Revealed in Their Art."
- "Anglo-Saxon Poetry."
- "Proposed Sewage System for Borough of ———."
- "Quakers in Ireland, and Their Migration to Pennsylvania."
- "Chaucer's Power of Description."
- "Minnesinger."
- "Historical Sketch of Robin Hood, with Brief Study in Ballads."
- "Franz von Sickingen: Political Position of German Nobles."
- "Trades Unions: Their Growth and Influence."
- "Digestion and Diet."
- "Problem of Salvation as Solved by Milton and Goethe."

### ORATIONS.

- "Democracy."
- "Bismarck and German Unity."
- "Expansion: A Republic or an Empire? The Fate of the Philippines.  
The White Man's Right to Rule. The Consent of the Governed."
- "Leadership of Educated Men."
- "Characteristics of Our Age."
- "Nineteenth Century the New Renaissance."
- "Heroes of Science."
- "Man Is What He Does."
- "Woman and the Ballot-box."
- "King and the Boss: Political Leaders."
- "Negro and the Nation: Burned Alive in This Year of Grace."
- "Fear of Poverty an Incentive to Excellence."
- "Abraham Lincoln."
- "Dutchman and American Liberties."
- "Trade Follows the Flag. Trade Follows the Price Current."
- "Universal Peace. Dream of the White Czar."
- "Monopolies."

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Truth crushed to earth shall rise again;  
 The eternal years of God are hers;  
 But Error, wounded, writhes with pain  
 And dies among his worshippers.  
 —William Cullen Bryant.

## PART VI.

### Valedictories

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"THIS IS THE LAST TIME."

(Valedictory.)

Eugene Wood.

**M**R. PRESIDENT, Ladies and Gentlemen: In nothing does man challenge more respect than in the expression of sorrow; in nothing is there struck with more sonority the common chord of oneness of all flesh. We may give over seeking the philosopher's stone that changes all to gold, but we have found that the universal solvent is the tear. In joy and in merriment there is no real kinship of the heart. What pleases one calls forth a pitying smile from others that human beings should be found so childish as to take delight in such a trivial thing. A laugh splits all the structure of society upon its cleavage planes. But the tear obliterates all party lines. It dissolves distinctions made by wealth, position, education, and leaves only the democracy of sympathy. High or low, rich or poor, learned or unlearned, all understand the mother parted from her only son, the father from his daughter, the lover whose young bride is wooed and won by Death with his cold kiss. All understand and all respect. It is then that men grasp hands most fervently. The firmest friendship rests on sorrow, not on joy.

It were idle to pretend that to leave these halls of learning now conveys to us a shock of grief as great as if the news had come that someone near and dear to us had passed away. It differs in degree, if not in kind, from that. The essence of all sorrow is bereavement. We are parted from the things we love, and, therefore, we are sad. Someone has said: "There is nothing, not in itself absolutely bad, of which one can say without emotion: 'This is the last time.'" How much the more, then, should there be to-day a gentle pang, a somberness of spirit, a tender deep solemnity (as when one thinks on the higher, nobler things of life), a catch at the heart, perhaps an aching of the throat and a mist before the eyes as one gazes on the old, familiar buildings and the green campus, or into the faces of instructors, classmates, friends, and whispers to himself: "This is the last time."

The time has come to say farewell and "In that word—that fatal word—howe'er we promise—hope—believe—there breathes despair." It is in vain that we assure ourselves that we shall meet again; that we will form associations of alumni and at recurring commencements visit once more the old spot. It will never be the same to us again. We know it in our heart of hearts, and so in the few golden drops of time that yet remain within the cup of college life, I pledge you, trustees, president, faculty, fellow-collegians, and last and dearest of all, the Class of ———.

First we salute you, gentlemen of the Board of Trustees: "Hail and farewell!" Never before this day have you and we looked each other full in the face, each knowing who and what the other was,—we the Class of ———, you the corporate body that makes this institution

what it is. And having met, we part. Hail and farewell! But ere we pass out of your sight and hearing, let us say that we should be less than men if there were not within our hearts one wish or aspiration that our alma mater should attain a yet grander future than even you have dreamed for her. In so much we are kinsmen. Hail and farewell!

Mr. President: The narrowing circle of our college life has brought us nearer to you year by year. To-day—this hour is most centripetal of all, and ere the charmed circle breaks there is just room to say that we appreciate to the full what you have done for us. Whatever in us won your disapproval was what you deemed not for our final good; whatever in us won your praise was what you saw would make us large and noble characters. If in our grave and serious moments we have longed to clamber to a lofty plane, we may be sure your heart beat with us in that high resolve. If we achieve what you desire for us, we shall indeed succeed, not as the unthinking world records success and gauges it by money or by fame, but in that nobleness of character, that largeness of the brain and the heart, that steadiness of will and conquest of the lower self that mark the perfect man.

Gentlemen of the Faculty: With to-day ends that intimate relationship which, through the years of college life, has been maintained, but not, we trust, that deep, respectful friendship that could not choose but come from long acquaintance with men of your learning and serious purpose. And yet, though your purpose was serious, or perhaps because it was so serious, when we look back upon the hours we have spent together, we recall moments of light-hearted gaiety and the smile comes to our lips. In the years that are to come, we shall think kindly of each other and begin our reminiscences: "My old professor used to say—" and you: "There was a fellow in the Class of ——." Good-bye, God bless you. You have been good to us, better than we have deserved.

Undergraduates of the College: A slender dagger of regret pierces the heart, when the thought enters, that after we are gone from here, no one will miss us. "The king is dead! Long live the king!" You will take our places and the revolving year will still bring other students, after you are gone. It is like the world in little. We are but tenants, not the landlords of the universe. Though it seems the moon obsequiously follows us whichever way we choose to walk, and though our footing is on the exact center of the horizon's ring, yet we know the moon also followed primeval man, and the spot where he sat flaking his flint arrowheads, was to him the exact center of the horizon's ring. When we are as dead and forgotten as he, when the few broken shards remaining from our age are shelved and ticketed in museums, as we preserve the flinty tools with which he toiled, the moon will still follow the man and the blue circle of heaven struck with one compass-point centering in him.

"When you and I behind the veil are past,  
Oh, but the long, long while the world shall last!"

Fellow-Classmates: Truly of our meeting here we may say: "This is the last time." Though it should chance by some event miraculous that on another Commencement Day, we should be present and answer to the roll-call without one missing in the list, we should not be the

Class of ——— save in the name. Something would be lacking, something gone. The old bond of unity breaks this hour and when we take each other by the hand and look into each other's eyes, we know that as the Class of ——— we part forever. We go our ways. If some of us should meet again, the light that shines upon the meeting will be so brief and so illusory that "'twere like the lightning that is gone ere one can say: 'It lightens.'" It is the last time. If there lurk in any heart an ancient grudge against a classmate, a jealousy, a root of bitterness, oh, pluck it out and cast it far away. And let us take each other by the hand, forgiving as we hope to be forgiven, and remembering that

**This Is the Last Time.**

## **AMERICANISM.**

(Valedictory.)

**M. Dell Adams.**

**W**HAT is Americanism? Briefly answered, Americanism embraces the essential characteristics of the American people. But the questions follow: What are these essential characteristics? What does America stand for among the nations of the earth? The answer to these questions is found in an understanding of the fundamental principles of our government. These are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. These principles were implanted by our forefathers. When oppressed by the rule of George III., they threw off the yoke and declared themselves independent, they inserted in the Declaration of Independence these words, "We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created free and equal: that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." The fathers, not having been always blessed with these rights themselves, resolved that their children, and their children's children, should never want them. And America has been true to the promise she made to her children, for with these principles ever in view Americanism has become what it is to-day. How much meaning is there in these principles of life, and liberty, and the pursuit of happiness? Life: what will not a man give for his life? Life is a possession supremely sweet and dear. A man will hold to his worldly possessions with a tenacious grasp, but these he will unhesitatingly yield when life is at stake. Life is not only a blessing, but it is a rightful possession. The crime for which the greatest punishment is inflicted is the crime of taking life. Americanism not only recognizes the right of man to live, but it aims to make life worth living by giving him the boon of liberty. Liberty means even more than life itself; for life without liberty is void of pleasure or happiness. Life is dear and living is sweet, but even life itself will be given, and willingly, too, for the maintenance of liberty. Americanism enunciates the principle that all men are created free and equal. The history of our country is but a development of that principle. More than a million lives have been given, more than a million noble careers have been stopped before fairly begun, more than a million homes have been saddened, that liberty might be won and preserved to man-



kind. The tree of liberty was indigenous in America—its native land—and is older than the nation, since it first sprang up in the hearts of the nation's founders.

The pursuit of happiness does not mean merely a search for pleasure, or a life with only pleasure for its object. But a man is happiest when following his own inclinations. We each have the right of exercising our own powers and receiving in compensation what we are capable of producing. Here is a man whose whole soul is wrapped up in art; another is absorbed in music; some prefer a mercantile, others an agricultural life. But whether it be music, or art, or authorship, or agriculture, each citizen of America may exercise his right of selecting his vocation. He has the right to accomplish all in any particular line which his aptitude suggests. America allows every man to pursue the course he desires. Our country is large, our resources are great; there is a wide field in which to work, and a just recognition of every man's industrial, social, political, and religious rights. America is therefore, as Emerson says, another word for opportunity. Here every advantage for the pursuit of happiness is open. America does not limit the principles of life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness to the people living within her borders. Americanism must teach, and is continually teaching its lessons to the enlightened nations of the earth. Every nation recognizes the characteristics of the American people, the peculiar traits which signalize the American nation. Americanism steers widely from selfishness. The principles of our national life are not reserved for Americans alone. America fosters tenderly her own sons and daughters, but also extends her hand to help the oppressed of every nation. She has reached across the water which lies between our own beautiful land and the island of Cuba, and rendered assistance to the struggling and starving people; she has broken the oppressor's rod in Hawaii, and in the Philippines. Brave hearts of her loyal sons have ceased beating, it is true; once happy homes in the North and in the South, in the East and in the West, have been darkened with sadness. Gallant boys who left home in bright uniforms have come back wrapped in the flag and in the icy sheet of death. All these sacrifices have been cheerfully made that the principles which underlie our nation, and vouchsafe our freedom and protection, might be given to people of other lands. It is this willingness to help a downtrodden people, this firm adherence to God and the right which other nations must recognize in Americans as Americanism. It was Americanism that stained the heights at San Juan and braved the fires at Santiago. It was Americanism that bid defiance to death and danger from Spanish shells and the dread diseases which lurk in the low lands of the islands. It is Americanism that stands ready to-day not only to teach but to practise every principle set forth in the glorious Declaration of Independence. Americanism, therefore, guarantees to the race of man: (1) The right to live; (2) The boon of liberty; (3) The pursuit of happiness. With these truths so plainly evident, we are proud to say that we are Americans. There is no grander title than that of American citizen. Ours is a country known over the whole earth as the "land of the free and home of the brave." The nation, in the language of Abraham Lincoln, "conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created free and equal."



Friends and classmates, it devolves upon me to say a few words of farewell. We're

"Standing with reluctant feet  
Where the brook and river meet."

Ready to step from school into the busy world, we hesitate. We might hold to the past were it possible, but life's ceaseless round of changes has carried us to the place when the brook of school-life meets the vast river of an enlarged human experience, whose current is moving steadily and surely into the great future. At this place we must reluctantly say farewell to the happy days spent midst these pleasant surroundings; we must leave the halls of learning which have sheltered us in the years that are past; we must bid adieu to the familiar places so full of memories; adieu to the friends we have met and learned to love; to the teachers who have carefully guided us through the years now receding into the irrecoverable; to those who have been ever kind and patient and true; and, hardest of all, to say farewell to classmates with whom we have been so happily associated. At such a time as this words are but vague expressions of the inner thoughts. Words cannot describe the emotions at this time, the tender feelings of regard for the school, the teachers and friends, the regrets with which we say our last farewells. Our friends, we bid you a loving good-bye; teachers, a fond farewell; but, classmates, those forms do not convey a full meaning. We cannot say farewell. Let us only say, "May we meet again!"

## LEARNING, HEALTH, SANCTITY.

(Valedictory.)

Ambrose P. Dunnigan.

**I**T is now my sad duty to bid farewell to alma mater. When I look around and behold these venerable elms, whose protecting branches, if they could but speak, would many a tale unfold of happy by-gone days, of untold joys and pleasures; when I behold these vine-clad walls, and the faces of those dear friends who made our life within them so happy; when I recall,—

"Familiar walks and halls and haunts and songs;  
The shouts that told of Fordham's victory,  
When old 'Maroon' triumphantly came home;  
The nights when 'sock and buskin' ruled the hour,  
And friendly plaudits sweetened the success,"

I confess that my heart grows faint and my lips falter in their utterance. You, my dear friends, cannot realize what to-day means for us. It is like the rude awakening from a long, sweet dream to the grim realities of life. It is the commencement of all those trials and troubles of the world, of which many of you who are gathered here to-day have had your share. It is the parting from a quiet and secure home that we have learned to love with all the fervor of our hearts, the leave-taking of a fond, fond mother. It means that we are to experience no more the kind protection of our alma mater; to associate no more our interests, as students, with hers; to depart once and forever from the sweet friendships of our college days. Ah! graduation is not all happi-

ness! Fellow-classmates, do you comprehend the meaning of the words? Do you understand that to-day, before the sun sets behind yonder hill, we must say farewell to the past, and welcome to the future? We must say farewell to her who has tenderly nourished in us the seeds of learning,—yea, who gave to us those three great gifts, learning, health, and sanctity.

"And never was wealth like learning's treasure,  
Never was joy like health's sweet pleasure,  
Never was song like sanctity's measure,—  
Priceless gifts of the Trinity."

Yes, fellow-classmates, we must leave her who has been so kind to us. She bids us forth into the world, there to work for her future fame and glory. Yes! dear alma mater, we go, but our prayer on leaving is that the good God, who holds in His hands the slender thread of our future lives, will be as kind to you in the future as He has been to you in the past, that He will bless you and continue to lead you on to the highest plane of educational excellence.

Ah! Reverend Father Rector, and members of the faculty, a bond most dear and tender must be broken when we say good-bye to you. You have indeed been parents and true friends to us. Your devotion and interest in our behalf will never be forgotten. Your many, many deeds of kindness, coupled with the great and noble example of your lives, have left a lasting impression on our memories, and I make no empty boast when I declare to you that the Class of —— have recognized and loved your generous and whole-hearted labors in our behalf. I make no vain promise when I assert that in our lives outside these vine-clad walls of old "St. John's" we shall try to show you that we are what you have so earnestly endeavored to make us,—true Catholic young men, men of upright character and sound principles, men who are, and will ever be, proud of their training, a training which is a development not only of the mind, but essentially of the will and the moral faculties of man. Yes, Reverend Professors and Prefects, it will be our earnest and constant endeavor to live up to that training which you have given us. All we ask in return is a fond remembrance in your prayers, that the ship we embark on to-day may be safely guided through the narrow straits and dark waters of life's great ocean, until it rests in the safe harbor of Eternal Light.

Now, fellow-classmates, comes the hardest task of all. We too must part. Happily, indeed, have we thus far wended our ways together, and now sadly we stand at the crossroads of life, cheering each other on for the long and tiresome journey. Yet it is a sad, sad thought that we no more can show that helpful comradeship in the pursuit of knowledge, no more can show that brave endeavor which won our victories in the class and on the field. No more shall we experience the joy of assembling round the hearthstone of good-fellowship and there,

"Touch the changes of the State  
Or thread some Socratic dream."

No! we must part; we must bid each other a sad good-bye, until

"We wake from earth's vain dreaming  
And behold God's light a-streaming  
On the great Commencement Day."

## MEMORY AND HOPE: TWO GREAT FORCES.

(Valedictory.)

**T**O you, sir, President of this College, our first words of parting are due. Our association with you, as instructor and students, has been confined to this year; but, short as it has been, it has been long enough to teach us to regard you with respect as a scholar, and with affection as a Christian gentleman. We thank you for the benefits derived from your teaching, for your uniform gentlemanly courtesy, for your interest in us and for your kind wishes for our future welfare. We express the hope that you may long be spared in full strength to direct the affairs of our alma mater. In the name of the Class of ———, I bid you farewell.

Gentlemen of the Faculty: The time has come for us to take leave of you. As we address you, we cannot refrain from expressing the deep sense of obligation which rests on us. We have spent four important years of our lives under your care. Under your direction we have received the training that forms a large part of the equipment for life. We appreciate, in some measure, how much the value of what we have received has depended on your care and faithfulness. This is no time for personal tribute; but we may assure you that we have passed through this course with growing respect for your scholarship, with deepening conviction that each department is presided over by one worthy to represent its higher life and culture. Let me assure you, also, that we leave you with the firm purpose to live so as to add new honor to her name. And now, in the name of my class, whose representative I am proud to be, I bid you farewell, with the hope that your memory of us may be as pleasant as ours shall always be of you.

To you, my classmates, the final words of farewell must be addressed. To-day our minds are under the spell of two great forces—memory and hope—of memory, as we look back over the years now ended, which have given us a part in student life that is like no other years; of hope, as each one of us stands questioning his own future which is like the future of other classmates in nothing save its unanswerable inscrutability. Many have objected to our English phrase, "good-bye," on the ground that it is too hopeless; but, after all, it is the most appropriate word, for in a deep sense our parting is real and final. We met yesterday for the last time as undergraduates; to-day we meet for the last time as college students. From this day on, we occupy a different position and live a different life. Difference of thought and opinion, now lying on the outer edges of our lives and separating us but slightly, will divide us more and more deeply; and, as time passes, the years of separation will flow between us as an ever-widening flood, spanned only by a common memory and a mutual regard. But whether or not we are saying good-bye to each other, we are saying good-bye to the old college days. They, at least, will never come back. We have promised ourselves a reunion and look forward to it with hope of renewing the college memories and awakening the old college spirit; but we well know that they will not be the same, for Memory, when she comes, comes "sad-eyed with folded annals of our youth." Such attempts remind us of Scott's minstrel, who endeavored,

in the presence of his chieftain's daughter, to wake his harp to the old notes of triumph and defiance, but mingled with them wailed a lament for an age whose glory had departed. So I prefer the unadorned English phrase, which makes no delusive promises, but contains pleasant memories of a past spent together and kind wishes for a future to be spent apart.

And now, with what wish may we express the highest evidence of the friendship and interest we feel for each other? Shall we desire unbroken success and immunity from sorrow? We might; but it would be a vain and foolish wish. We are to live in the world and among men. We may be sure that somewhere across our path lies the inevitable shadow. But what does it matter? This does not make life ignoble. The responsibilities and opportunities of these four years have passed by forever; but the issue of the future, for honor or for shame, rests in no accidents of position or circumstances, but in our own hands. The man with high aim and firm purpose, with unselfish ambition, and longing for the ideal, knows no failure or defeat. For him and for him alone, all the experiences of life combine to pave the way to further achievement. I can wish nothing higher or happier for us than that through our lives, in joy and sorrow, in brightest sunshine and deepest shadow, there may remain with us the consciousness of duty well performed, of suffering nobly endured, all of life faithfully lived. In the hope of such a future, with many pleasant memories of our fellowship and with the assurance of an unfailing affectionate remembrance, I bid you all good-bye.

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## COLLEGE-LIFE REVEALS REAL CHARACTER.

(Valedictory.)

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GENTLEMEN of the Board of Trustees: We meet you with our greeting and with our farewell. Greeting the more warm because in this hour, when college seems most grand and dear to us, we first meet the silent men who have founded and fostered her greatness. In every one of those years you have been hearing the good-bye from boys who, for four years, had plucked the fruits of your fatherly labors and forethought. They lived their happy college-life. They stood before you a brief moment, and then went away over the wide, wide world. So we come before you to-day, a band of brothers who are to separate. May we have your blessing? You will have our living remembrance. College-boys may seem reckless, thoughtless of the sources of their good things, but beneath their surface gayety, as has often been said, they are the most earnest of men. Many a time the young engineer, musing beside his transit on the grassy terrace, the young toiler at Cicero or calculus, has been moved to higher effort by remembering that all about him were monuments of your generous planning. You have personified yourselves in all the influences thrown about us here, and our cheers and our loyalty to alma mater are largely cheers and loyalty to what you have done and are doing. With loving appreciation of your kindness, farewell.

Mr. President: You have taught us the lessons of a life devoted to noble purpose, allowing nothing to prevent its fulfilment. Perhaps the most helpful study for man is the study of individual lives, both



in their failures and in their successes. There it is that we find the great lessons of inspiration and of warning. In these years, during which we have looked on the actual process of building a strong and useful life, you have been helping to kindle aspirations which may move the world forward farther than you have ever dreamed. We appreciate your kindly interest in our welfare; we leave you with sincere regret. Farewell!

Gentlemen of the Faculty: Professors at whose feet we have so often sat, whose patience we have so often tried, whose best-laid plans we have often foiled by heedlessness, yet whose labors have been impressing powerful influences on our lives—how can we voice our farewell to you? There has been the silent good-bye for many of you as we were together for the last time in your class-room. In those last hours the commonplaces of question and answer, the quaint situations, the familiar twinkle of the eye, the handling of the name-slips, the endearing peculiarity of accent—all have had strange fascination for us. We dwelt on them as on the trinkets of a departed friend. As we turned away never more to be called up, never more to listen, to laugh, to think with you and the boys, the good-bye which we voice to you now, went then from heart to heart. We thank you for the sacrifices you have made for us, for the life-labor you have embodied in your teaching. We cannot repay you; promises are empty forms; but we trust, we know, that our lives, that every one of our lives will be centers of greater influences for good, for having sat at your feet. Good-bye!

Fellows of the Undergraduate Classes: To-day we leave you. We leave the old college in your care. You are to walk these halls and paths after we have wandered away. You will still make these groves and buildings ring with the cheers in which our voices have so often joined. You are to have the many little incidents, the quaint experiences, in class-room and campus, such as we have had. These things make us the more interested in you. We don't expect to be long remembered by each of you. Our places will be taken. But we are glad that we leave here strong-hearted, manly boys who love their college and will stand up stoutly for her when we have gone. We are glad that we leave men who will still appreciate the work of these, our much-loved professors. In the next two or three years, as one and another of us may straggle back to this old home, it will be cheering to find some of these familiar faces. But we shall be lonely many times when we think of the brotherly companionship had here with you. For most of you, for most of us, this is our farewell forever. Good-bye!

Classmates: We stand together for the last time. Our farewell must be spoken. We knew this must come; yet "good-bye" seems such a strange word. We have been trying to say it during these last days; we have tried to accustom ourselves to the thoughts of parting so that this last hour might be less sad. We thought we had done it partly. The end has come, but "good-bye" has not been said. We are nearer together than ever before. Somehow, everything in college-life tends to make classmates love one another. We haven't been perfect fellows. We have manifested traits that, out in the world, might have kept us apart; but together here, day by day, as weeks and months and years went by, as the conventionalities of living were thrown aside and



we came into touch with different sides of each fellow's nature, we found manliness, and earnestness, and reality, when the world with its colder gaze would see nothing but sham. Even our petty disagreements have brought out the generous and frank side of natures; we have been drawn together until we seem parts of the others' lives. Our little band has strolled along a pleasant way together, learning as we strolled. We have had time to listen to the singing of birds, to pluck a flower here and there, to loiter a little with jest and banter and song. Oh! yes, there were sorrows, sometimes; but there were cheering words to make us forget them. We have wandered along in this careless, happy way so many years that we almost forgot the forking of the road. We forgot that the road did not run clear through. To-day we have reached a dell where the road stops, where the scenery appears strange, where there is no way to go on but by little narrow footpaths that wind over hills and up valleys—some bright, some dark, but all lonely, so far as we can see. Each of us must take his path alone, and push on his own journey till death, sooner or later, overtakes him. Some of the paths lead at once into thick forest, some familiar faces will be seen no more. Some of our paths may be near together for awhile, and we can call to one another and renew old memories; but voices will grow fainter and become silent, one by one.

White-haired college boys sit about us here. We wonder, "Did they stand, as we do now, and bid farewell to young classmates?" Shall we stand, as they, so near the end of the journey, and think back over the years to this summer day when we said farewell and left one another? Oh, fellows, our lives must be cheery, happy lives. We want to carry sunshine out into the big world. Even at this time we don't want to darken life by sad thoughts. We know that the memories of these old college-days will brighten all the way. It is well that we have this meeting, the last look into one another's face before we go. We can keep the picture as a final memory of the old boys together. Boys, we can't stay longer. The moment of parting has come. Good-bye! From heart to heart, as we wait this moment, let there be breathed a silent, a last good-bye. Good-bye!

## BUILD CASTLES IN THE AIR.

(Valedictory.)

**M**Y Dear Young Friends: What shall I say to you, young men, graduates of ——. I am reminded of a story that an old friend used to tell. He was a repeater of the pronounced type. You know the class. A venerable old priest in Ireland was accustomed to preach Sunday after Sunday to his congregation the same sermon. Now he delivered it in Gaelic. (Perhaps it meant more in Gaelic.) I will not give you the original for two reasons: First, you are not likely to understand it; and secondly, I don't know how myself. The sermon was this: "Do good and shun evil, and you know how to do this as well as I can tell you." After all, my dear young friends, this is the sum of all ethics. This is the epitome of the whole scripture: "Fear God and keep His commandments."

Young men, your days have been days of peace in the land-locked waters of your alma mater. You have been watched over and guided

by watchful masters; you have been spurred by generous competitors; you have been buffeted by no great storm; but now you go forth into the open, where waves of opposition will bar your progress, where rivalry will stop at no means to defeat you. You must bend to your oars, you must be sustained by a manly determination to leave no means untried to accomplish your ambitions. You have builded castles in the air this many a day—and I pity the young man who has no day-dreams, who does not try to give to these airy fancies a habitation and a name. Gentlemen, build your castles in the air; with the brush of fancy give them the colors of the rainbow, and let the light of hope shine upon their pillars and their domes; but put under them the strong foundations of integrity of life; lay the courses of industry and sobriety; let the bond be perseverance—and there is no reason why, in twenty or thirty years from now, your alma mater should not rejoice to see that “the baseless fabric of a dream” has been realized, that phantom walls have been solidified into a real edifice, that your hopes have become consummated facts. What a glorious century you young and earnest men are living in. In all directions progress has made marked increase. The earth has been forced to give up her secrets; the sun has told the matter of which it is composed; man’s ambition has reached out to touch and hold converse with the stars. In the mechanical arts, wonders follow wonders. Man has not only taken Emerson’s advice and hitched his wagon to a star, but he has cabined the ethereal forces of the air and made them do his bidding. Of all things evanescent, he has captured sound itself, and the saying of Horace, “*Vox emissa nunquam revertit*,” he has discredited by the mysterious mechanism of the phonograph. You are to be congratulated, as citizens of the United States, that you will have a part and perhaps a directing voice in its future development, that upon you and others like you must depend the truth of the classic saying of the immortal Lincoln on the field of Gettysburg, “that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.”

## DAY WORTH REMEMBERING.

(Valedictory.)

**F**ELLOW Scholars: Another year of our school-life is finished. Many of us have come to-day for the last time. But, whether we go or stay, we shall all find abundant cause to remember our school with gratitude. Day after day we have assembled here, and the associations which cluster round this place—more vivid in our minds to-day than ever before—can never be forgotten. They will go with us through life, and form an important part in the experience of every one of us. The events of this day and of the past school days are to be remembered and recalled with pleasure, perhaps with pride, when we have passed far down the vale of years. As we hear the aged of to-day rehearse the scenes of their youth, so shall we revive the memories of our school when the battle of life has been fought, and we sit down to repose after the burden and heat of the day. Then little incidents, which seem now hardly worth telling, will possess deeper interest, and will linger fondly in the imagination. To-day, with its trials and its triumphs, will be regarded as an epoch in the career of some

of us; as a day worth remembering by all of us. We cannot take leave of these familiar walls, and sunder the pleasant associations which have bound us together, without acknowledging the debt of gratitude we owe to our school and to our teachers for their fostering care. We have too little experience of the duties and responsibilities of active life fully to understand and appreciate the value of the intellectual and moral training we have received, but we know that we are wiser and better for it. We know that without it we could achieve neither moral nor business success. To many of us the education we have obtained here will be our only capital in beginning life; and, whatever of wealth and honor we may win in the world, we shall be largely indebted to our school for the means of success. Let us, then, ever remember our school with affection and gratitude. Let us ever feel a noble pride in those who have so wisely and so generously placed the means of education within our reach. To school officers, and to teachers, we return sincere thanks for their hearty and continued interest in our welfare. And now, fellow-scholars, the class of this year will soon separate, never again to be united in the school-room. May prosperity and happiness attend both teachers and scholars in their future career!

## SENTIMENT RULES THE WORLD.

(High School Valedictory.)

Mabel A. Hill.

SENTIMENT has been an important factor in all great achievement. Science has revealed the mysteries and powers of nature; reason has searched for truth and found it; opinions have struggled for supremacy in the realm of debate; but when action has been necessary, sentiment has been the inspiration that has aroused men and women to the great deeds that mark the progress of the race. Love of home, love of country, love of fellow-men, love of God—these sentiments rule the world. They are higher than science; they are above mental attainments. The kiss of his mother made Benjamin West a great painter; a spirit of patriotism inspired the sailors in Manila harbor and the soldiers about Santiago; lofty sense of duty, and not desire for a day's pay, caused the elevator man in the burning hotel to die at his post in efforts to save women and children. Sentiment cannot be taught from books nor learned like a lesson in algebra. Every worthy emotion needs the inspiration of high ideals, the influence of noble lives, to foster its growth. The school wins the loyalty and retains the affections of those educated in it, not wholly because of the knowledge it imparts, but even more because of the sentiments and purposes it instils. Lessons learned from text-books may soon be forgotten. They are but the scaffolding of the building. The personality of teachers and the influence of schoolmates remain in the memory, in the heart, in the life. Let no one smile in derision if, on an occasion like this, some enthusiasm is manifested for our alma mater, and some sentiments of affection are expressed for those who, within its walls, have molded the characters and trained the minds of generations of pupils.

Gentlemen of the Board of Public Instruction: We feel that the



benefits received from our studies are owing in large part to your wise management. We desire to acknowledge the debt; and, as a class, to pledge ourselves to unceasing loyalty to the ideals that have made our city prosperous and our country great, united and free.

To ———, and to all our teachers, we give sincerest thanks. With patience and skill you have labored to make us strong, to train us to self-mastery, to fit us to use with efficiency the powers we have. Like soldiers, we have been under training for a great and noble battlefield. We should, indeed, be ungrateful did we not feel and express a sentiment of appreciation for the efforts put forth in our behalf. We realize our debt, and hope to pay it in part by using the strength we have gained in helping others, as you have helped us.

Dear Classmates: After pleasant years in school together the relation of schoolmates must be severed. We shall always look back to this period of our youth with happy memories. We now stand at the door through which we must pass into a sphere of new experiences. Heretofore, our steps have been guided by teachers and friends. Now we must choose our own paths and fight our own battles. If these years of preparation have fitted us to conquer difficulties, to face discouragements, and still press on to noble achievement, they have been well and wisely spent. A feeling of sadness mingles with our joy to-day, because we must bid farewell to our alma mater and to the scenes of so many seemingly trifling but really important events of our lives. If we feel that our duties have been cheerfully and faithfully performed, our time well employed, that we have done the best we could, there need be no real regret that we are four years nearer the larger activities of manhood and womanhood. But we have reached one goal only to see another ahead of us. Already we see what so many have realized, that the ideal is always far in advance of attainment.

"New occasions teach new duties,  
Time makes ancient good uncouth;  
They must upward still and onward  
Who would keep abreast of truth."

The future, upon which we are entering, promises opportunities for achievement greater than those offered by former years. The world's greatest battles have not yet been fought and its greatest victories have not yet been won. Hence, we may part, with high hopes and pleasant prospects. As we say farewell to our alma mater and to one another, let us resolve to find our work in this busy world and strive by earnest and persistent endeavor to win true success.

## JOY AND SADNESS—SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

(College Valedictory.)

THE honor has been conferred upon me of addressing you at this final meeting of the class. It brings with it a commingled feeling of joy and sadness—joy because we have reached the goal for which we have so long been striving; sadness because of the severing of long and intimate companionships. Yet there is an end to all things, "to the shortest path and to the longest lane there comes an end." In every varied tongue of earth we find one word, that word that

draws down the curtain upon the brightest scenes of earthly life—that word to give utterance to which we have assembled here to-night—that sad, sweet word, “farewell.” We breathe it tenderly, we breathe it earnestly, for it bears in its accent a blessing and a prayer.

To you, people of this fair city, we extend the parting hand with emotions of special regret. We came into your midst quietly, but we celebrate our departure; we came untried, unlearned, but we go bearing the marks of discipline; we came with our careers scarcely yet opened, but we go with our careers as students finished. To you we came as strangers, seeking knowledge, friends and home. In your midst we have tarried thus long with pleasure and profit. From your midst we shall, on the morrow, depart to pursue the mission we have chosen in the great outer world. Farewell, fair city. Farewell, friends, tried and true. Farewell, scenes and places grown familiar to our view, which time never can efface from our hearts’ fond recollections. When the brows that now flush high with youthful ambition shall become withered by age, perchance we shall look back as to a bright sunbeam amid the shadows of the past, to this dear place, to these well-remembered faces to which now we say, farewell.

There are those before us to-night who hold especial claims on our gratitude. Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees: We thank you for your care, for the interest you have taken in the welfare of those who come hither each year to your kind oversight. As we bid you adieu, believe that we shall ever cherish in our hearts the thought that to a great extent it is to you we owe the privileges we have enjoyed—the privileges of fitting ourselves for the noble and honored profession we are about to enter. If it be a joy to know that “labors of love are not all in vain;” if it be a pleasure to know that “seeds of kindness are bearing rich and abundant fruit,” may that joy and that pleasure be yours in fullest portion. May you ever be able to look with feelings of heartfelt satisfaction on all your efforts for the advancement of those enrolled on the register of your staunch and noble institution, and especially on this band whose lot it is now to bid you a long farewell.

Gentlemen of the Faculty, Most Honored Instructors: To you has been given the task of impressing directly on our minds those truths that shall develop the truest manhood of each nature, and of implanting into each brain and heart the germs of knowledge, whose perfect growth shall form lives of success, and whose fruitage shall be the crowning of well-spent lives. How well you have discharged this responsibility, the present but faintly shows; the future alone can tell how well and how faithfully you have labored in our behalf. We tremble as we leave you, for here we have relied on your wisdom, your guidance; here we have sought counsel and assistance from you who have ever been so willing to bestow it. Now we launch our little craft away, away from the shipyard, off the stock, away from the master-builder’s hands. We go to battle with the waves where there shall be none to guide or assist. Our own eyes must now watch the compass and scan the chart. Our own hands must hold the rudder. Farewell, kind, faithful teachers, farewell. If ever hours of dark defeat and failure come, bitterly shall we rue the neglect with which we have met, alas, too many of your monitions; and when the banner waves high



and the welkin echoes with glad shout of triumph, we shall think of you and say, that to you, to your wisdom and instruction we owe it all.

"The king is dead, long live the king!" Thus cried the royal courtiers. We too are inclined to "welcome the coming, speed the parting guest." As we move off this stage of duty, our places are quickly filled by others. We welcome you, fellow-students of the advancing class. You are to enjoy the opportunities we have enjoyed. May you improve them better. You will fill the places which we now fill. May you fill them more worthily. We leave you, too, and extend the hand of parting. What can we say more than farewell, except, to wish you well for the time to come? Together we have pursued our way through academic shades; we step out of them a little in advance, leaving you to linger there a little longer, and then to follow us, giving place to those who in their time shall follow you. In all the mazes of the future, in all that awaits you in the life to come, we bid you Godspeed and fare-you-well.

Fellow-Classmates: Our college days are ended. Here our friendship has grown into mutual affection. Here we drink from the same fountains, have the same brave thoughts and high aspirations for the future; but, as I have already said, there is an end to all, "to pleasure and to pain, to idleness and to toil." It well behooves us to step cautiously as we cross the threshold and emerge upon the dazzling sunlight and the deafening din and tumultuous whirl of the busy world. Think not that all is sunshine, nor that fame will wait on your bidding. "He who would win must labor for the prize." If the thought arises, are we adequate to the task of so shaping our course in life's dark maze as to reach the goal, the haven of success which we seek? let the success of others be our stimulus. But I will not dwell on this theme; the usual hackneyed platitudes concerning this great problem of life are already familiar to every ear; their echoes linger in every mind. We would fain linger here, but the words we might utter are too sacred. The solemn thought that this may be the last time our dear old class shall meet unbroken, chills and awes every heart. Forgetting, as we do, all the heart wounds of class rivalry, let us bear away from this place the precious casket of our strong, true love. Comrades, farewell. God be with every one; and, if our next meeting be in the great Hereafter, may an unclouded path of glorious labor, toil and triumph lead back and back amid and beyond the scenes of time's life to this time and to this spot where now we say "farewell."

## TOLERANCE THE BASIS OF LIBERTY.

(Valedictory.)

THE ancient world knew nothing universal. China's non-intercourse, of which her Great Wall is but a feeble symbol; Brahmin castes in India; the impassable barrier of Jew and Gentile; the English rural classes of little over a hundred years ago, to whom "stranger" and "enemy" were one word; Mohammedanism, universal only as universal intolerance—these have no hint of the brotherhood of man. Christ laid the first foundations of catholicity; the religion of love is the only universal religion. Yet, how slowly the principle has taken root in men's hearts, let the Inquisition, let Louis XIV., let

Salem,—nay, even within the memory of a generation, let American slavery bear witness! Little by little society has unfettered us, and yet our opinions have but begun to be free. Not only is intolerance at variance with every principle of liberty and every teaching of the gospel of love; it is open, as Mill has shown, to pertinent objections from a purely utilitarian standpoint. There is too great risk of rooting up the wheat of truth with the tares of error. Progress, too, is born of struggle, the conflict of all views develops the right, and it is the love issue which affects character and conduct. Finally, the perfection of individuality depends on freedom. Theory and practice agree. It is not only right, but it pays to have a broad mind and a liberal heart.

There is breadth, to be sure, which is shallowness; one may conceive himself catholic, because, having no foundation for belief and no concern for what he believes, he is "carried about by every wind of doctrine." But the true catholic recognition of others' opinions does not mean that we have none of our own. Tolerance, again, is not indifference. We must care whether right or wrong prevails. Catholicity is not stifling conviction for fear of offense, nor is it subservience to the will and thought of those who happen to possess greater power. Those who in deference to others' opinions deceive themselves as to their own, simulate in public what they do not believe in private, and take no step towards the realization of what they are convinced is truth, are cowardly, not catholic. Many delude themselves with such compromises, but catholicity is none of these. There is a sacred obligation to think independently, to think deep and clear, and to stand firmly by the outcome of one's thinking. But on the other hand, and perfectly consistent with this clear-sighted earnestness, is the broader universal sympathy, the true tolerance that springs from the realization at once of all men's worth and our own fallibility. Nay, rather, belief is the very foundation. He who has not thought deeply and thoroughly, and reached a conclusion, is in no position to be catholic, however wide his interests. But to have convictions is not necessarily to suppose that we have the monopoly of truth, nor to conceive ourselves incapable of error. The first element of catholicity is the honest recognition of the fact that truth and error are so distributed that every man has his share of both. When one realizes that he may be wrong, and others at least partly right, he has taken a long step forward.

Akin to this is the receptive spirit. It is hard to be corrected by an enemy or by those we deemed unworthy our contending. But truth is the object of our search wherever found, the priceless stone whatever the setting. To that mind which is most ready to receive shall most be given. The catholic spirit is one of generous sympathy. It is human, and "counts no human interest foreign." With justice, it accords to each his due, but it does more. It concerns itself with his thoughts; it tries to see from his standpoint; it recognizes brotherhood. This is the leaven which is transforming and yet to transform; this is the goal of philosophers and the dream of poets, for it is the very essence of that great commandment, "that ye love one another."

Catholicity is tolerant; not for the sake of ease, nor because error is ever useful, but for the sake of reclaiming the wanderer. Paul was "All things to all men"—why? That he "might save some." Catholicity is democratic. With it is liberty, for it denies the right of any to im-

pose his beliefs on any other. With it is equality. The pomp of power does not distort its vision; position and worldly circumstance do not disturb the balance of its scales. Class and rank, race and nation, give way to the one supreme fact of manhood, for catholicity is all-inclusive. It asserts at once the dignity of every individual and the unity of mankind. In the face of pride and prejudice, narrow thought and selfish action, it cries, "A man's a man." Justice and sympathy, breadth and depth, recognition of individuality, love of truth—this is catholicity. It is this which should be one of the first characteristics of the college-man. If the college-man has not taken the next step, and realized the host of other opinions in the world, he has made poor use of what we call liberal education. What in the same space of time can give a wider outlook than college training? We have studied history, to learn what other men have done; literature, for what other men have said; philosophy, for what other men have thought. Our faces have been turned to other races, other times, other callings than our own. We have had contact with a wide circle of teachers and learners, with all their diversity of interests. Yet with all this, college-life has also its narrowing influence. Living in an ideal world of our own, the actual, present world outside we lose sight of. The man of culture, when he comes once more into contact with those who have none, is prone to surround himself and look down. His very breadth is narrowness, because he finds so few on the same plane. To what end have we been here? Have we learned of books and of each other in vain? Is it for naught that they of old time and they of now have united to show us truth and stir our zeal? Nay, let us read the lesson aright: Go deeper; go wider. Make the most of yourself but not for yourself. "Freely ye have received; freely give."

To you, Mr. President, on behalf of the graduating class, let me offer our congratulations on the growth and increasing influence of the college to whose prosperity you have so zealously devoted your energies. And not for her sake only, but for our own as individuals, shall we remember you with honor and regard, for we have felt the impulse of the keen insight and the fine candor in which we have delighted, and know that you send us away with both clearer understanding and higher ideals.

Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees, we know that you have been back of this college, faithfully guarding her material interests and guiding her with undiminished prosperity through these trying seasons, and that in the same liberal spirit which has so transformed her in the last twenty-five years you now enter upon a richer trust and multiplied opportunities. We, your debtors, invoke the same success for your administration.

Gentlemen of the Faculty and beloved Dean, now that we realize that we are to sit as learners at your feet no longer we begin more justly to appreciate the worth of that daily intercourse. We have learned to honor you, not vaguely, because of your authority, but heartily, because, having met you face to face, we have seen your learning and ability, have found insight and uplift, and have known you to be sterling men. We have felt, too, your genuine sympathy with all our student interests; the wisdom and consideration, with which you have met a class of men so hard to please, is witnessed by the rare degree



of harmony which prevails between the faculty and student body of our alma mater.

Members of the Undergraduate Body, to you we commend the interests we have hitherto cherished together, knowing that your enthusiastic loyalty is no less than ours. But let us remind you that democracy is no less an element of our success, and our democracy, if anything, is in danger.

To us, the last class to graduate from the College of ———, henceforth to bear a prouder title and exert a wider influence, may be permitted the parting hope that the spirit of the college we have known may be the spirit of the university that is to be. An enthusiasm that never can be silenced, a loyalty unchanged in victory or defeat, a democracy truly catholic, which leaves each to stand on his own merits, and makes all one—that is the making of men. Whatever change there is in form and whatever expansion in equipment, we cannot insist too strongly that it is the same educational institution. This is no time for division or relaxed effort. In every great department of our college interest, our halls, our sports, our daily work, and our religion, let the enthusiasm extend to every part. If any of these activities seem to be flagging, be assured that their vitality is undiminished, waiting only for the renewal of that undivided interest which has always characterized our best endeavors.

Fellow-members of the Graduating Class, how large these four years of privilege seem as we look back upon them! Much we have lost, which it is now vain to regret. Much we have won, and henceforth we must render account of our stewardship. Do we realize that the measure of privilege is the measure of responsibility? What that privilege has been comes to us with amazing force in these last moments, and yet one word of warning. It is just possible that the two best influences of college-life should be each other's undoing. The very multiplicity of influences which broadens us makes it impossible to do justice to them all, class-work sometimes becomes veneer; we are satisfied with less than we are worth. On the other hand, earnestness of thought, whose contact makes for depth, may also narrow us. The college student is proverbially the harshest of critics; he is so used to the best that he has little patience with more ordinary thinkers. Shall this be? Is that, which should make us catholic, only to make us thorough; and that, which makes us earnest, makes us only narrow and intolerant? Surely our response shall be to the best in our environment, the hundred things noble, not the one thing low. In these four years we have learned to know and value one another; we have formed the unrivaled friendships of college life; we have shared our pleasures beneath these elms, and together we have read to the end of the long chapter of opportunities. There remain now only the last brief words of farewell,—words we may have heard so often here, words spoken through tears. Commonplace? Yes; but always with a new sadness. No amount of experience can make parting painless, nor yet give us words for what we feel. How much of memory and how much of hope is bound up in those two syllables, "fare-well"! How faithfully shall we cherish the remembrance of our college and our class! What is there of good that we do not heartily invoke for them both? We are drawn together now as we have never been before; the last hand-

shake has a new thrill in it. But the last hour has struck. With changeless love for our alma mater, with steadfast loyalty to one another, with a heart bent on high things, and broad enough for all—so go we forth, and Godspeed!

## ALWAYS LAST.

(Valedictory Poem.)

YOU'VE heard, kind friends, I have no doubt,  
 The story of the hapless lout,  
 Who had the hard, unlucky fate  
 To come into the world too late!  
 In reference to his sad case,  
 'Tis said his woful birth took place  
 Upon the last day of the year.  
 Added to this, the fact quite clear  
 That it was also the last day  
 Of the last month; and people say,  
 'Twas the last minute's dying stroke  
 Of the clock, that on the midnight broke.  
 I must be something like this man;  
 For, though I work the best I can,  
 With faithful students have been classed,—  
 Yet, somehow, I am always last!  
 I was not, therefore, much surprised,  
 When, at the last, it fell to me  
 To speak the valedictory.  
 And, added to it, was the sorrow,  
 That I must neither steal nor borrow;  
 But the said speech must emanate  
 Original from my own pate.  
 I knew I must perforce obey;  
 I tried to think of what to say;  
 I racked my fancy, brain, and mind,  
 Some fresh and new idea to find.  
 I was ambitious to prepare  
 A speech containing something rare;  
 I hoped to strike some stirring theme,  
 Pleasant and sweet as some fair dream;  
 But, 'tis a thing so hackneyed o'er  
 By orators who've gone before,  
 That it would take a genius bright,  
 A valedictory to write,  
 That would not be considered tame,  
 Much less add luster to a name.  
 Blood from a turnip can't be squeezed;  
 My conscience I at least have eased.  
 You know, I've tried to do my best,  
 And here we'll let the matter rest.  
 For your attention so polite  
 My earnest thanks receive—good-night!



## HARD LESSONS—HARDER TRIALS COMING.

(Valedictory Poem.)

Mattie L. Adams.

LAST night we stood with our teachers  
And our sad farewells were said;  
Our hearts were woven together  
Through trials we'd loved each other,  
Now to break the tie asunder  
Seemed a knell above the dead.

Each one had been often angry,  
And to each had inflicted a wound.  
Child-like, we had scolded and fretted,  
And daily we all regretted  
That the red sun yesterday even  
O'er our angry hearts sank down.

Many and hard were the lessons we learned,  
But we learned them bravely and well;  
For oft as we sat in the gloaming  
With minds all wandering, roaming,  
We strove with the strength of heroes  
And broke the alluring spell.

And oft, as the clock on the mantel  
Numbered the hours of night,  
We were learning our lessons on and on,  
Till chanticleer shrilly crowed for the morn;  
When with heavily drooping eyelids  
A mist came over our sight.

'Twas hard to have ourselves pent up  
And youth pass thus away;  
The moon revealed th' untrammelled sheep,  
Content we knew the earth at sleep,  
But we must toil on in the rugged path,  
Climb the same old hill from day to day.

But we've lost ourselves in dreaming  
Of our hardships that are past,  
They say we'll have harder trials,  
And keener self-denials,  
And recall these days as seasons  
That were far too lovely to last.

Howe'er it may be in the future,  
Full well we know that last night  
We wished our hearts had been stronger,  
Our lessons and sessions longer,  
And that we had pressed with more vigor  
To the glorious end of the fight.

We're going home, now, schoolmates,  
To a palace or a cell;  
But each will remember the other  
Ever as a brother,  
For we felt no proud distinction  
Last night when we said farewell.

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**"GOOD-BY BUT NOT FAREWELL."**<sup>99</sup>

(Valedictory Poem.)

Edith Putnam Painton.

**H**ERE, at the parting of the ways,  
We stand, and toward the future gaze;  
Our paths, that side by side for years  
Have kept us one in smiles or tears,  
Have run their course and God's great hand  
Leads out in ways none understand,  
While echo-like some far-off bell  
The words, "Good-by, but not farewell."

Together have we laughed and smiled,  
And many a happy hour beguiled;  
Together have we wept and prayed  
When life's dark shadows 'round us played.  
'Tis hard, indeed, to part from friends,  
Not knowing what the future sends,  
Yet vain regrets we try to quell  
And say, "Good-by, but not farewell."

We wonder, "Shall we meet again?"  
And idly question, "Where?" and "When?"  
But God alone can really know,  
So blindly on our ways we go.  
He who hath led us all life's way  
Is just as powerful to-day;  
And so we bravely try to tell  
These friends, "Good-by, but not farewell."

Farewell? No, no! On that far shore,  
Where friends shall meet to part no more,  
We'll bridge once more earth's farthest space  
And stand united face to face.  
There memory will assert its power  
Till we recall this parting hour,  
And say, 'neath heaven's blissful spell,  
It was "Good-by, but not farewell."

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'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark  
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.  
—Lord Byron.

## JUNIORS' FAREWELL TO SENIOR CLASS.

(Valedictory Poem.)

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Edith Putnam Painton.

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YOUNG lives are now leaving our harbor,  
No longer at anchor to be;  
Completed are all preparations,  
And bravely they strike out to sea;  
Four years have they been making ready  
Upon this life-voyage to start,  
But now every nail hath been driven,  
And the hour cometh on to depart.

Their friends to-night cluster around them  
To bid them a final adieu,  
To wish them success on their voyage  
As the channels of life they steer through;  
To warn them of turbulent eddies  
Against which no vessel can stand,  
To beg them to steer ever onward  
Direct to the heavenly land.

Our barks must be moored to the landing  
For one short and fleeting year more,  
When we, too, must pull up our anchor,  
And manfully push from the shore.  
Unnumbered routes lead from our harbor,  
And no two barks follow the same;  
But all end in one blessed haven,  
The port to which all mean to aim.

They will still go on learning new lessons,  
As through the dark breakers they steer;  
And often a storm-cloud will threaten,  
And the skies will look dull, dark, and drear;  
But the sun will be shining behind it,  
And will shortly send forth a bright beam  
To guide them in pleasanter channels,  
And show them a much clearer stream.

To-morrow, at even, the sailors  
Will push out upon the dark sea,  
And far from all danger of shipwreck,  
God grant they forever may be!  
Their voyage just opens before them,  
What its ending will be, who can tell?  
We know not; we only can murmur,  
"God bless you, dear friends, fare you well!"

## FATE—GRADUATE.

(Valedictory Poem.)

THE task has fallen to my share,  
 A valedictory to prepare;  
     But much I fear,  
     You who are here,  
 May think it but a poor endeavor,  
 And very far from being clever.  
     But please be kind,  
     And bear in mind  
 That 'tis a trying thing to stand  
 Before the savants of the land,  
 And give the proper air and tone  
 To composition all one's own.  
     Before I close  
     I now propose  
 To tender thanks to each of you  
 Who've seen our exhibition through.  
 We hope hereafter to appear  
 Before our friends from year to year,  
 Until it is each pupil's fate,  
 With honors high to graduate.

## GOOD SHIP, ALMA MATER.

(Valedictory Poem.)

THE good ship, alma mater, rides at anchor in the bay,  
 With all her colors flying, in the summer wind to-day,  
 Four years she stoutly bore us, but now the ocean's past,  
 And in the hoped-for haven she has landed us at last.

O good ship, alma mater, we bid farewell to thee;  
 Stand stately in the harbor, ride queen-like on the sea.  
 May never storm come nigh thee, may never tempest make  
 Thy mighty masts to quiver, thine oaken sides to shake.

Oh, you who sailed before us, in the good ship long ago,  
 We followed where you led us, stars above and sea below.  
 You led us like a beacon that lit the seething foam,  
 You led us like the glitter of a star that pointed home.

Oh, you who shall come after, we give you all God-speed!  
 Stand by the alma mater and serve her at her need,  
 Till you, too, pass the billows that hold you from the shore,  
 Till you, too, ride at anchor, and plough the waves no more.

O good ship, alma mater, a long farewell at last!  
 We're hopeful for the future, we're grateful for the past;  
 Sail on thro' sunny waters, with more than lips can tell  
 Of sorrow at our parting, we speak the last—farewell.

## ADIEUX AU COLLEGE DE BELLEY.

(Graduation Day Poem in French.)

Alphonse de Lamartie.

A SILE vertueux qui formas mon enfance  
A l'amour des humains, à la crainte des dieux,  
Où je sauvai la fleur de ma tendre innocence,  
Reçois mes pleurs et mes adieux.

Trop tôt je t'abandonne, et ma barque légère,  
Ne cédant qu'à regret aux volontés du sort,  
Va se livrer aux flots d'une mer étrangère,  
Sans gouvernail et loin du bord.

O vous dont les leçons, les soins et la tendresse  
Guidaient mes faibles pas au sentier des vertus,  
Animables sectateurs d'une aimable sagesse,  
Bientôt je ne vous verrai plus!

Non, vous, ne pourrez plus condescendre et sourire  
A ces plaisirs si purs, pleins d'innocents appas!  
Sous le poids des chagrins si mon âme soupire,  
Vous ne la consolerez pas.

En butte aux passions, au fort de la tourmente,  
Si leur fougue un instant m'écartait de vos lois,  
Puisse au fond de mon cœur votre image vivante  
Me tenir lieu de votre voix!

Qu'elle allume en mon cœur un remords salutaire!  
Qu'elle fasse couler les pleurs du repentir;  
Et que des passions l'ivresse téméraire  
Se calme à votre souvenir!

Et toi, douce Amitié, viens, reçois mon hommage;  
Tu m'as fait dans tes bras goûter des vrais plaisirs;  
Ce dieu tendre et cruel qui m'attend au passage,  
Ne fait naître que des soupirs.

Ah! trop volage enfant, ne blesse point mon âme  
De ces traits dangereux puisés dans ton carquois!  
Je veux que le devoir puisse approuver ma flamme;  
Je ne veux aimer qu'une fois.

Ainsi dans la vertu ma jeunesse formée  
Y trouvera toujours un appui tout nouveau,  
Sur l'océan du monde une route assurée,  
Et son espérance au tombeau.

A son dernier soupir, mon âme défaillante  
Bénira les mortels qui rent mon bonheur;  
On entendra redire à ma bouche mourante  
Leurs noms si chéris de mon cœur.



## ENTERING AN UNKNOWN WORLD.

(College Valedictory.)

WE, Class of 19—, have arrived at the end of our college life. Duty bids us say good-bye to the years of preparation, that we may enter more fully into the years of action. Yes, though it is an honor and a triumph to be here to-day on this platform, eagerly awaiting the moment when we shall, with beating hearts, receive that which is most dear to all college graduates, the Bachelor's diploma, yet we cannot but feel the pain of being torn from the happy associations of student life; from halls where, with varying success and failure, we endeavored for the sake of knowledge,—

“To scorn delights and live laborious days;”

from the play-grounds, where we so often felt the enthusiasm which comes with victory, or the depression that accompanies defeat; from the encouraging and kindly presence of our professors, words which only coldly express the amiability which they have manifested towards us. It would be impossible for us, who have had the privilege of passing through all the grades and classes of —, to enumerate the many impressions that vie with one another for recognition in our memories to-day. But our college days are no more. Never again as students shall we be admonished and instructed by our professors; never again shall we listen to their words of learning in the class-room. Yet I am sure that all we have learned by their teaching has taken firm root in our hearts, there to be, I hope, the foundation of great and noble deeds. In time to come, when we recall these days, we shall remember them as happy ones, never to be forgotten.

To you also, fellow-students, we must bid farewell,—you among whom we have enjoyed and spent many happy hours. Some of you, perhaps, we shall never again see; but we earnestly hope and pray that during the years you will remain here at —, your life will be as happy and as free from care as was ours. And now, dear classmates, we must bid a last good-bye. For years we have been united in all our intentions and pursuits; have assisted each other in daily intercourse; and now, when the day has come which we have so patiently and yet so eagerly awaited, a shadow casts a gloom over the sunshine of our joy, because we who have enjoyed comradeship for so many years to-day must part. To-day we enter into a world unknown to us, to fight the battle of life for which we have endeavored to prepare ourselves. We start out alone in pursuit of honor and success. We must be upright in all our dealings with others, if we wish to obtain for ourselves respect and renown. We have loved, honored and respected one another during our life here; let us, then, when we are each endeavoring to forge ahead in the race of life, remember this, and pray that each of us may obtain that success which our college and our friends expect from us.

Farewell, —, home of our youth, farewell; never shall the scenes and pleasures we have enjoyed within thy walls fade from our memories; in this our last and prolonged gaze all shall be firmly imprinted on our hearts. Not alone for ourselves shall we seek fame and

prosperity, but for you also shall we endeavor to attain and possess these worldly goods and honors. Success, happiness, whatever may be obtained in our future career, all—all of it will be attributed with grateful hearts to alma mater by the Class of 19—.

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“GOOD-BY.”

(Valedictory Poem.)

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THE golden glow of a summer's day  
Rests over the verdant hills,  
And the sunlight falls with mellow ray  
On fields and laughing rills;  
But ere its last beam fades away  
Beyond the mountain high,  
Our lips must bravely, sadly say  
The parting words, “Good-by.”

Kind friends and parents gathered here,  
Our gratitude is yours,  
For all your care and sympathy,  
Which changelessly endures.  
We've tried to use the passing hours  
So they would bring no sigh,  
When to our happy days of school  
We say our last “Good-by.”

Dear teachers, we shall ne'er forget  
The lessons you have taught:  
We trust the future may perfect  
The work your hands have wrought;  
And may they bring good gifts to you,  
These years that swiftly fly,  
And may you kindly think of those  
Who bid you now “Good-by.”

“Good-by!” it shall not be farewell,—  
We hope again to meet;  
But happy hours are ever short,  
And days of youth are fleet.  
There's much to learn, and much to do;  
Oh, may our aims be high,  
And ever lead toward that bright land,  
Where none shall say, “Good-by.”

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O woman! in our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,  
And variable as the shade  
By the light quivering aspen made;  
When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
A ministering angel thou.

—Walter Scott.

## PART VII.

### Graduation Day Programs

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#### GRADUATION PROGRAM HINTS.

Ruth B. Dame.

**G**RADUATION programs, to be thoroughly representative and appropriate, should present outline of work of class during the entire year. The most effective graduation program should be centered about one idea. Some of the simplest ideas of this kind are from the world of nature—flower or tree program. This appeals to children, and does not require great preparation. Flowers, songs, poetry, with short compositions by different children, are easily found and arranged. Birds also are readily converted into graduation material. These should all, however, have received distinct attention by the whole class, and appreciative walks should have laid the foundations of fresh enthusiasm. Study of famous buildings, during school year, forms basis of a successful graduation program. Pictures—cheap good pictures are obtainable—are a great aid. Teachers can supplement with history of, and legends connected with, famous buildings; children may write compositions on the buildings. It is easy to illustrate by comparing the arches, columns of buildings in town.

Graduation program may begin with the Egyptian pyramids. A composition on the labor of the captive Jews, secret chambers and mummies of kings and hieroglyphic hands uplifted in supplication for food, may be followed by a recitation of Napoleon before the pyramids. There is enough in this recitation to fire any child's imagination. Next comes the Parthenon. In connection with this children should know the position, early choice of the Acropolis for a stronghold, story of Persian wars, abandonment of Athens for safety of Greece; then, as citizens return to their safe but ruined homes, rebuilding of city about base of hill and consecration of the Acropolis to Athena. The legend of Poseidon and Athena, with contest of horse and olive-tree, is learned with stories in sculpture over the pediment. The Parthenon frieze gives opportunity for a splendid picture of the Panathenaic procession winding up the steps at the west and around the Acropolis. The gold and ivory statue by Phidias and the bronze image on the hill, made from the arms of the defeated Persians, are also extremely interesting; one almost sees the sailors watching far out to sea for the flash of Athena's great bronze spear. A splendid narrative poem to accompany this comes directly from Æschylus himself, in the account given of the battle of Salamis. History runs easily from Greece to Rome and the Colosseum, and compares games of Athenians in their Panathenaic festival with brutal gladiatorial combats of Romans. Traditions are found in Miss Brontë's "Golden Deeds," in "The Last Fight in the Colosseum." "The Death of Gaudentis" is an effective companion-piece. "The Last Days of Pompeii" furnishes material as easily adapted as the arena scene from "Quo Vadis." The story ends in Christian Rome; the step is quickly taken from Rome to the great

Christian Gothic cathedrals. An account could be well inserted of the Alhambra, with Irving as an aid.

Christian cathedrals have much to interest children. Form of the cross in which they are built should be mentioned, crypt of the saints, and the long arched aisles, through which filed, in solemn procession, with singing and swinging of incense, sweet-voiced choir-boys and cardinals in scarlet robes. The enthusiasm which fastened men and women to carts to drag stones of the great cathedral up the hill to Chartres, while they confessed their sins in pauses, is stirring, after all these centuries. Little technical knowledge can be easily understood of the great glass sides of the French cathedral, through which the sun streamed into the church and the bulwarks and pinnacles that carried the weight of the roof from the frail walls. Durham and St. Cuthbert are a good choice, with the story told by Scott in "Marmion." Canterbury is perhaps even better, for to Canterbury came Roman monks in response to Pope Gregory's famous words of English captives, "Non Angli, sed Angeli." St. Dunstan and his contest with the devil follows, and then Thomas a Becket and the Canterbury pilgrims.

Then, still choosing representative buildings, we may skip from the old world to the new and select the most famous old building of which the children have personal knowledge. Fanueil Hall, Boston, offers excellent material, and can be accompanied by Whittier's poem. Every teacher's knowledge will suggest available buildings.

## RURAL SCHOOL COMMENCEMENT.

Margaret Gordon.

**F**OLLOWING program is based on supposition that teachers in rural district have park or woods available. In case of bad weather, schoolroom may be transformed into wood scene.

Monday.—School is called at usual time. Promotions and rearrangement of classes are attended to. Pupils, wearing class-colors, march in classes to park or woods where lunch is served, coffee or cocoa being made over bonfires, followed by picnic frolics.

Tuesday.—Class Day. Program may be given at school or outdoors. If given outdoors, and if boy is class historian he may be dressed in Mother Goose costume as the Wise Man "who scratched out both his eyes," boy being blindfolded and repeating the history as if he were blind. Another feature is a hypnotic stunt. Two boys dressed as professors of occultism—long ulsters, silk hats, white spats, gloves, etc.—give class history together. One boy represents hypnotist professor, while other boy is the victim, who, being in hypnotic condition and therefore not responsible, gives away class secrets. If girl is class historian, she may appear as Mother Hubbard, who goes to cupboard, and, finding it bare, recites rhyme telling where she went, what she found out about her class and their past. Class poem may be read by "lost child," who proves that she was lost trying to find material for her poem. If exercises are outdoors, classes circle or march round bonfires singing their respective class songs. If gifts to teachers or outgoing class are made, they should be presented on this day. Every Senior should take part in program.



Wednesday.—Clearing up of year's work and preparing for the morrow. At evening Senior class may hold formal reception either at school or at private house. Girls carry flowers. Such a function is taking the place of the old-fashioned platform bedecked with floral gifts.

Thursday.—Graduation Day. Exercises may be held either indoors or outdoors. Graduating essays are giving place to an address by prominent person, by whose coming audience is better pleased and school is brought into greater prominence. A unique feature, in one school, was originated by a boy saying, "let's do it up brown;" whereupon all boys wore brown suits, brown shoes, brown gloves, straw hats with brown bands. Girls wore white dresses, brown shoes, brown ribbons, brown parasols. Another school reports presenting stage-picture called "Rainbow of Promise." Stage was draped in gray and lavender class-colors. Girl graduates wore gowns and mortarboard hats of different rainbow colors. The one boy graduate wore purple cap and gown. Pupils sat in semicircle to form rainbow. Graduates read short essays and were presented with diplomas.

## GRADUATION DAY PRIZE CONTEST.

**I**N many boys' schools it is the custom each spring to select a dozen boys who have done the best work in elocution throughout the year, and allow them to appear in a prize contest. From these twelve boys, the six whose work is deemed best by the committee, are chosen to appear on program. Below is a program which may be given exactly as it reads, or may be subject to any changes deemed suitable. All pieces have been tried, and have proved attractive.

### PROGRAM FOR BOYS.

1. Race for Life.....J. Fenimore Cooper
2. Capture of Major Andre .....Chauncey M. Depew
3. Elijah Brown.
4. Bob .....Henry W. Grady
5. James Henry in School.....Emily Selinger
6. Festival of Mars .....Eldridge S. Brooks
7. Franz .....Wells T. Hawks
8. Jest of Fate .....Sam W. Foss
9. Sunshine Johnson.
10. The Dollar .....Walter S. Logan
11. Siege of Cuautla; Bunker Hill of Mexico..Walter S. Logan
12. Ole Bull's Christmas .....Wallace Bruce
13. Garfield .....Frank Fuller

### PROGRAM FOR GIRLS.

1. Rose of Rome.....George Henry Galpin
2. Naughty Little Comet.....Ella Wheeler Wilcox
3. Ballad of Sweet P.....Virginia W. Cloud
4. Sally Ann's Experience.....Eliza C. Hall
5. My Childhood's Love.....Charles Kingsley
6. Tarpeia .....Louise Imogen Guiney
7. When George Was King.....Theodosia Pickering
8. Trying the "Rose Act".....Marietta Holley
9. The Witch .....Virginia W. Cloud
10. Bud's Charge .....Louis E. Van Norman

(All these selections are in "Werner's Readings and Recitations No. 22"—35 cents in paper, 60 cents in cloth binding.)



## PART VIII.

### Graduation Day Gifts

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#### GIFT TO A GIRL GRADUATE.

Carolyn Wells.

**S**UITABLE gift may be made from blank-book or scrap-book filled with scraps or incidents from school or college-life. If blank-book is used, cut out groups of four to six leaves at intervals throughout book. Cover design may be pen-and-ink sketch pasted on cover, with name of book in center, or anything else ornamental, made as elaborate as desired. Name of book may be "A Day in June." Decorate first inside page in form of frame and into frame insert photograph of maker of book. Under photograph write:

"An unlesioned girl, unschooled, unpracticed;  
Happy in this, she is not yet so old  
But she may learn."  
—Shakespeare.

On opposite page begin "Contents," arranged alphabetically and giving page where each thing is found. Make "Contents" pages as attractive as possible. Write "Contents" on right-hand page only. In middle of next (left-hand) page, write:

"The world is so full of a number of things,  
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."  
—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Around quotation make marginal sketches of books, fans, flowers, tea-cups, pictures, bicycle, boat, banjo, golf-stick, or any special hint of recreation your friend is fond of. Next left-hand page is devoted to picture of schoolhouse or college buildings. Decorate around picture and write name of school under picture. Just below design write:

"Still sits the schoolhouse by the road."  
—Whittier.

Next pages are used for photographs of favorite teachers. Arrange group of bordered spaces for insertion of photographs. Place following quotation at beginning of photographs:

"I count myself in nothing else so happy,  
As in a soul remembering my good friends."  
—Shakespeare.

Page (having pretty border) for teachers' autographs may have series of lines indicating place for each teacher's name. At bottom of page put:

"Taught thee each hour one thing or another."  
—Shakespeare.

Class photograph page should have attractive border. Beneath border:

"A bevy of fair women."  
—Milton.

Page for class members' autographs should have under last name:

"Companions  
That do converse and waste the time together,  
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love."  
—Shakespeare.

Page for class-colors should either have class-colors painted in, or bits of ribbons forming class-colors sewed or pasted in. A pretty idea is to sketch a flag-pole, from top of which floats tiny silk flag representing class-colors. Below, put quotation:

"Thoughts, master, are masked under such colors."  
—Shakespeare.

Class-motto page: Write motto in center of upper half of page. In lower half of page paste or paint in class-flower, under which write:

"Hast thou the flower there?"  
—Shakespeare

Class-yell page: If yell is musical, draw music staff with requisite notes. If yell is simply spoken jargon, print it in bright colors, with comic heads screaming with all their might, or use any other funny conceit. If faces are too difficult, draw in a crowing hen. Write below yell and decorations:

"With timid accents and dire yell."  
—Shakespeare

"I should think your tongue had broken its chain."  
—Longfellow.

Page of grinds: Decorate page with jester's stick, cap and bells. Below decorations put:

"A college joke to cure the dumps."  
—Dean Swift.

For class-day program page use tiny decorations in corners, leaving plenty of space for program to be pasted in. Put at bottom of page:

"To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time."  
—Shakespeare

Commencement gown page: If white muslin gown is worn, charming effect may be made by decorating gown with tiny flowers, gloves, slippers, lace handkerchief, and any other accessories of costume. Or if college cap and gown are worn, use design of Portia-like maiden, dressed in black silk gown and mortarboard. Put below flowers or design:

"And in a college gown  
That clad her like an April daffodilly."  
—Tennyson.

Newspaper clippings page: Use corner decorations of ink-bottle and quills, or clipping-shears and paste-pot. Place at bottom of page:

"Praise me not too much,  
Nor blame me, for thou speakest to the Greeks,  
Who know me."  
—Bryant's "Homer's Iliad."

Other pages may be added. On last page of book put either of following quotations:

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;  
Do noble things, not dream them all day long."  
—Charles Kingsley.  
"The child is a woman, the book may close over,  
For all the lessons are said."

—Jean Ingelow.

# PART IX.

## Graduation Day Plays

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### GRADUATION AT MISS LURCH'S BOARDING-SCHOOL.

(Burlesque Play.)

Ella F. Eastman.

#### Characters.

#### THE FACULTY.

MISS LURCH—Principal and Professor of Vocal Music.  
MARGARET PRIMEVIL, A. B.—Mathematics.  
MLLE. REUCHE—French and German.  
ROXIE SWIRBUCKLER, A. M.—Sciences.  
RODERICKA RANDOM, Ph. D.—Greek.  
JEAN LIND, Ph. D.—English.  
ARDELLE LA SALLE.—Violin.  
ANN SWITZER—Piano.  
CARL VIBERG, A. B., A. M., Ph. D.

#### THE GRADUATES.

ANN SPITZPOODLE,	FAITH PURITAS,
JEAN DOOLITTLE,	HENRIETTA MARYLAND,
MARGUERITE TACOMBER,	HELENE ASHTREE,
NELL ANN TEWKSBURY,	DOROTHEA LIZZARD,
ALICE MARIA WIGGLESWORTH,	EMMA GROSBERGER.

Costumes and Music: Costumes are simple, and to suit characters.  
If desired, piano music may be substituted for orchestra.

Scene: Platform; class-motto on wall at back of platform, "Nihil Sine Labore." At rise of curtain, faculty, principal, and Dr. Viberg are on platform. All remain standing until Graduates march upon platform, then all sit at same time.

Time of playing: Forty minutes.

#### PROGRAM.

March.....	Ann Switzer
Selection .....	Orchestra
Salutatory.....	Alice Maria Wigglesworth
Class History.....	Nell Ann Tewksbury
Selection .....	Orchestra
Oration .....	Faith Puritas
Address.....	Carl Viberg
Class Prophecy.....	Helene Ashtree
Selection .....	Orchestra
Class Poem.....	Marguerite Tacomber
Class Will.....	Jean Doolittle
Selection .....	Orchestra
Valedictory .....	Ann Spitzpoodle
Selection .....	Orchestra
Conferring of Diplomas.....	Miss Lurch
Singing of the Class Ode.....	By Class
Parting Word .....	Carl Viberg

## SALUTATORY.

Gallia est omnis divisa in partis tris, quarum unam incolunt Belgae, aliam Aquitani, tertiam qui ipsorum lingua Celtae, nostra Galli appellantur. Hi omnes lingua, institutis, legibus inter se differunt. Gallos ab Aquitanis Garumna flumen, a Belgis Matrona et Sequana dividit.

## CLASS HISTORY.

It was in September, —, when the famous Class of — filed in order to the chapel to receive its first words of welcome from our much beloved principal, Miss Lurch. We received thorough instruction in manners, street conduct, diet, and all that goes to make a boarding-school complete. One famous incident I remember happened at our first chapel meeting,—Ann Spitzpoodle was on time, the only time in her four years at Lurch's. Our first year was spent in beginning Latin, algebra and French, most of our classes being with Miss Lurch, much to our disgust and horror. Helene Ashtree was caught using a "trot" during our first week in Latin, and, as punishment, was obliged to recite a poem in Latin at each chapel exercise for the rest of the term. Many of our class distinguished themselves in algebra by flunking the first term, which, Miss Lurch declared, was the result of eating too many sweets and attending too many midnight spreads. Although we were Freshmen, we were after all treated very kindly by the upper classmen. In fact, our only punishment was our weekly reception to the faculty which was exceedingly boresome and exasperating.

However, with various experiences and trials, we entered the second year of our career with several additional members to our class, among them, Faith Puritas, who became a favorite of Miss Lurch's for her precise manner and wonderful command of language. Miss Lurch said that Faith used less slang than any other girl she had had in school. During our Sophomore year we gained wonderful confidence in ourselves, so much so that Alice Maria Wigglesworth tested her fire-escape and fell three stories, coming out with only a sprained ankle, much to the joy of her classmates. Dorothea Lizzard, always wishing to manage the dormitory, took Miss Greenwood's place one night, rang the last bell and called forth, much to her surprise, Miss Greenwood clad in night attire. There were rousing shouts from the corridors,—Dorothea's aim was accomplished. Miss Greenwood was at last seen as her real self, all artificiality left behind in her room. One evening, near the end of our second year, Miss Lurch announced in chapel that her Sophomore class was the finest in French she ever had had. Thereupon the whole class rose and gave her the "Chautauqua salute," which we had been taught by Miss Lurch was the highest honor that could be paid to a person.

Thus we entered our Junior year filled with the hopes of having but one more year in the Lurch penitentiary. Some of our class this year were caught breaking the food rule and were seen to crawl out of the cellar window in — Tea-Room by Miss Lind, our much-beloved English teacher. Jean Doolittle, who had a reputation for eating more than anyone, was the victim of the worst punishment. She became caught in the window and could not move until assisted by the police.

Now for the grand old Senior year, some of us to go on to college,



others to make their debut in the most gorgeous of —— society. Each Monday afternoon of this year was devoted to etiquette, how to use good grammar, the introduction of society slang, which was one of the most pleasing features of Miss Lurch's. Our annual Senior "Prom." gave us the first chance of dancing a round dance with a young gentleman, leaving the dear old square dances for Miss Lurch and the undergraduates. So to-day we stand on the threshold of marching out into the world, having spent four years of varied experiences in this our dear old boarding-school.

#### CLASS ORATION.

This part is omitted. It is a false part. Miss Lurch says in regard to it: "My dear friends, the Class Oration will be omitted this afternoon, as Faith Puritas has been taken suddenly ill with an attack of angina pectoris. It gives me great pleasure to have with us this afternoon Dr. Carl Viberg, who will address the graduating class. Dr. Viberg is known not only in Paris, New York, and Chicago, but in all the United States as well—Dr. Viberg."

#### DR. VIBERG.

Miss Lurch, Members of the Graduating Class, and Friends: It gives me the most ecstatic pleasure to-day, after traveling from —— to ——, to greet you. It was but a short time ago that I was reading in the "Astrological Phenomena" that boarding-schools are the most fit place for woman. The equilibrium and the superabundant acquirements of all the classics and the use of applied science in promulgating the art of gastronomy tend to make woman an encyclopedia of scientific idioms. Thomas A. Edison says, I believe, "Haste makes waste," so I beg you in all your tasks of life to take everything with due deliberation, always mindful that, whatever calling in life you may embrace, there is nothing on this mundane sphere approximating a profound, well concatenated ratiocination.

#### CLASS PROPHECY.

'Tis June; the warm air of summer blew softly about me, as I sat on the veranda awaiting the airship which was to take me on a pleasure trip, after my hard year's work as a teacher. Hark! a buzzing and a humming sound! Oh, yes, here was the machine. I seized my suitcase; and, as the ship was well filled, I was obliged to sit near the front. I did not care, however, as I wanted to see all the sights. The first place we stopped at was ——, one of the leading suffrage cities. In fact, every important position in —— was filled by a woman, with Ann Spitzpoodle Chief of Police, Faith Puritas Judge of Police Court, Alice Maria Wigglesworth Chairman of the Board of Aldermen. These dear classmates seemed indeed happy in their various vocations. As for myself, coming from —— as I did, I had that gaunt feeling, a person usually has, after a year of hard labor and struggle. A cup of coffee, in this state of my feelings, obtained at the —— Hotel, now managed by Henrietta Maryland, revived me, and I was able to walk up —— Street like a new person. A glance at various signs attracted my attention, but one more than the others. I read in an excited state of mind "Nell Ann Tewksbury, Pension Claim Agent, Estates Solicitor, Justice of the Peace."



"—— Times!" "—— Times!" came a shrill cry from a news-boy, "all about the change in ownership of Lurch's Famous Boarding-school." Yes, there in large red headlines, were the words: "Jean Doolittle, now prominent in educational circles, becomes principal and owner of Miss Lurch's Boarding-school." Taking a car up —— Street, I was sternly saluted by Marguerite Tacomber as motorman; and by Dorothea Lizzard, as conductor, both exceedingly efficient and trustworthy in their positions. "——'s, the largest dry-goods store in the city of ——," cried the conductor. I hastened to the car-door, and, after the usual trouble in alighting from a crowded street-car, I entered this remarkable store. Emma Grosberger was buyer and floor-walker in the tango sash department, and I learned later was very well known in her line of work. But the time for returning to —— had arrived. I pressed a button, and, as if by magic, the airship awaited me to leave ——, a city much to my heart's delight.

#### CLASS POEM.

Now, hark, the tolling of the curfew-bell,  
Its ringing seems to say that all is well;  
Nay, 'tis not so within each throbbing heart  
As on life's journey we'll soon depart.

Oh, thou, tedious study who greets each dawn,  
Aye for e'er thou wilt live when we are gone;  
Thou hast made us humble servants of thine;  
Ah, thou hast led us by thy hand divine.

Now our weary eyes are filled with tears  
As we oft look back on these four years;  
Oh, Faculty, beloved, and Miss Lurch too,  
You have helped us in our work to do.

Farewell to these classic halls of fame,  
We'll ever glory in thy grand old name;  
Victory be our watchword for thee  
As now we launch upon life's restless sea.

Thou art alma mater, to us so dear  
That we shall cherish thee year by year;  
Farewell, farewell, this day to thee we'll say,  
As in this great world we shall make our way.

#### CLASS WILL.

Be it known that we, Class of ——, of the Lurch Boarding-school, in the County of ——, and State of ——, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do make, publish and declare this instrument to be our last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills by us made. (1) We order our executor hereinafter named to pay all of our just debts. (2) We give and bequeath the sum of forty-nine cents to be used as a permanent fund in remodeling Miss Lurch's sleeves and dresses in general. (3) We give and bequeath all the flowers and ribbons worn by us to-day to the Class of ——, to be used by them in decorating for their Commencement exercises. (4) We do bequeath to Miss Lurch the use of all slang and the right to the hesitation waltz, the tango, one-step, Venus waltz, and all

the rags. (5) We give and bequeath to Dr. Primevil, our "Math." teacher, the right to prohibit the use of all originals in geometry. (6) We give and bequeath the sum of \$1.49 for the purpose of purchasing a room in cold storage in which to preserve the white lilacs in Miss Lurch's hair. (7) We give and bequeath to the Lurch Boarding-school all the residue in our class treasury for the purpose of purchasing plenty of food to relieve the monotony of our everyday menu. (8) We give and bequeath all our slashed skirts, Marcel waves, and French heeled slippers, to Miss Lind, our English teacher. (9) We give and bequeath all our discords, classic music, and broken violin strings to Mlle. La Salle, our violin teacher. (10) We give and bequeath the right to break all rules, and our privilege of giving "Chautauqua salutes" to celebrities who shall visit the school in coming years, to the Class of \_\_\_\_\_. Signed, sealed and declared by the above-named Class of \_\_\_\_\_ to be their last will and testament in the presence of us who at their request have signed our names as witnesses thereto.

Amos Knowlitt Babcock,  
Arthur Wilbur Snobbish,  
William Dunster Dingley.

#### VALEDICTORY.

Farewell! Farewell! Oh, dear old halls of Lurch. May slang be used and rules be broken! Take this as a parting word from the Class of \_\_\_\_\_. We are in many ways sorry to leave the dear old school and the gym. For what shall we do without our Indian-clubs and dumb-bells? We'll die for want of breaking rules, and how sad we'll feel not to be able to return and get some of those stewed prunes and rice with syrup. But still another thought, the saddest of all, comes to our minds as we look into the future and know that we too shall soon look like Miss Lurch, a prim, sedate maiden lady. To the honored faculty we owe many thanks; we wish to impress upon them that, though we'll not be back another year, we weep, yes "melancholy," because we never can be as learned as they are. We can say, however, that we are "deelightened" to be able to do the round dances with the gallant young men and leave the dear old square dances to Miss Lurch. To you, dear classmates, who have been kind friends of mine through all the scrapes which I have passed in these four years, I greet and thank you this day. Let us say to each other as I believe Brutus said to Cassius: "Do or Die" in all the hard tasks of life.

Oh, school days that are now past,  
Thy bonds have ever held us fast;  
Farewell—I bid Faculty, Principal, and  
Classmates, Farewell!

#### CONFERRING DIPLOMAS.

It is with a feeling of deep regret that I graduate you a class of noble and pure-minded young women. You are to me as beautiful roses who bud and blossom and flit away into life's hallways never to return again. In all my fifty-eight years as promoter of education I never have graduated a class with such high honors as the Class of \_\_\_\_\_. Some of you, it seems to me, have reached the very acme of etiquette and scholarship and these are upon my honor list. [Reads.] Marguerite Tacomber, Faith Puritas, Emma Grosberger, Alice Maria

Wigglesworth. It deeply grieves me, however, to say that some of you must needs receive smaller diplomas than others, for you were caught dancing the tango and did not have your lights out at nine-forty-five. Class of —— will now rise to receive diplomas.

CLASS ODE.  
(Air: "America.")

The parting day is here,  
From friends so true and dear;  
From these halls gay,  
We'll ne'er forget the place,  
Nor Miss Lurch's kindly face  
So now, we'll say with grace,  
Farewell, to-day.

PARTING WORD.

Let these be the final words which I desire to impress upon you:  
"Hitch your wagon to a star."

## VILLAGE VIEW DEBATING-CLUB.

(Negro-Dialect Comedy.)

Helen E. Brown.

CHARACTERS.

CHAIRMAN.

SECRETARY.

DEBATERS { MISS AMERIKY JONES ("Water").  
MISS MELIE JOHNSON ("Land").

MEMBERS.

**COSTUMES:** Up-to-date costumes of stylish colored women. Masks of soft material, black or brown, may be worn, if one does not care to blacken face. Masks are made to fit over entire head and face, and are shoved into neck of gown all around. Places for eyes, nose and mouth are cut out of masks. Eyes and nose may be blackened, and mouth reddened, with grease-paint and rouge. Hats and bonnets are worn in such fashion as nearly to cover hair. Debaters wear black Jersey or silk gloves. Members wear gloves of any color. Fans or umbrellas may be carried.

**ENTERTAINMENT:** Success of entertainment depends largely on life put into action, and easy flow of dialect.

**SCENE:** Room in which club is held, table in center, behind which is presiding officer's chair. To left of table three chairs for committee; on each side of table chair for debater; around room chairs for members, debaters and committee. On table song-books and small bell.

[Enter three MEMBERS, who look around as if surprised to find no one there.]

1ST MEMBER. Massy sakes! I b'lieve we's de fust ones here!

2D MEM. 'Clar fo' goodness, I b'lieve we is!

3D MEM. Well, law, I didn't know we's comin' so early!

[Enter two other MEMBERS.]

1ST MEM. W'y here done come Sis' Green. [*Goes to meet her, holding out hand.*] How you do, Sis' Green! It's powerful glad to see you.

SIS' GREEN. It's just toler'ble, thank ye; how's yo'self?

[*All shake hands with newcomers and continue conversation in low tone. Enter three MEMBERS.*]

1ST NEWCOMER. No, we's not de fust, neither; I knowed we wa'n't too soon!

[*They are greeted by other MEMBERS with shaking of hands and loud kisses. Some wander about room or fall into groups, continuing greetings and talk in low tones. MEMBERS come in by twos and threes until all, except CHAIRMAN, have arrived. Last two come in hastily and out of breath, one saying:*]

Law, I was afeared you had dun commenced, and [*fanning vigorously*] I jist had ter run ter git here!

ALL. Sh———! Sh———!

[Enter CHAIRMAN. *All rush forward eager to greet her and bow very low as she shakes hands with them. They ask her questions as, "How you do dis even', Miss Chaarman?" "Is you well?" "You're lookin' well." ]*

CHAIRMAN [*going to table and tapping bell*]. Meetin' please come to order an' members please take dere seats. [*All scramble for chairs.*] Sis' Adams, will you please han' roun' de books? [*SIS' ADAMS takes books from table and hands one to CHAIRMAN, and one to every two or three MEMBERS, there being not enough for each to have one.*] We'll open dis meetin' by risin' up an' singin' on number two hundred.

[*All turn to page, rise and sing, CHAIRMAN beating time. As they sing, MEMBERS keep time with their heads, then with hands, finally with bodies, so while last stanza is sung, all are in a sway. Sing in high key and not too fast.*]

Frien's dey come, frien's dey go,

While on dis yaarth we stan';

Dere come erlong joy, dere come woe,

While on dis yaarth we stan';



Soon we'll all be leabin',  
 Soon we'll all be leabin',  
 Soon we'll all be leabin',  
 For de happy lan'.

Dere's much ob comfort, much ob pain,  
 While on dis yaarth we stan';  
 Dere's brightest sunshine, drearest rain,  
 While on dis yaarth we stan';  
 Soon we'll all be jinin',  
 Soon we'll all be jinin',  
 Soon we'll all be jinin',  
 De blessed, happy ban'.

Den from wickedness an' sin,  
 While on dis yaarth we stan';  
 Let us make us pure within,  
 While on dis yaarth we stan';  
 So when we are leabin',  
 So when we are leabin',  
 So when we are leabin',  
 We'll reach de happy lan'!

[*Rolling eyes upward, MEMBERS take seats.*]

CHAIRMAN [*standing*]. Secretary, please read de minutes ob de las' meetin'.

SECRETARY [*coming forward, book in hand, from which she reads*]. De Village View Debatin' Club met conjointly an' togedder in de specious room fitted up by de active members on las' — [*week before this is presented*] night. Meetin' was call' to order by de opperficious chaarman, an' opened by risin' up an' singin' on number seventy-six, after which we listened to a animated an' eddyfyin' debate 'twixt Miss Mandy Whittle an' Miss Susanna Minton, de question ob which was: "Which is de mos' becomin' to de mos' complexions, de shade ob red or de shade ob yellow?" De committee decided in favor ob de red. Miss Ameriky Jones an' Miss Melie Johnson was app'inted to perform de debate ob de nex' meetin'. After de debate, de members departed de hall to meet agin de nex' week. Dere was present twenty-fo' includin' officers an' members.

CHAIRMAN. Does yo' all agree to de readin' ob de minutes?

A MEMBER [*rising*]. Miss Chaarman, I move de secretary forgot dat speech dat Sis' Ellis made; I move dat fine speech be put in.

ANOTHER MEMBER [*rising*]. I second dat motion.

CHAIRMAN. It has been moved an' seconded dat de secretary forgot de fine speech Sis' Ellis made las' week; all in favor ob puttin' it in say "aye," contrary, "no;" de "ayes" am bigger dan de



"no's" so Miss Sècretary please see dat de speech go on de book. Any mo' objections? If not, dey be as dey is. Ladies an' gemmen, we members ob dis female debatin' sòciety am here dis night to hear a debate 'twixt Miss Ameriky Jones an' Miss Melie Johnson, de question ob which am: "Which hab produced de mos' wonders, de lan' or de water?" Miss Jones an' Miss Johnson please come forward, an' take dere seats. I p'int Miss Bytha Allen, Miss Cloe Jenkins an' Miss Manthy Ballard to ack as committee, an' dey will please come forward an' take dere places in dis row ob seats fixed here for dat purpose. [*They take seats.*] Water takes de lead; Miss Jones can begin.

[MISS JONES *sits on right of table*, MISS JOHNSON *on left*.]

MISS JONES [*rising*]. Miss Chaarman, geographers tell us dat one-quarter ob de yaarth's surface is lan' an' three-quarters is water; in one squaar foot ob dat water is more wonder dan in forty squaar rods ob de lan'. Dese chillen settin' 'round hyar can figger on dat. Dat's a argyment I introduce jus' to keep de chillen quiet awhile. When you spill water on a table, it spreads out all thin—on a clean table, I mean. Now, s'posen de table's dusty. Note de change. De water separates in globules. Fer de information ob some ob de folks I would 'splain dat globules is draps, separated draps. Now, why is dat? Isn't dat wonderful? Can de lan' do like dat? No, ma'am. Dere's no sich wonder in de lan'. [*Drops into chair and fans.*]

MISS JOHNSON [*rising*]. Miss Chaarman, I don't see nothin' wonderful in de water, gettin' in drops on a dusty table. Dat's de natcher ob de water. Dere's nothin' wonderful in anythin' actin' accordin' to natcher. S'posen it wasn't its natcher, what cause it to get into drops? De dust! De dust! Dat am de pulverized lan', de lan'! De wonder's in de lan', after all. Miss Chaarman, Miss Jones makes no argyment for de water at all, but all for de lan'. She makes a pint dat de table should be dusty. De dust makes de wonderful change in de water, an' de dust is de lan'! I wants no better argyment for de lan' dan Miss Jones makes. [*Sits, with satisfied toss of head.*]

MISS JONES. Miss Chaarman, speakin' ob de wonders in de water, I introduce Niagary Falls—de gran', stupenjus, majestic wonder ob de whole worl'! [*Spreading arms.*] Dere's no such or-inspiring object in de lan'. Den see de waterfalls ob minor importance scattered all ober de face ob de yaarth. Who eber saw de lan' rollin' ober de precipice like de water? See de mitey ocean,

She hole up de ship full ob frate an' passengers<sup>o</sup> widout props, an' yit de ship move along in de water if jus' a little wind touch her. Put de ship on de lan' an' load her; forty locomotives tear her all to pieces 'fore she move. I said before dat dere's more wonders in one squaar foot ob de water dan in forty rods ob de lan'. I knows I's right! Why, one night las' week I's ober to Doc' Russell's house, an' de ole doctor he ax me woud I like to see a drap ob water in his glass—his magnifyin' glass, I mean. I tole him sartinly. So he rig up de glass, an' when he got um all right, he tole me to take a good look. Well, Miss Chaarman, in dat one drap ob water I seed more wonders dan I eber saw in de whole course ob my life before. Dere was a animal like a gran'mammy's night-cap wid one string, a-scootin' round after anodder t'ing like a curry-comb wid a flounced handle. Dere was a year ob corn wid a ruffle down each side; an' [*growing very animated*] de fust t'ing I knowed, a six-legged bass-drum come swimmin' along an' jes' swallowed it up. Talk about de wonders ob de lan', dey aint a patchin' to de water! [*Bring fan or fist down upon table with force as last words are spoken.*]

MISS JOHNSON. De fust part ob Miss Jones's argyment seems to me is all for de lan'. Dere would be no Niagary or any odder falls if de lan' wasn't in such a mos' wonderful shape to make falls. De water falls 'cause dat's its natcher. Jes' look right here in Mount Vernon. Dere's Norton's dam; dere's de same principle, de same law ob natcher. Take away de dam, de water is no more dan common water. No, ma'am [*with toss of head*] dere's no wonder in de water at Niagary. De wonder's in de lan'!

MISS JONES [*rising with very important air*]. P'rhaps it's not gen'rully known, but still it am a fac' [*striking palm of left hand with fan*], dat if it's not for de water in de air, we'd all die. Dere mus' be water in de air we take into our lungs to sustain life. An', strange as it may seem, dere mus' be water in de air to sustain combustion. Yo' couldn't kindle a fire were it not for de aqueous gases ob de air. By aqueous I mean watery. I call dat wonderful. I can see nothin' like it in de lan'—dat de water which put out de fire is necessary to make de fire burn!

MISS JOHNSON [*rising very quickly, hardly giving MISS JONES time to sit down*]. Miss Chaarman, I hope dat you'll rule out all dat Miss Jones jes' said. Instruct de Committee not to take no count ob it. Sich talk's too much fool nonsense. [*While MISS JOHNSON is saying this, MISS JONES fairly jumps from chair and is about to attack opponent. Shakes head as if to say: "You had*

*better apologic," when Miss JOHNSON begs to be excused. CHAIRMAN eagerly motions Miss JONES to seat.] 'Scuse my 'spression, but I git so excited when I hear such tomfoolery an' ridic'ulous stuff in a 'speable meetin', I forgits myself, an' don't know for de minnit wedd' I's ober de wash-tub or in a meetin'. 'Scuse me, an' I'll try to kep my feelin's down. But, as I say, when sich trash is lugged in as sensible argyment, it riles me. Miss Jones says we mus' lib water to breeve. I daa' her to de trial. [Shaking fist at Miss JONES, who rises to accept challenge, but is motioned to seat by CHAIRMAN.] She may go down an' stick her college hed—h, 'scuse me, ma'am. I mean her eddicated hed, in de creek, an' take her breevin' dar, ma'am, an' I'll take my stan' an' my breevin' on dis platform, by de stove, an' let de Committee decide de cæ on de merits ob de proof on who holes out de longest. Den lsten to what she say 'bout water makin' de fire burn. Did you elee—did you eber hyaar de like? Now 'cordin' to Miss Jones, s'psen I wants to kindle a fire in dis yar stove. I gits some shavn's an' den puts in some pine kindlin's, den berry carefully pour on a little, jes' a little, karysene, den puts on a few nice pieces ob coal, nighs a match, sticks her to de shavin's an' she don't burn. I lights a newspaper an' frows her under de grate, de shavin's don't light. I gits mad, an' I slaps in a bucket ob water, an' away she goes, all a-blazin' in a secon'! Oh, pshaw! sich talk! [Turning to Committee.] Don't take no 'count ob dat. It would be a wonder if it was true; but oh, my! [throwing hands and head back, laughing scornfully] what cabbage it is! Judges, don't take no 'count ob dat idle talk. I say, ma'am [turning to CHAIRMAN], dat de lan' produce' de mos' wonders. Look at de trees, de flowers, de grain, de cabbages, de inyuns, dat spring up out ob de lan'. Look at de Mammoth Cave, more wonderful dan all de falls dat eber fell! See how dey bore in de groun' fifteen hundred feet or more, an' out come coal-oil, two t'ousand bar'ls a minit. I'd jes' like to see any ob dese water folks bore a hole fifteen hundred feet down into de ocean, an' pump out one gallon ob coal-oil in an hour. Can you dig down in de ocean or de lakes an' git out gol' an' silver an' iron an' coal? Can you build a railroad on de ocean, and cut a tunnel t'rough de waters? No, ma'am [Speaker has worked up to great climax, and now striking fist upon table, or umbrella upon floor, she sinks into chair, exhausted.]*

MISS JONES. Miss Chaarman, it's jes' 'curred to my mind on Miss Johnson's speakin' 'bout de trees an' de grass an' de inyuns [smack lips at mention of onions] an' cabbages, dat when I was

out in de fur Wes' [*indicating direction*] I allus note dat on de plains, on de mountains, anywhere away from de stams, no timber grows, no wegitation, no grass, mos'ly barren; It all 'long de streams dere's de grass, de trees, de wegitation. Why? 'Cause ob de moistureness, de water! So, 'pears to me dat e cause ob all de beautiful wegitation, after all, is de water. Am I dat so, ma'am?

[*Leans far over the table as she addresses* CHAIRMAN.]

CHAIRMAN. Yas, dat's so, dat's so!

[*Debaters turn backs upon one another as MIS JONES takes seat. Committee put heads together for final consultation, for they have been taking notes and exchanging opinions during debate. Debaters try to whisper to Committee and make motions to win favor to their respective sides. MEMBERS are deeply interested in decision, and lean forward, whisper or nudge one another. At last decision is made and paper is handed to CHAIRMAN, who reads very slowly as if she understands writing with difficulty. Debater sit back to back, expressing little interest until their subjects are mentioned, when they listen intently.*]

CHAIRMAN. Ladies an' gemmen, de Committee hab decided about as follows: [*Reads.*] De advocate ob de water side hab made a good showin' considerin' how little we really knows 'bout water. [*At mention of water MISS JONES looks up with interest, and thinking she will win, claps hands and points finger at opponent.*] But as we is more sartin ob de lan' we must decide in favor ob de lan' [*here MISS JOHNSON is interested; when she wins, she claps hands and reaching over table punches MISS JONES with umbrella; her triumph is shown in eyes and mouth*], but recommend de water side as desarkin' high credit for de investigation, an' de instructin' an' edifyin' ob de meetin'. [*MISS JONES tosses head in derision.*] Ladies an' gemmen, as de debate am now ober, when I taps dis bell yo' can all rise up an' be dispersed. We t'anks yo' all fur yo' attendance an' attention, an' hopes yo' all will come back agin at de ringin' ob de nex' bell. So we bids yo' good-night.

[CURTAIN.]

[*If play be given where there is no curtain let MEMBERS crowd about MISS JOHNSON to congratulate her and then go to MISS JONES to offer sympathy. It would be impossible to describe every action, but if spirit be put into it, entertainment will be made very amusing.*]

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